JUSTICE TO ALL

The Story of the Pennsylvania State Police

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JUSTICE TO ALL

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John G. Groome

The First Superintendent of the Force. Retired 1920

JUSTICE TO ALL

The Story of The Pennsylvania State Police

BY

KATHERINE MAYO

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

And with Illustrations

FIFTH EDITION, REVISED

WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION BY

GOVERNOR WILLIAM C. SPROUL

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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TO

"THE FINEST THING IN THE WORLD"

AND THE MEN WHO LIVE

AND DIE FOR IT

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

. . . "protection is as truly due from a government to the people as obedience from the people to the government" . . .

Works. Edited by JOHN BIGELOW, Vol. II, page 51.

EXTRACT FROM WILL OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

. . . "To provide more effectually than they now do, for the security of the persons and property of its inhabitants . . . by a competent police, including a sufficient number of watchmen really suited to the purpose" . . .

Paragraph XXIII, Section 2.

LORD BRYCE.

. . . "The want of a proper police is apparently the cause answerable for the train-robberies. . . . Brigandage is due to the absence of a mounted gendarmerie. . . . In the western wilds of Canada, however, the mounted police secures perfect safety for wayfarers, and train-robberies seem to be unknown. . . . Why not create an efficient police?" . . .

American Commonwealth, Vol. II, pp. 617–618.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION

In presenting this, the fifth edition of *Justice to All*, it is a distinguished privilege to be able to record one more fine deed done by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Again the Keystone State has honored herself by honoring her State Police. Again she has contributed to our National advancement, as she alone can do, by proclaiming under the most impressive of stamps her unaltered pride and satisfaction in the possession of "the finest force in the world."

In 1919, the fourteenth year of its service, the Pennsylvania State Police Force received at the hands of the State Legislature its second increase in size, its third increase in pay, and a very considerable enlargement of its powers and jurisdiction. This is the answer of the whole people of Pennsylvania, through their chosen mouthpiece, to those who would question the worth, the impartial justice, the magnificent service of that heroic body of men who are the Standard-Bearers of the Union, for the rule of law, humanity, true democracy, and peace.

Among the most ignorant of the labor element some remnant of opposition still exists — carefully fostered, "for revenue only," by the professional labor parasite. But a vigorous new body of enemies has risen in the field, enemies whose hostility is an unalloyed tribute — enemies of the flag. And they hate the Pennsylvania State Police, for the most cogent of reasons, as they hate nothing else on earth.

On our declaration of war, Major Groome, Superintendent of the Force, with four of his commissioned officers, entered the Army and went to France, where a heavy percentage of the enlisted men followed. During the absence of the Superintendent the Force was well handled by Captains Lumb and Pitcher, respectively Acting Superintendent and Acting Deputy, rendering an invaluable service not only to the State but to the Federal Government.

At the end of the war and the completion of their service, those officers who had put on the Army uniform returned to the Force, the Superintendent with the rank of Colonel in the United States Army, in which he had served with marked distinction in a varied field. The Orders of Commander of the Bath and of Companion of St. Michael and St. George, conferred upon him by the King of England, the Knighthood of the Order of St. Vladimir, conferred by General Kolchack, and the Croix de la Liberté, presented by the Esthonian Government, suggest in part the reach and importance of the tasks in which he was engaged.

On February 28th, 1920, after over fifteen years of such service to Pennsylvania and to the Union as make both forever his debtors, Colonel Groome resigned the Superintendency of the organization that he built, inspired, and so long commanded, in favor of his senior Captain, Major Lynn G. Adams.

Major Adams, one of the original members of the Force, came to it with a regular army record behind him. On the Force itself he has commanded troops in every quarter of the State, always with distinction. His Overseas war record shows him, first, as Provost Marshal of the District of Paris, with the rank of Cap-

tain, D.M.A.,U.S.A. And General Harts, commanding the District, in specially recommending Captain Adams for a majority, dwelt with emphasis upon his "rare good judgment in handling the many delicate problems pertaining to his office," and "his splendid record."

Major Adams's later service culminated in his creation, organization, and command of the entire Department of Transportation Guards, under General Atterbury.

The retirement of Colonel Groome is an event that must, whenever it should occur, occasion widespread regret. But Colonel Groome, through long distinguished service rendered, has won the right to lay the burden down. The officer who now assumes it is one in whose hands the honor of the Force is absolutely safe. The wise policies determined, the lofty and inflexible standard set by the first Superintendent will be carried forward by his worthy successor without a shadow of turning.

Finally, the present opportunity must not be missed to congratulate the State of Pennsylvania upon its Governor, the Honorable William C. Sproul. Happy is the Commonwealth whose affairs rest in the hands of a man whose ambition and whose pride is to administer them nobly — who has looked, in filling a place of power, not for personal friends, not for political strength or for financial resource, but for the one man in the country best qualified to serve the people's interest, and, through that, the Union.

K. M.

Bedford Hills, April, 1920.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION

SINCE the original publication of this record, in January, 1917, four States—New York, Colorado, Michigan, and Oregon—have, in the most eloquent possible way, recognized the importance of the State Police principle: they have created for themselves State Police forces.

Thus the movement toward order and even-handed justice gathers strength daily, and, as it spreads, entrenches itself, through demonstrated value, in the understanding and rightful pride of the whole people.

With such growth comes naturally an ever-increasing call for detailed statistical information concerning the model and parent body—the Pennsylvania State Police Force. Therefore, to this, the fourth edition of *Justice to All* is added the following new material:

A. The Amending Act of 1917, law at the date of the present publication.

B. The Appropriation for the Department of State Police for two years, June 1, 1917, to May 31, 1919.

C. The Table of Arrests and Convictions for the year 1917, to which are appended certain related statistics.

D. A table of appeals for help addressed to the Department of State Police during the year 1917, classified according to the callings of the applicants.

E. A table of appeals for help telephoned to a single Troop—"B" Troop—during the year 1917, classified according to the calling of the applicants. In this and in the preceding table, it is interesting to note that ap-

peals for help were received from persons in practically every walk of life.

During the year 1916, a large part of the attention of the Force was demanded by the Wyoming Valley, in the course of those abnormal events touched upon in pages 223–43 of this book. Troops "B" and "C" remained on duty in the region during the entire year, while Troops "A" and "D" reinforced them there for a period of about four months. The general routine of the Force was thereby much disturbed, but the immediate outcome of the matter deserves careful note.

It was nothing else than the break-down of the professional agitators' grip on Luzerne County's vote.

In the Legislatures of 1913 and 1915, Luzerne County's Assemblymen had stood solid against the State Police Bill. But in the Legislature of 1917, convened after the close of the troubles above indicated, five out of Luzerne's eight Assemblymen, representing, as ever, a strong Union Labor constituency, voted for a large numerical increase in the Force, and for a raise in pay for every man on it!

K. M.

Bedford Hills, N. Y.
July, 1918.

FOREWORD

This book is the fruit of a tragedy.

Three years and more ago, with simple devotion and with courage beyond all praise, a young American laboring man laid down his life for his trust. An act comparable to his that should now occur on the European front would be rewarded with public honors. But this man, who without the stimulus of any excitement rose to heights of heroism from the common plane of daily life, left no memory behind.

Samuel Howell was an Iowan farmer's son. By industry, intelligence, and honest dealing he had worked himself up through the carpentry trade to the place of builders' foreman. On the day of his death he had charge of an important piece of construction in a rural part of the State of New York.

Early one Saturday morning, on his way to his work, Howell was ambushed by four men who demanded the week's pay-roll. The four brandished revolvers. Howell was alone and unarmed. But, no matter what the odds, it was impossible to that boy to surrender a charge. So he drove his motor cycle straight through the gang, who emptied their revolvers into his body from a distance of two paces.

Bleeding from seven mortal wounds, Howell guided his machine over a thousand yards of rough road, to the construction site. There he kept grip on his consciousness until he had turned over the heavy pay-roll

to a responsible man; until he had made careful record, for his successor's use, of certain structural weaknesses in the work that he alone knew and that otherwise might be neglected; and until, by name and by number, he had positively identified two of his murderers as laborers who had been employed for a month on the job.

Then he collapsed. Three days later he died.

A clearer case of identification, an easier case to handle, will never occur in the history of crime. Both of the identified men were Italians. One, a character well-known in the region as well as to every man on the construction, had red hair, a conspicuous scar on his cheek, and a pock-marked skin. All four spent some hours, and in all likelihood the entire day, lying in a small islet of woods surrounded by open fields, practically on the scene of their crime. But no attempt was made to arrest them throughout that day. No bar was put in the way of their escape. And up to the present moment no punishment has been visited upon any one of them.

This statement I make without qualification, for the reason that I spent the entire day of the murder on the spot, and was personally cognizant of all that was done and left undone.

I saw the complete break-down of the sheriff-constable system. Both county sheriff and village constables, present on the scene, proved utterly unrelated to the emergency, and for reasons perfectly clear. I saw the group of twenty or more Union workmen, encircled by twice their number of unskilled helpers, standing with hands down. And I heard those Union men refuse even to surround the islet of woods, a thousand yards distant, in which the murderers of their comrade were hiding.

"We earn our living on country jobs, among men like these," said the carpenter-boss, nodding toward the listening foreigners. "Knives and guns are their playthings and when they want me they'll get me, just as they got poor Howell. We have to think of our families. We can't afford to earn gunmen's ill-will. There is no protection in the country districts. Sheriffs and constables don't help us at all. *Howell was only a working man. You'll have forgotten him in a month.*"

But it was impossible to forget. The truth is too hideous—the truth that in the great rural State of New York protection of life and property is a private luxury, to be obtained only by those rich enough to pay for it—the truth that the man carrying a dinner-pail, the farmer driving home from the store at dusk, the woman alone in an isolated homestead, are as safe and easy prey to criminal attack as if they moved in the wilds of Mexico.

And, just as it was impossible to forget, so was it impossible to remain inactive,—to remain an idle conniver in the toleration of such a disgrace. In Pennsylvania, I heard, the State years ago had honorably acknowledged her duty to protect all her people in her peace; and to that end had established a rural patrol known as the State Police. Finding but little in print concerning this force, and finding, also, but vague notions of its work afloat, I therefore went to Pennsylvania to study the facts at first hand. This book is an attempt to bring the facts nearer to public reach.

The subject is far too large for any one volume. Much of vital importance has been omitted for lack of space. Much of vital interest awaits occasion to be heard. Many fields of usefulness fulfilled, many examples of high service performed, many deeds of

superlative gallantry, devotion and wit, gloriously accomplished by the men of the Pennsylvania State Police, are here perforce passed by without a word.

The work of investigation has been one of great pleasure—a pleasure doubled by the friendly and generous spirit met on every side. I express with sincere gratitude my appreciation for the unfailing courtesy of the Superintendent of State Police and of the officers and men of the Squadron; of the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania and of each Head of Department, without exception, in the Government of that Commonwealth; of Justices of the Supreme Court and of the Judges of those County Courts in which State Police cases most frequently appear; for the enthusiasm and help of the clergy; for the clear, emphatic, and detailed opinions so cordially rendered by District Attorneys, Sheriffs and County Controllers all over the State; and, not least, for the liberal assistance of the officers of the National Guard.

In conclusion I wish to make known a letter written by the late Honorable Seth Low, by him given to me for such use.

Mr. Low was acquainted with every detail of Samuel Howell's murder before the sun had set that day, and his long identification and sympathy with the interests of Labor made him peculiarly sensible to the appeal of the case. The terrible words: "He was only a working man. You'll have forgotten him in a month," cut the humanitarian to the quick; and the later movement to secure legislation creating a State Police for the protection of rural New York had his earnest support.

When the Horton–Wells Bill was pending in the Legislature of 1916, Mr. Low addressed this letter to the

Honorable Charles S. Whitman, Governor of the State of New York:

April 5, 1916.

My dear Governor:

You will be sorry to hear that I am still far from well. My interest in the State Constabulary Bill, however, is so keen that I venture to write you this letter to express my pleasure in the stand you have taken upon it, from which I hope you will allow no consideration whatever to shake you. If you lived as I do, during several months of the year, in one of the country districts of the State, you would appreciate the absolute necessity for a State Constabulary. It is not tolerable that the State should fail to offer to the rural regions the police protection which experience in all parts of the State proves to be desirable.

With kind regards I am always,

Sincerely yours,
Seth Low.

At the moment of writing Mr. Low was already stricken with his last illness, and was physically too weak even to receive his friends. Only by a tax upon his reserve did he summon strength to dictate and sign the message that now stands clothed with all the solemn dignity of a last public act.

K. M.

Bedford Hills, N. Y.,
November, 1916.

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INTRODUCTION

To Americans one of the unpleasant features of governmental advance during the last thirty years has been the fact that most of it has been made outside of the United States. We usually have to go to the Old World, or else to the newest world of Australia, or else to our friend and neighbor on the north of us, Canada, to help us out in dealing with the puzzling and important problems, whether social or industrial, that confront us; and the people of the Old World and the newest world do not often come to us in similar fashion. If we desire to learn about coöperative marketing for farmers, or industrial insurance, or old age pensions, or the proper encouragement and control of corporations, we have to go to Germany, or Denmark, or Australia, or some other nation. These nations do not have to come to us.

There are, however, a few exceptions to this rule. It was this country which led off in the establishment of the great natural reservations for wild life; Yellowstone Park can stand as the type. Moreover, much the greatest State or inter-State park in the neighborhood of a great city is the Palisades Park near New York, which, from every standpoint, is far ahead of anything any other country can show. Finally the State Police of Pennsylvania, under its Superintendent, Major John C. Groome, has furnished a model which is to be studied everywhere; and we Americans ought to be pleased that it is no longer necessary for us to study the excellent

Canadian Northwestern Police, or the excellent Argentine Police, when we desire to find how the elementary needs of our several States can best be served in the matter of securing law, order, and justice.

The Pennsylvania State Police is a model of efficiency, a model of honesty, a model of absolute freedom from political contamination. One of the great difficulties in our large States has been to secure an efficient policing of the rural sections. In communities where there are still frontier conditions, such as Texas and Arizona, the need has been partially met by establishing bodies of rangers; but there is no other body so emphatically efficient for modern needs as the Pennsylvania State Police. I have seen them at work. I know personally numbers of the men in the ranks. I know some of the officers. I feel so strongly about them that the mere fact that a man is honorably discharged from this Force would make me at once, and without hesitation, employ him for any purpose needing courage, prowess, good judgment, loyalty, and entire trustworthiness. This is a good deal to say of any organization, and I say it without qualification of the Pennsylvania Police.

The Force has been in existence only ten years. It has coöperated efficiently with the local authorities in detecting crime and apprehending criminals. It has efficiently protected the forests and the wild life of the State. It has been the most powerful instrument in enforcing law and order throughout the State.

All appointments are made after the most careful mental and physical examination, and upon a thorough investigation of the moral character, and the past record, of the man. All promotions have been made

strictly from the ranks. The drill is both mounted and dismounted. The men are capital riders, good shots, and as sound and strong in body and mind as in character.

This is the Force which Katherine Mayo describes in a volume so interesting, and from the standpoint of sound American citizenship, so valuable that it should be in every public library and every school library in the land. In the author's foreword the murder of gallant young Howell, and the complete breakdown of justice in reference thereto under our ordinary rural police system, makes one's blood boil with anger at the folly and timidity of our people in tamely submitting to such hideous conditions, and gives us the keenest gratitude to the founder of the Pennsylvania State Police. This was a case of ordinary crime, in which the sheriff and county constable were paralyzed by fear of a band of gunmen. Other forms of crime are dealt with in connection with industrial disturbances. The author shows how until the State Police Force was established the State, in times of strikes, permitted the capitalists to furnish their own Coal and Iron Police, thus selling her police power to one of the contending parties, that of the vested interests.

The author also shows how after the establishment of the Pennsylvania State Police this intolerable condition was ended; local demagogues and foolish or vicious professional labor leaders in their turn attacked the Pennsylvania State Police with the foulest slander and mendacity, because it did impartial justice. The prime lesson for all true friends of labor to learn is that law and order must be impartially preserved by the State as a basis for securing justice through the State's action. Justice must be done; but the first—not only

the first, but a vital first—step towards realizing it must be action by the State, through its own agents, not by authority delegated to others, whereby lawless violence is summarily stopped. The labor leader who attacks the Pennsylvania State Police because it enforces the law would, if successful in the long run, merely succeed in reëntrenching in power the lawless capitalists who used the law-defying Coal and Iron Police.

No political influence or other influence avails to get a single undesirable man on the Force, or to keep a man on the Force who has proved himself unfit. I am informed and I fully believe, that not a single appointment has ever been made for political reasons. The efficiency with which the Force does its duty is extraordinary. Any man who sees the troopers patrolling the country can tell from the very look of the men what invaluable allies they are to the cause of law and order. In the year 1915 the Force made 3027 arrests and secured 2348 convictions—80% of convictions. The men are so trained and schooled in the criminal laws of the State that they know just what evidence is necessary. They deal admirably with riots. Perhaps there is nothing that they do better than the protection of women in sparsely populated neighborhoods. Small wonder that the criminal and disorderly classes dread them and eagerly hope for their disbanding!

Year by year the efficiency of the Force has increased and its usefulness has correspondingly increased. All good citizens in Pennsylvania should heartily support the Pennsylvania State Police. The sooner all our other States adopt similar systems, the better it will be for the cause of law and order, and for the upright

administration of the laws in the interests of justice throughout the Union.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SAGAMORE HILL,
November 10, 1916.

THE STATE POLICE IN A PERIOD OF CRISIS

DURING the past year the Pennsylvania State Police has again shown, in a time of uneasiness, its real worth to the State and to the communities. Indeed, there was a period of crisis during the early days of the steel strike when, had we not been prepared, anything might have happened in the industrial centers in Pennsylvania. At this time conditions were rather different from any which had heretofore arisen here. The American element among the steel workers did not want to strike; and, where they were out-numbered, left their work under protest, to return to it as soon as they were assured of protection. The active elements in the strike were led by avowed Syndicalists and enemies of our form of government, and the rank and file were made up of aliens who had no knowledge of our Democracy and no respect for our institutions. Everything seemed set for a period of violence and intimidation, and plans had been made for marches and raids upon those plants and those communities in which the workers had refused to strike.

With a knowledge of these conditions our plans were laid in advance, our forces distributed where they would be needed in case of trouble. And when the trouble came they were ready for it. In no single instance did the promoters of disorder get the jump upon the authorities. The sheriffs of the counties and the local officials alike were assured that they would be backed up by the power of the State. General pub-

licity, too, was given to the fact that the State authorities were determined to preserve law and order at all hazards and that the rights of every one would be protected. Our courts having sustained the authority of our peace officers to prohibit gatherings or demonstrations in trouble zones, which might lead to disorderly outbreaks, the burgesses and local police officials were given to understand that they would be upheld in exercising their judgment in these matters. The State Police, as representing the strength and dignity of the Commonwealth, were everywhere in evidence, quietly and inoffensively but firmly and determinedly. The result was that there was very little disorder and very few casualties in a situation which combined all of the elements of danger and which, allowed to develop without interference, might have brought about a veritable reign of terror and destruction in some of the counties.

In meeting this situation and the coal strike which followed before the steel strike had been determined, we depended entirely upon our State Police Force and upon the splendid public sentiment of the people of Pennsylvania which endorsed and upheld the action of the administration. It may readily be seen that without this organized State Police body representing the Commonwealth, hundreds of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property might have been destroyed, the State disgraced, and its law-abiding people humiliated and disheartened. The necessity of calling out the Reserve Militia was obviated and thus a great expense was saved.

In fact, from a practical standpoint, I am sure that the State Police in the year 1919 have saved for the people of Pennsylvania more in actual expense to the taxpayers

than the total cost of the force from the time it was organized to the present date. It is a noteworthy item in the history of this splendid organization that *at no time since it was inaugurated has any disturbance in the State gotten beyond its control.*

We are strengthening the force, trying to improve its already superb morale, bettering and increasing its equipment and providing superior facilities for the education and comfort of its members. We are also organizing a headquarters division that will possess a bureau of criminal records and information, which will be of great service to the counties and communities of the State. Those who flout the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will soon understand that the State Government *does not forget;* and that those who make trouble here in Pennsylvania and violate our laws will be followed, apprehended, and brought back to justice in Pennsylvania, no matter where they may go.

There will be hereafter no amnesty to offenders against the rights and laws of our people when disturbances are over; nor will the mutations of local politics and the changes of local officials longer serve as a cloak to cover old offenses against our authority. We expect to make our State Police Force even more useful in the future than it has been in its splendid past.

WILLIAM C. SPROUL
Governor of Pennsylvania

February 3, 1920.

JUSTICE TO ALL

CHAPTER I

THE CALL OF HONOR

In the year of confusion, 1902, the State of Pennsylvania fell victim to what was perhaps the most serious and distressful industrial disturbance yet known to our history. The great Anthracite Strike, begun on May 12th of that year, lasted until the 23d of the following October. It destroyed the equilibrium of the State at large; it wrecked the peace of seven counties; it took its toll of human lives, and sowed its harvest of pregnant bitterness. It cost the striking miners and their associates some $25,000,000 in wages; it impoverished their relief fund by the amount of $1,800,000; it cost the coal companies $46,100,000 in estimated reduced production; it cost the transportation companies about $28,000,000[1] in freight losses; and it penalized the country at large by a coal famine and an advance in the price of anthracite. Besides all this, it forced the State, in defense of her laws and her dignity, to call out her entire division of National Guard, at an expense of $996,052.55 of the people's money. And who shall presume to reckon the indi-

[1] For this and preceding figures, see report of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, *Bulletin of the Department of Labor*, No. 46, May, 1903.

vidual hardship, the far-reaching loss to nearly nine thousand guardsmen, citizens of the State, suddenly snatched from their own proper work and moving fortunes?

"Troops had been on duty for one hundred and five days; some commands had served for ninety days continuously," asserted the Adjutant General in his subsequent report. "To call men away from their varied professions, business, and employment, without warning or opportunity to make arrangements for so prolonged an absence, required a great sacrifice on the part of many officers and men . . . nor was ever duty more exacting."

Aside from the National Guard, and aside from the old sheriff-constable system, whose power, to conditions like those of the summer of 1902, is as the power of a straw to a hurricane, the State of Pennsylvania provided one other agency for the enforcement of her laws in the coal fields. She provided the Coal and Iron Police. In time of turmoil, when the laboring masses rocked in mortal deadlock with the vested interests, the State stepped in to prove her impartial justice *by selling her authority into the vested interests' hands!*

In specific terms, the State sold to the mine owners, whenever they chose to ask for them, for the sum of one dollar apiece, commissions conferring police powers upon men selected, paid, and kept by the corporations.

Therefore whenever the miners elected to go out on strike pending the adjustment of a dispute with their employers, they invariably found the power of the State bought, paid for, and fighting as a partisan on their employers' side.

Nor was any attempt made to do this monstrous

thing under mask of decency. Common gunmen and the dissolute riffraff of stables and bar-rooms were as eligible for a State commission as anyone else. And when these followed their own interest by fomenting the troubles that gave them office they were merely doing what could have been foretold of them with certainty a hundred years in advance.

In October, 1902, when the National Guard of the State had been for three months camped over against the idle miners, the deadlock was at last broken by the intervention of the President of the United States. Theodore Roosevelt appointed an arbitration board, whose deliberations John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, agreed that the miners should await, the latter returning meantime to work and thereby releasing the National Guard from its improper and irksome duty.

The arbitration board received the title of "The Anthracite Coal Strike Commission." Its personnel was such as to command both confidence and respect. Accepted by both sides, it met in Washington on October 24, 1902, and began its investigations.

Throughout the winter of 1902–3, the Commission patiently and thoroughly pursued its task. On March 18, 1903, it presented to President Roosevelt as its report a document of vital and enduring significance.

It had heard, it affirmed, the testimony and the complaints of all three sides of the great strike—those of the union men, of the non-union men, and of the employers. It had weighed the elements in the case with the factors of irritation. It recognized the justice of many of the miners' claims, and awarded accordingly. It recognized the necessity, on the part of the coal operators, of employing deputies, armed guards—"Coal

and Iron Police"—to protect their collieries. And it marked, also, that while under existing conditions such necessity must continue to prevail, it nevertheless worked injustice and contained the seed of grave evil. It branded the history of the strike as "stained with a record of riot and bloodshed," by cruel, cowardly, and uncivilized practices, and added that "the resentment expressed by many persons connected with the strike at the presence of the armed guards and militia of the State does not argue well for the peaceable character or purposes of such persons." It attested that the leaders of the organization who began the strike had exhorted their followers to sobriety and moderation, but it pointed out, also, that the leaders of the subordinate local organizations had paid but scant regard to such counsels. And it argued that when, during consequent outrages, the higher element stands quietly and silently by, while the lawless do their worst, it thereby tacitly aids and abets the evil. It recognized the wide beneficence of the wisely guided labor union, and recognized, also, "the coercion of employers which a strike always contemplates" as facilitated by the use of threats, intimidation, and violence. It proclaimed, however, without a qualifying clause, that "a labor or other organization whose purpose can be accomplished only by the violation of law and order of society, has no right to exist." It weighed much evidence as to the worth of existing machinery for the general preservation of the laws and peace of the Commonwealth—and just here the ground suddenly yawned before its feet; it gazed into a great void. Practically, the existing machinery had no worth whatever!

Confronted by this spectacle, the Commission had

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE GUEST OF TROOP "B" Tracy, Wyoming.

(1) John Mitchell (2) Capt. Joseph Robinson (3) Col. Theodore Roosevelt (4) Lieut. John Walsh (5) Rev. Father Curran
(6) Lawrence F. Abbott (7) Rev. Father O'Donnell

plumbed, pondered. Now it delivered its conclusion in gravely considered terms: The State herself stood guilty before the world. The State had shirked her vital duty to enforce her own laws with her own hand, at all times and seasons, and to protect all her people in the full enjoyment of her peace. "Peace and order," it declared, "should be maintained at any cost, but should be maintained by regularly appointed and responsible officers . . . at the expense of the public."

Instead of this, the State of Pennsylvania had turned her duty into paltry merchandise and had sold it into private hands!

Therefore President Roosevelt's Anthracite Strike Commission wrote as the very first of its general recommendations a clear call for legislative action creating a proper executive arm to enforce the laws with impartial might—a call in the name of peace, justice, and the honor of the State, and of the equal good of all men, for the creation of a new thing in the land—for the creation of a *State Police.*

Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker, the new Governor of the Commonwealth, might have taken all summer to think it over—might, in fact, have taken still another twelvemonth, since the Legislature of Pennsylvania meets only on alternate years. But Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker did not need the time. His mind was already made up. He had worked it out before.

In the year 1903, when I assumed the office of Chief Executive of the State [he later liked to recount] I found myself thereby invested with supreme executive authority. I found that no power existed to interfere with me in my duty to enforce the laws of the State, and that, by the same token, no conditions could release me from my duty so to do.

I then looked about to see what instruments I possessed wherewithal to accomplish this bounden obligation—what instruments on whose loyalty and obedience I could truly rely. And I perceived three such instruments—my private secretary, a very small man, my woman stenographer, and the janitor, a negro. So, I made the State Police.

For several good reasons Governor Pennypacker was essentially the Executive to fix of original motion upon this step. A marked eccentric, greatly misunderstood, and with some passages in his political career that are difficult to explain, he nevertheless was a man of intense devotion to the ideals that he cherished, and of adamantine firmness of will and courage to defend those ideals against all comers. Governor Pennypacker had been for nearly forty years a member of the bar of Pennsylvania, while for fourteen years he had rendered verdicts from the bench; therefore he possessed a logical and deliberative mind. Governor Pennypacker was a student and writer of Pennsylvania history; therefore he abounded in knowledge of causes back of present social aspects in the State. Governor Pennypacker came of old Pennsylvania-German stock; therefore he was a lover of established and prosperous peace. Governor Pennypacker, finally, was first and last a farmer, of traditional farming blood; therefore his sympathies lay with the farmers and he realized with a deep and personal conviction how illogical, how unjust, and how dangerous was the flaccid ignoring by the State of the rights of her country people to protection under those laws and under that government of whose stability they themselves were always the firmest supports.

Other thinkers had seen the lack, the wrong, the grow-

ing menace, before the farmer-Governor's day. But, in a conservative old society like Pennsylvania's, much consideration, much endurance, much passive resistance to the changing of Things As They Are precedes all movement of reform; and yet the case loomed strong and clear.

The State's area comprises 44,832 square miles. In this area lie two large cities, each with its own police, —modern forces planned to meet the need of modern times. Outside these cities stretches the broad rural State—sixty-five out of the sixty-seven component counties. And the sixty-five great rural counties, except within the narrow limits of their towns and incorporated villages, spread as free to marauding criminals as the air is free to hawks.

And how did it come about? Were the founders of the State such curious cockneys as to forget the country-folk? On the contrary, the founders were country-folk themselves and held the farmer the spine of the body politic. But the days of the founders were days when the mass of the people came of generations of law-revering stock, days of simple history and of peace. To such days was the old scheme suited. In such days the county sheriff with his deputies, the village constable with his little powers, amply sufficed to symbolize Law's majesty—and the symbol was enough.

But with passing years all this had changed—changed in part through an influx of foreign immigration great and greater in numbers, less and lesser in understanding of our ways of thought. To such an immigration, liberty had no meaning other than gross license, and it gave incredulous laughter to the notion of invisibly guarded law. Looking about them, these men saw no *gendarmerie*, no *carabinieri*, no uniformed patrol

upon the road; from which they joyfully drew an invitation to make of the Decalogue a daily sacrifice. And the unassimilated mass, sifting among the older settlements, had altered the complexion of nearly all.

Then, again, modern inventions of rapid transit had marvelously conspired to increase the area and to change the shapes of crime. Aided by these means the criminal could operate on a scale and with a range impossible before. Striking like a hawk from the blue, the human hawk had vanished with his quarry far into trackless space, long before the sheriff, half a county distant, could start on his hopeless pursuit. As for the constable, good honest man, he would be somewhere over the fields peddling his cabbage crop, or attending his G. A. R. Post, or painting a distant fence; while the justice of the peace, who must issue a warrant before this constable could act at all, was in all probability away in the city on business or gone on a trip to Niagara Falls.

The city dweller, hearing alarms at night, could put his head out at window, shout "Police!" and see a squad on his doorstep forthwith; for him "the Law vindicates her sanctity." But the country-dweller, in nine cases out of ten, might better pocket his loss in silence, knowing that for him the Law was a poor, blind old cripple, while the law-breaker, raging abroad with all the vengeful boldness of impunity, chose what and when he would devour.

"Is this right? Is this tolerable?" Judge Pennypacker had been wont to ask himself these many years. And he brooded, too, on the iniquity of the Coal and Iron Police.

Then, with the great Anthracite Strike of 1902, the

scandal of the Coal and Iron Police blazed up afresh before the publicist's gaze.

In the year of Governor Pennypacker's accession these strange and hybrid officers, to the number of about five thousand, held commissions, and their commissions bore no time limit. They were rapidly becoming an army, and, quite regardless of their individual characters, good or bad, they constituted a blighting reproach to the State.

"The exercise of the power to enforce its laws is one of the most important functions of the Commonwealth, and should be performed by the State only," said Governor Pennypacker. "If the State does not herself see to it that her peace is maintained she fails in her first duty." And what he said he meant with all his soul and strength.

Thus the judicial farmer-Governor and the President's Commission, traversing different avenues, came to identical verdicts on the evidence in the case:

LET THERE BE A STATE POLICE!

The Commission could only recommend. But the Pennsylvanian Executive was an executive indeed in every sense of the term. He had conceived a new ideal. He had set himself a new task. He saw, by inner vision, a new and perfect thing in the world. That thing he was determined to grasp and bring into visibility, for the honor and blessing of his beloved Pennsylvania. His mind was fixed, and the coming Legislature, he swore to himself, should not dissolve until his vision was realized.

The thing was not easily done. There was much resistance, active and passive, and much fear that to

create another department could mean only to create another crop of political plums and another drain upon the treasury. But the Governor, with his ideal in mind, and viewing the needs of all elements of the people, saw the aggregate as an imperative demand. His will stood firm, and his will prevailed.

On the second day of May, 1905, Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker signed the Act that of itself alone was to make him a notable figure in American history.

CHAPTER II

A CAPTAIN OF HORSE

THE Act creating the Department of State Police of the State of Pennsylvania was a brief and simple document.[1] The law was very loosely drawn—purposely so, of well considered intent. The work that it was designed to institute was entirely experimental, creative. A new organization had to be devised to fit the particular conditions that it would be called upon to handle. The requirements of those conditions could be accurately visualized and worked out by one man only, the man at the head of the organization; and the whole fate of the undertaking, for better or for worse, must therefore hang upon the character, the inspiration of that one man. Moreover, for a task so new, the selection of the man must of course be somewhat of a lottery. From such premises the Governor arrived at the old conclusion often evoked by similar problems—"A loose law gives a good man rein the quicker to make good, while it gives the bad man rope the quicker to hang himself and so have done with him."

The passage of this measure aroused attention all over the Union, attention expressed in terms that exhibited Pennsylvania's step as merely an early crystallization of a general need and thought. The New York *Evening Post*, in a long editorial devoted to the event, said:

[1] See Appendix A.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has passed a law which should be of very great interest to the entire country . . . for the purpose of preserving peace and order in the rural districts of the Commonwealth. . . . Even in New York there could be found plenty of use for such a constabulary. . . . It is amazing that the experiment has been so long delayed.

The Springfield *Republican* welcomed a forward step in our national civilization.

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, speaking in the consciousness of Minnesota's widespread farms and hamlets, acclaimed the news:

The scheme is a valuable one. . . . Outside of cities there is little protection against crime and lawlessness, even the village constables accomplishing little, while the strictly rural districts are without any protection. There is no one to detect or pursue criminals from county to county, except the posse which is never organized except to run down the perpetrator of some particularly atrocious crime. There is no posse that can be sent from point to point to preserve order at times of exceptional excitement except the militia. A force of police under control of the Governor would meet all these needs; and there is little doubt that before long even Minnesota will find a State police force desirable.

The Chicago *Tribune* takes a general view, ending with an inclusive opinion:

The problem of preventing and securing the punishment of crime in the rural districts of the United States has yet to be solved. The counties have peace officers in their sheriffs and the townships in their constables, but the way in which these officials perform their duties in most places leaves much to be desired. The rural constable usually

has to eke out his subsistence by some private calling in addition to his public one, and when a crime is committed it is often hard to find him in time to get the culprit arrested before he has escaped, or to secure needed evidence before it has been lost or destroyed. The sheriff and his posse may be called, but a man is seldom elected sheriff because of his fitness for the office, and the posse is an unorganized and inexperienced body of men which it takes some time to get together, and which does not know what to do after it has been collected.

The situation is usually much aggravated when crime takes such a form as a lynching or a riotous strike. The township and county officials may be in sympathy with the law-breakers and lack the inclination to suppress them even though they have the power. The militia may be ordered out, but this is extremely expensive.

The best remedy . . . is probably such a measure as that which has been adopted in Pennsylvania. A State constabulary, if free from improper influences, would be an organized force of capable and experienced men. Its members would be able to devote their whole time and energy to preventing crime and catching criminals. Local sympathies would not lead them to treat rioters differently from other law-breakers.

If property is to be made secure and life is to be made safe throughout the rural districts of the United States, the State constabulary system will probably have to be generally adopted. Pennsylvania's experiment with it should be highly interesting and instructive.

Coming home to Pennsylvania herself, a general sense of need of country protection, a general dissatisfaction with the existing system, were displayed both in urban and in rural press, with, of course, some sighings of that sempiternal voice that murmurs ever: "Let us do to-morrow what we do to-day because we

did it yesterday." "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." In the main, however, the tone was one of interest and hope, always with emphatic and anxious reiteration of the fact that all must depend, for good or for ill, on the Governor's choice of the man who should construct the new service.

The choice of the man constituted, in another direction, a point of very considerable moment. Although the salaries allotted to the future Force were small, they represented the placing of two hundred and twenty-eight distinct pieces of patronage. With an election coming on in November this was serious—the more especially as certain of the Governor's recently made appointments hopelessly closed sources that otherwise might have developed value in a juncture so critical. Names of men carefully selected for the need, therefore, were now submitted to the Executive—to be met with sphinxlike blank. Certain other names followed very clearly labeled as to urgency, backing, and significance. Still a silence such as the hush that precedes an electric storm. They must have guessed that something was brewing.

Not for two whole months did the farmer-Governor utter his word; but at that word a considerable part of his public went down in their amazement as flat as the King of Paflagonia in Thackeray's picture.

Governor Pennypacker, on July 1, 1905, offered the appointment of Superintendent of State Police not to a friend of "the machine," not to a vote-bringer, not to a man who had ever served him, not, in a word, to a man of any use under the sun from a "practical" point of view, but to a fundamental and complete outsider. Governor Pennypacker offered the Super-

intendency of the State Police to Captain John C. Groome, commanding the First City Troop of Philadelphia.

The choice was a blow between the eyes to the Governor's enemies. For the moment they found nothing to say—there was nothing to say that could be said in public. And the press dealt with the news as it stood, without partisan color. "Machine Gets Rap," "Machine Hard Hit," "Out of Politics," read some of the headings, while from all over the State, papers both urban and rural expressed sincere satisfaction. The Harrisburg *Telegraph* said:

> It is fortunate that the experiment . . . is to be carried out under the supervision of an officer of the character and caliber of John C. Groome. . . . Into no better or safer hand could the work of organizing the force be committed and his choice removes any misgivings as to the real aim of the new department.

Said the Pittsburgh *Gazette:*

> He has knowledge of military organization and practice, understands the work to be done, and will bring intelligence and integrity to the task. He is not a politician.

The Wilkes-Barre *News* saw in the appointment "a killing blow" to those who had built schemes of barter upon this unsuspected foundation, and the same sentiment echoed its changes at large. A few country voices honestly grumbled that this "plum" should have fallen within city limits, and one small urban sheet was raucously, muddily wretched because the new appointee was a gentleman.

In the outside world, the already lively interest in the movement was distinctly heightened by the Gover-

nor's latest step. The *Outlook* commented that "it augurs well," that it "gives the best assurance that the new force will be governed without political bias or favoritism," while such papers as the New York *Evening Post* expressed a hearty satisfaction in further evidence of sincerity in a work that Pennsylvania was regarded as undertaking not for herself alone, but for the nation.

Captain Groome's professional reputation rested on a firm basis of real distinction in the National Guard of his State. He had been a member of the Guard for twenty-three years, having entered the famous "City Troop" in 1881. The "First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry," to give the command its true name, is the oldest military organization in continuous service in the United States. Organized in the dark days of 1774, by twenty-eight gentlemen who in times of peace had ridden to hounds, hunted, fenced, and dined together, it equipped itself as a mounted Company, and under the title of the "Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse" offered its services to General Washington. From that time until the end of the war, the command fairly lived in the saddle, covering itself with such hard-earned credit that the commander-in-chief, in signing its dismissal, was moved to express his stately thanks "for the many essential services which they have rendered to this country and to me personally, during the course of this severe campaign. Tho' composed of Gentlemen of Fortune, they have shewn a noble example of discipline and subordination, and in several actions have shewn a Spirit of Bravery which will ever do Honor to them, and will ever be gratefully remembered by me."

The City Troop has maintained its standards of

character and of personnel without a break through nearly one and a half centuries. It has fought in every one of the country's wars, it has done duty through many riots and periods of disorder, and in 1905 it could be said of it that, in common with the rest of the Pennsylvania National Guard, "it has done more field service during the past fifteen years than the troops of any half dozen other States."

Lieutenant John C. Groome was elected to the command of this unique organization in 1896. Two years later, at the outbreak of the trouble with Spain, every man in his command volunteered to enter the Federal service to follow him to the front. The Troop took the oath just seven days after war was declared, thereafter acquitting itself everywhere in its historic style; and its Captain's sharp and relentless discipline, sleepless personal activity, scientific knowledge of camp sanitation, and general experienced care of his men resulted not only in its conspicuous efficiency in the field, but also in a final bill of health ninety-nine per cent. perfect.

Again, in the great Anthracite Strike of 1902, the City Troop showed such high attainment in every point that indicates a fine commanding officer that its reputation took another upward bound; so that the Philadelphia *Inquirer* merely voiced a matter of common knowledge when it said, in July, 1905: "If Captain Groome will bring his State Constabulary up to the efficiency of the First City Troop, the State can hardly ask more of him."

The public that deduced Captain Groome's acceptance of the Governor's appointment from the mere fact of its offer were reckoning, however, without the man. Captain Groome had no notion whatever of accepting

the appointment, except upon one rigid condition. This condition he made perfectly clear.

"If I take the task of organizing the new State Police," said he, "there will be no place in the Force for political henchmen or ward politicians, no toleration of wire-pulling in any shape. If, or when, I cannot run it on this plane, I shall turn the commission back to the Governor, to dispose of as he pleases."

This the Captain laid before his Excellency, in effect as an ultimatum; and the Governor smiled his slow, dry smile of whimsical delight. It was exactly what he had expected and desired. In his secret heart he had resolved that the Pennsylvania State Police should be his monument in the State's history; whatever else might have feet of clay this must stand firm—this must be founded on solid rock.

No sooner did the news of the Superintendent's appointment spread over the State than a wild scramble began for places on the Force; and, as was natural, the aspirants flew to the old means of approach. Those who could reach a Senator or Assemblyman flung themselves upon such personages for endorsement. Others appealed to the Governor, while a very few were so simply trusting as to apply to the Superintendent direct.

From him they heard that "owing to the large amount of detail work necessary to perfect the organization of this new department, no appointments will be made to the Force until fall." And they read in widespread public print his reassertion that: "Politics will not figure in the Department, and the men that I shall select will get their appointments entirely on their fitness and not through political influence."

The problem that now confronted the new official

was one of vital moment not to Pennsylvania alone but to the nation at large. A great new principle of unfathomed potentiality was to stand or fall by his sagacity and faith. And Captain Groome was far too good a soldier not to see the gravity of his charge.

Every detail of organization, as the selection of applicants, the framing of rules for their examination, the specific duties of the Force, the regulations under which it should live and operate, its equipment, arms, uniform, the decision whether it should be mounted or not, the location of troop headquarters, and so on, the Act left wholly to the discretion of the Superintendent. It therefore behooved him to be wise. To quote his own words of after date:

"I proceeded very carefully. There was no precedent, nothing to pattern by, and the matter was as new to me as to everybody else."

The Superintendent's first step was to make a close study of the criminal statistics of each section of the State, together with attendant conditions, in the course of which research he consulted freely with the State officials resident in the various quarters. Having clarified his conception of the actual needs of the Commonwealth by this practical procedure, he next took up the records of the various police forces of the world. He closely examined the reports of the Texas Rangers, of the Italian, the German, and the Irish forces, as well as those of the Northwestern Mounted Police of Canada, of the Australian bodies, and of others. A strict comparison of all these induced the tentative conclusion that conditions in Ireland presented a nearer parallel to conditions in Pennsylvania than was elsewhere offered.

This determined the conscientious officer to put the

parallel to the test of closer scrutiny. Therefore, carrying official credentials in the form of a letter from the Secretary of State, he sailed for Ireland. There he spent three weeks in the barracks of the Royal Irish Constabulary, studying their methods, their structure, and their rules and regulations.

Ireland's area is considerably less than that of Pennsylvania, but to police her thirty-two thousand square miles a constabulary of ten thousand men is maintained, which body polices not only the rural kingdom but also every city therein, excepting only Dublin. The strength of this Force is therefore very closely knit, and the seventy-five years of its existence had produced an extremely elaborate system and code suitable to the needs of so large and compact a body.

The problem of policing thirty-two thousand square miles with ten thousand men is too different from the problem of policing a larger area with two hundred and twenty-eight men to offer any very close model. The Pennsylvanian officer made in Ireland many observations that were of much interest and help to his work, but conviction took final form that the Pennsylvania State Police must shape itself as a new thing under the sun, without further guidance than such as could be drawn from good judgment, experience, and the regulations of our own army.

Captain Groome, returning from his investigation, reached New York on September 27th. The next morning found him in the Executive Chamber in Harrisburg, reporting to the Governor.

Meantime, since the beginning of the month, Dr. Francis D. Patterson, examining surgeon of the Force-to-be, had been conducting physical examinations of the aspirants. On the whole, an excellent class of men

had come forward, comprising a great variety of types. There were cowboys from the western plains, school teachers, athletes fresh from the universities, artisans, farmers, militia-men, officers of the National Guard, and a fine lot of men of diverse present callings who had served with credit in the regular army or navy.

"The success of the new State Police force is assured if the character of the men who are applying for appointment be any criterion," announced the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, from its vantage-point of close observation.

Blanks embodying the conditions of the law in question form, with additional questions as to certain details such as that of previous military or naval service, had been issued to these applicants, and by the middle of August over one thousand papers had been returned satisfactorily filled. To avoid unnecessary hardship to the men, Dr. Patterson now arranged to make a tour of the State, holding physical examinations at some fifteen local centres. The examinations were stiff in the extreme, considerably exceeding even the regular army requirements. Their severity had its intended effect, weeding out all but two hundred and fifty men from the thousand and more on the lists.

The survivors were then notified to present themselves on November 4, 1905, at Harrisburg, Philadelphia, or Pittsburgh, for a mental test to be conducted according to civil service rules. One hundred and ninety-three men came successfully through this second ordeal and through the subsequent examination as to their records of conduct and morality. And these one hundred and ninety-three men, thus sifted and resifted by every possible means, became the original personnel of the Pennsylvania State Police Force. They came from nineteen different States of

the Union. Ninety per cent. of them had served from one to three terms of enlistment in the regular army; all of these army men held honorable discharges, many of them as non-commissioned officers, and a large number of the discharges were officially reinforced with extreme commendation as to ability, conduct, and character.

In the interval covered by the examinations, Captain Groome traveled about the State studying needs and conditions, with a view to determining where to establish his centres.

From the beginning, the general attitude of the press of the State toward the new Department had been intelligent. "We greatly need a clean and efficient rural police," had been its first note. "Is that what you are honestly offering us? If so, we welcome it." Next, when the work began, "Pay no political debts with these appointments!" it anxiously urged. Then, as the high standard demanded for the personnel became unmistakably apparent, and as the actual appointments were made known, a widespread contentment overspread the State.

The four captains and the four lieutenants, it was seen, were all drawn from the best material in the State National Guard. Of the twenty sergeants, fifteen were tried, proved, and attested non-commissioned officers of the regular army, while the remaining five were State Guardsmen. Not one appointment had the faintest political flavor. The people at large were generally pleased and satisfied with the beginnings of the new arm, and among the press the few professional mud-slingers were quickly taken in hand by the organs of order and fair play, and their motives duly exhibited in terms as picturesque as they were simple and fitting.

The public mind being thus far determined, a degree of rivalry now developed between county and county, town and town, in the regions likely to be chosen as Troop centres. This town and that offered this and that inducement to attract to itself the advantage of a Troop's presence. The Superintendent heard them all, but sought in fact the centres of greatest necessity.

At last, after careful consideration, he decided to place one Troop at Greensburg, Westmoreland County, in the southwestern part of the State, a second to the north at Punxsutawney, in Jefferson County, a third at Wyoming, Luzerne County, in the northeast, and the fourth near Reading, Berks County, a southeastern quarter.

For obvious reasons, among others to emphasize from the very beginning the fact that the State Police was in no way intended to supersede any existing police body or local officers, it was particularly desired not to quarter any Troop within a town having police service. Barracks were therefore sought outside town limits.

"Finding it was impossible to secure a building in the vicinity . . . large enough to accommodate an entire Troop, I was compelled to rent buildings as nearly as possible suitable for the purpose, and then make the necessary additions and alterations," says the Superintendent in his Report of the first year. "In the meantime," he continues, "the officers and men had been assigned to their respective Troops, the specifications for uniforms were drawn up and the contract awarded, the horse equipment ordered, and the two hundred and thirty horses, selected in accordance with the U. S. Cavalry specifications, were received and distributed among the four Troops.

"March 1, 1906, the uniforms, arms, and equipment having been received, the Force went on active duty."

CHAPTER III

ENTER, THE BLACK HUSSARS

THE period immediately following the enlistment of the command, laconically as it was summarized by Captain Groome, was a period long to be remembered by the men of the four Troops. Assembled in their four quarters of the State they now faced each other practically for the first time. A few of them had served in the regular army together, here and there about the world, but for the most part they were as strange one to another as to the questions that they had to solve.

"Now you are the State Police Force," they heard. And the Superintendent, interviewing them severally and apart, had said, in a way that none of them will ever forget:

"Your duty is to make the Pennsylvania State Police Force the finest thing in the world."

The Superintendent, in those memorable private interviews, had probed their minds as to their own conception of the work, giving them therewith certain illuminating flashes of his own purpose. He had indicated, also, a cardinal point or two, as:

"It is possible for a man to be a gentleman as well as a policeman."

"I expect you to treat elderly persons, women, and children at all times with the greatest consideration."

"When once you start after a man *you must get him.*"

"In making an arrest you may use no force beyond the minimum necessary."

"One State Policeman should be able to handle one hundred foreigners."

But such details, after all, were quite evidently comprehended in the first sweeping demand. And in the spirit that spoke through that demand, every man felt the words take on a significance that opened a new world before his gaze. As one of them lately said —one who has come through the stern trial of the ten years since elapsed with a record that all the nation might know to its soul's good:

"Men came onto the Force with no other idea than that of making it the best in existence. Those otherwise minded did not long survive. And through and above all the stiff training that each of us needed and got, ran the paramount influence of the Superintendent's personality. It was that one man's mind, felt straight through the Force, that set the standard for us all. It underlay every rule or teaching. It was, and is, a silent, sleepless, inevitable call upon all of the very best that a man can give."

As has been stated, the recruits came from many walks in life, from those swept and softened to those where travel is hard. But all fell in together now, regardless of previous experience, on the rough road of the pioneer.

The Act did not permit the purchase of property. It was necessary, therefore, to lease barracks. But our lesser towns are not prolific of houses that can accommodate fifty-five men, with dependent stables for their mounts; therefore makeshifts were necessary. Near Greensburg, for example, "A" Troop's domicile, it had been possible to rent a large, unfinished house—a house whose stable, rather sketchier than itself, consisted

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of a few uprights and cross-timbers. But even the house was so very distinctly unfinished, so beyond all question of present habitation, that "A" Troop, detraining at Greensburg on December 15th, its first birthday, was as shelterless as the birds of the air.

A man who has to subsist himself out of seven hundred and twenty dollars a year pay can scarcely patronize hotels, of whatever quality; so the troopers had to hunt for boarding places in the town, wherever they might be found. And then they started in to help along the construction of their future home.

Some dug trenches for the drains and sewers. Others worked at the grading or betook themselves to those thousand odd jobs that their varied acquirements and their uniform good-will could find. One detail of ten men, under direction of a carpenter, attacked the stable. Receiving it as merely the rudiments of a frame, they clothed upon that frame with walls, they put in the partitions, they built the bins and chutes and stalls,—all at top speed. For the Superintendent had decided that all the Force should be mounted and the horses would presently arrive.

Then the horses came, three or four carloads of them, nervous and unstrung by the long trip from their Texan home. The only stabling available was at a race-track a mile and a half from town. That mile and a half crawled straight uphill, by a road deep in snow and mud, and the men plodded it four times each day during the transition period.

As an old polo player, a cavalryman, and a horse-show judge of international repute, the Superintendent knew to a point the type of animal that this service demanded. He had drawn up his specifications accordingly, and the specifications had been duly observed

by those entrusted with the purchase.[1] The horses were smallish, wiry, and agile, of the plainsman's type—rarely over fifteen hands, light feeders, chosen for endurance. And such slight training as they had already had bore little relation to the work for which they must now be broken.

As to the men, every one of them could ride, in the ordinary sense of the word, but only a few understood the training of horses. These few, and the horses, taught the rest, and other new and competent trainers developed under the emergency. Men and horses together practiced steadily all the feats that cavalry need. To mount and be mounted at a gallop, to ride double and to bear a double burden, to hang by your horse's neck and to let your man hang by your neck unalarmed—all these things and many more men and horses learned together; and through it all affections grew between man and mount that later on came sometimes to mean life or death and always to mean the joy of the day, to either.

As soon as the first struggle for shelter was over, the Troop's schooling began. And here it must be recalled that the personnel of the command was not of the usual police force mentality. As has been said, ninety per cent. of the body had seen service, usually several terms of service, in the regular army or the navy. A large number of the men, moreover, had been non-commissioned officers, some few of them post instructors, and all were more or less accustomed to study as well as to drill.

[1] The mounts of the Pennsylvania State Police have from the first been bought in Texas, and in accordance with the Superintendent's exact specifications. Ten years' experience has shown the chosen type to be ideally adapted to the service in every respect. The highest price ever paid for these horses was that given in the spring of 1916, when the new purchases cost $165.00 apiece, delivered in Pittsburgh.

Therefore, when the Troop now applied itself to the learning of criminal laws, of the laws of evidence, of game and forestry laws, and of all such ramifications of the code as concerned its future activities, it did not bring an undisciplined mind to the task. To hasten attainment the books were supplemented by specialists' talks. Police officials and detectives came to barracks to lecture on their own topics, to throw practical light on the academic work. And meantime stiff daily drill, mounted and dismounted, practice of the manual of arms, revolver practice, etc., ran on side by side with instruction in every sort of out-of-doors emergency craft. The Force's present system of troop schooling is sharply selected and comprises a wide field of essentials to a highly specialized service. At the start, however, the way had to be felt out. As one of the present captains said: "In the early days it was a case of beginning right and doing the best we could. The men all went to work themselves. Everyone did his little bit and finally we got a police."

They went out and saw how things were done; they came back and verified or corrected their impressions as to how they might have been done better. They toured the countryside to learn the lay of the land and the character of the people; they studied local conditions by every available means.

What was true of "A" Troop at Greensburg held true in general of each division of the command. "B" Troop, near Wilkes-Barre, drew the best quarters at the start. "C" Troop, settled near Reading, had to shift as handily as it could in temporary lodgings, until the barracks on the Wyomissing Creek could be prepared. "D" Troop, at Punxsutawney, made the best of something very closely resembling hardship in an

old world's fair exhibition building, whose flimsy structure was ill prepared to keep out winter winds and rains. And everybody worked at everything, hand and brain alike, with all the strength that was in him.

Finally the uniforms arrived. Now that uniform had been carefully studied out by the Superintendent himself, with an experienced soldier's mind for practicality, permanent neatness, and durability under the hardest wear. Its design has never been changed to the present day, because no way has ever been found to better it. It consists of a military tunic and riding trousers of very dark gray whipcord, black pigskin puttees, black boots, nickel strap spurs, reinforced black helmet with black leather chin strap, and black horsehide gauntlets. On either side of the tunic collar is a permanently riveted nickel letter seven eighths of an inch in height, which is the letter of the Troop. One quarter of an inch from each letter and of equal length with it, is a nickel number, which is the personal identification number of the individual trooper. The numbers cannot be detached without destroying the coat; and they can be read at a distance of from seventy to eighty yards. This number, the Superintendent's own device and one that of recent years has been copied by the city police of New York and Philadelphia, is a particularly important feature in the uniform, as it furnishes a positive means of identification to any person who may desire to enter a complaint concerning a specific man.

The cartridge belt and holster of black leather are worn on the outside of the tunic. The device on the front of the helmet shows a circle carrying the words "Pennsylvania State Police Force" in nickel, surmounted by the State's arms in black. The officer's

uniform is identical with that of the men except that with the former the State's arms in nickel replaces the letter and number on the collar. An army fatigue cap, a campaign hat, a rubber coat, an overcoat for mounted wear, and a stable suit, complete a man's outfit.

From a visualization of the uniform it will be seen that nothing more somber, severe, and simple could be conceived—a fact which in itself gives a gauge of the responsibility, intelligence, and sincerity of those who now and again rise up to discourse on the "epaulettes and regalia," the "gold braid and uniformed bravado," the "Cossack trappings" of the Pennsylvania State Police.

The arms of the Force had been worked out with equal care. A trooper's outfit comprises one 38-caliber Colt's revolver, a billy, a twenty-two inch hickory baton, and a Springfield carbine—the latter not for daily use but only for special emergencies.

By March 1, 1906, uniforms, arms, and equipments had all arrived, and the Force went out on active duty. Meantime, the inevitable and saving grace of elimination had already begun its work. Several men had resigned from the Force and several others had been dismissed as unfit for the service. The hard work and stiff discipline instituted at the start had by now unmistakably asserted themselves as permanent conditions. Men to whom the hope of adventure had worn a smiling face, but who were themselves unused to rigid government and self-government, found the fact less rosy than the prospect.

Some of those who dropped out scornfully announced to the public that the Force was being run as a temperance organization—a practical truth that did small harm to its target. Others even at that early day gave evidence to the practiced eye of the Superintendent of

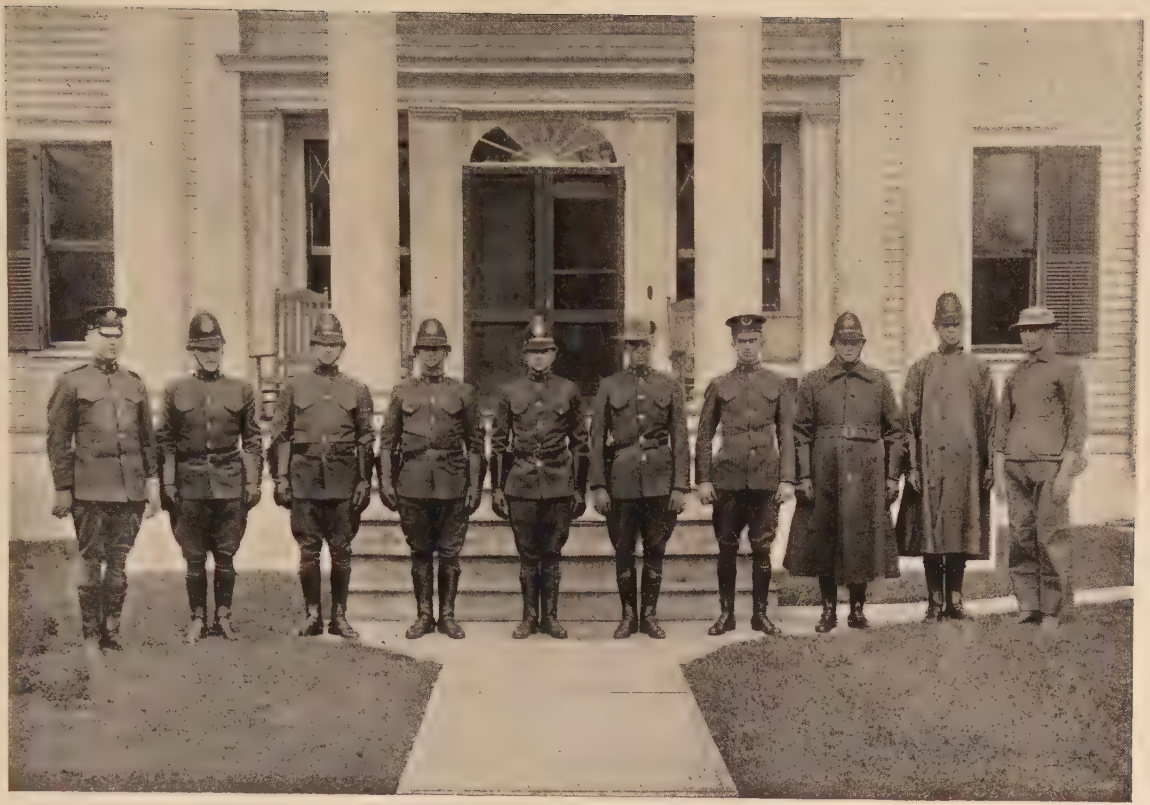

Photo by Charles E. Tracy

THE UNIFORM

Captain. First Sergeant. Sergeant. Corporal. Private (full uniform). Private (summer uniform).
Private (undress uniform). Private (winter riding coat). Slicker. Stable Suit.

a lack of that moral fiber, judgment, and steadiness that the standard must exact. Observation under working conditions alone could finally determine these things, whether of officers or of men.

That observation was closely maintained, and its deductions applied with relentless severity. Not every man who began with captain's rank proved to have the Superintendent's conception of "the finest thing in the world." Not every promising young civilian athlete really relished getting up each morning at six o'clock to clean his horse, going to bed promptly at ten at night, or getting no time to go to bed at all, working like a navvy and a grind every moment between, and having a line of conduct marked out for him that left no margin for self-indulgence of any sort. And so, the sooner these things were discovered the better for all concerned.

As has been earlier indicated, the general locations of the four Troop stations had been determined by two considerations: First, that the entire command should be so distributed as to reach as far as might be over the State; and, second but not less, that the regions of greatest criminality should be under the closest observation. A glance at the map shows that the posts are placed in the northern and southern halves of the eastern and western sections. These sections, by year-round criminal record, produced more murder, more manslaughter, more robbery, more rape, more burglary and thieving, more lawlessness and disorder of every sort, by far, than were shown by the records of the other parts of the Commonwealth. The central section of the State was and is mainly a farming region, with an old, homogeneous population, by no means free from trouble but not yet as ceaselessly troubled as the regions to the east and west.

The reason of this condition was obvious. In the eastern and western sections lie the great coal fields, with other allied industries. The coal fields, ever since their opening, have attracted an unending stream of foreign immigration. This immigration, at first largely tainted with lawlessness and turbulence, constantly undergoes a process of assimilation and improvement and is as constantly reflooded below by crude material of the roughest type.

In the beginning the major part of the mine laborers came from Ireland and from the Scandinavian peninsula. Out of the former of these two elements sprang that unspeakable society of murderers, the "Molly McGuires." After successfully maintaining a reign of nightmare for some years, these monstrosities were wiped out of existence by heroic methods, while the Irish in general, like the Scandinavians, are now but little found in their earlier walks, having graduated to more desirable employ. The Welsh passed quickly through the transition stage and beyond it. Then came the Slavs and the Italians, who practically filled the field at the period in hand.

Peoples totally unused in their countries of origin to any form of self-government, but accustomed on the contrary to see the sword of the king always bared before their eyes, Slavs and Italians alike here looked in vain for outward evidence of authority and law. Peoples used to the narrowest means, they here found themselves suddenly possessed of greater earnings than they had ever dreamed of before. Peoples used to free drinking, in climates where the effect of alcohol is less marked than here, they still continued that free drinking, and in strange raw mixtures of peculiar virulence. Liberty that they knew not how to use, money

that they knew neither how to spend nor how to save, meant license, greed, drunkenness—and through drunkenness all brutalities let loose. These were the poisons daily doing their natural work in the sections where Captain Groome elected to centre the new arm of the Law.

For an accurate understanding of the purpose and activity of the Force, the fact just stated cannot be too clearly borne in mind. It is the crux of a point much misconceived, and misconceived to the profitless hindrance of the common weal. It has been persistently urged by some of the uninformed, as by all professional labor agitators, that the establishment of the State Police near industrial centres proved that the purpose of the Force was to "break strikes."

The State Police has no purpose save to execute the laws of the State. And it is the first business and duty of the State to see that each and every one of her denizens, regardless of conditions or calling, at all times obeys her laws. The laws are the mandates of all the people, formed in common council, by the common sense, for the common good. In enforcing these laws, the State is simply the people's executive, and, as such, may not listen to the argument of any violator or group of violators whatsoever. In the matter now under consideration, the State of Pennsylvania, tardily enough, yet still in the van of the Union, had merely provided herself with an executive arm wherewithal to fulfill her reason of being.

The State Police, therefore, was properly placed in the centres of greatest offense to the people. Its sole concern was to protect the people in their peace. At no time could it check in the slightest degree the movements of any person not breaking the law. A "strike"

is a perfectly lawful proceeding, and the State's Police could have no cognizance of a "strike" other than of a picnic or a county fair. Called in by the proper authorities with convincing proof of need, the State Police would see to it, at picnic, strike, or county fair, alike, that general order was maintained by all present without fear, favor, or respect to persons. And therein lies the whole story.

The first activities of the four Troops now entering the field were of a general and various nature. Here they picked up a country store robber; there a stabber of a night watchman; again, a molester of women; a carrier of concealed weapons; a farm thief; a setter of forest fires; and always a little harvest of killers of song-birds, greatly to the derision of the imperfectly endowed. Meantime they were dealing constantly with the unassimilated foreign element, teaching it by small but repeated object-lessons that a new gospel was abroad in the land.

At feasts, christenings, balls, and the like, these alien people were given to heavy and prolonged drinking bouts, which ended often in wild and murderous disorder. The comfortable practice of the earlier régime had been to let them alone in their ugly moods—to let them fight out their brawls undisturbed, even to the re-beginning of a hearty funeral. It was not held seemly that any worthy, honest man should imperil life or limb by thwarting a knave in his knavery.

"So long as they confine their sanguinary conflicts to their immediate associates, the general public will have small cause to complain," said one representative rural paper.

But the new Force, its eyes full fixed upon the Law, called nothing negligible that dared deny her reverence.

Where Dogberry retreated trembling, these quiet, straight-gazed men merely tightened a grip that dragged inevitably to justice. Somewhat cruelly contrasting the large-girthed, heavy-witted local incumbents with the officers of the State, a Wilkes-Barre paper summed up its observation of all the latter as "clean, lithe, athletic, agile men, making up for what they lack in weight, in energy, youth, and vitality." And the public was now daily discovering that this outward and visible sign reflected an inward and spiritual force that could not be bought, bent, confused, alarmed, or exhausted.

Unfortunately, or fortunately,—perhaps it was as well to have an issue eventually inevitable joined squarely at the start,—the spring of 1906 brought Pennsylvania an overflowing measure of industrial disturbances.

East and west, unrest turned volcanic, and there is no room for doubt that, but for the State's Police, her entire National Guard must once more have spent a long, hard season in the field. Again and again was redemonstrated the fact that the sane, the economical, the merciful time to quench a blaze is at the first spark.

In 1902 the whole mining populace of the anthracite region was up and flaming out of hand before the National Guard was called; nor is it conceivable that the Guard should ever be summoned, save on grounds of grave accomplished evil. In 1906, by contrast, when ten thousand mill workers in the Punxsutawney district began a riot that the sheriff saw he could not control, the timely arrival of a small detachment from "D" Troop barracks immediately restored peace.

"D" Troop had been able to show those people its purpose and its mettle on small occasions earlier in the year. Now, at a juncture that would once have led to a great mobilization and a sacrifice of blood, "D"

Troop's mere appearance stilled disorder and averted harm. No force was needed, thanks to the calming effect of the early presence of recognized power.

Just after the Punxsutawney affair, a disturbance broke out in the southeastern section, in Lebanon County, falling thereby to "C" Troop's lot. In a contemporary article reviewing the Force's work of this spring, the New York *Evening Post* thus described the incident:

At Cornwall ore-banks early in March, five hundred foreigners became angry because they could not persuade the men keeping the fires to quit work. They assaulted several inoffensive workmen and chased the sheriff's deputies. The sheriff telephoned for aid: "Send your *whole* force," he urged. "These rioters are desperate."

A sergeant and *ten* men were despatched on the run. There was no time to get the horses entrained and the detail went whirling to the scene of trouble in a caboose and engine. No sooner had they arrived than the smallest man in the bunch forced his way boldly into a crowd of angry aliens and grabbed a big foreigner who had pulled a gun. The prisoner showed fight and his friends offered to help him. The trooper swung his stick just once, the big fellow dropped, and the crowd ran like sheep.

. . . Two thousand armed men to one troublesome town was the militia's ratio for pacification. By the ethics of the Constabulary[1] a sergeant and ten men are expected to handle such a district. The mounted constable enforces the law very much as did the sheriffs in those strenuous years when the West was young. He must be absolutely fearless. If he shows the white feather once, his usefulness is over and the Force has no place for him.

[1] The name "constabulary," thus early attached to the State Police by the friendly press, has persisted in common use to the present day. It is, however, utterly erroneous and without warrant of any kind.

It needed no prophet to foretell that superior efficiency in defense of the law would but slightly commend itself to law-breakers. Although no strike had been yet declared, mining in this section was at the moment suspended, and the common effects of idleness were already beginning to show. On the morning of April 4th, the Captain of "B" Troop received a request to send a detail to Fernwood Colliery. Here a gang of Italians, denizens of "Boston Patch," a little settlement partially commanding the colliery from a hillock not two hundred yards removed, had been directing a heavy gun-fire all night long upon the laborers in the works. The roofs and walls of the buildings had been repeatedly splintered by bullets, and that no lives had thus far been lost was no more than a happy chance.

Now, "Boston Patch" was a typical bad spot, a sort of bandits' lair, ever fruitful of evil, and ever avoided by the local peace officers as too rough a matter for their handling. So "Boston Patch" had waxed fat in iniquity, according to its way, and had acquired a leadership among the tributary hordes.

The Captain of "B" Troop, being asked for help, sent over Sergeant Garwood, with two men. A mob of five hundred Italian rioters met him, its leaders answering his order to disperse by aiming their revolvers at his head. Sergeant Garwood charged the mob and the leaders ran for refuge into the houses of "Boston Patch." Sergeant Garwood telephoned to barracks for aid. The Captain sent over Sergeant Dimon and ten men. The detail then went through "Boston Patch" and removed an arsenal of firearms concealed in beds, chimneys, and walls. All disturbance thereupon ceased.

In this instance, the easiest two things in the world

for the detail to do would have been to precipitate a general fight resulting in widespread bloodshed, or to retreat without action before superior numbers. But the detail precipitated no fight, fired no shot, confiscated the guns whose very possession was contrary to the law, and then and there stopped a disorder which, without such intervention, must have made many widows and orphans and must have sent "Boston Patch" to the gallows.

By these facts members of the local executive board of the United Mine Workers of America were moved to swear out warrants for the troopers' arrest. The charge preferred was that of trespass, and disorderly conduct in entering houses of Italian residents and searching for weapons!

Sergeant Dimon and certain troopers were accordingly arrested, the miners' organization, said the press dispatches, supporting the prosecution. The result, aside from inflaming the passions of the ignorant, sowing seeds of blind hatred, and wasting the time of all concerned, could naturally be nothing more than the emphasizing of certain ugly questions whose reappearance intelligent friends of the miners deeply deplored. Said the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, in comment on the detail's work:

> The action of the men was prompt, unflinching, and eminently successful. That they should be subjected to arrest for doing their duty . . . seems like a discouraging miscarriage of justice, but if it serves to establish the legal authority of the Constabulary on a firm basis and enforces respect for the personnel of the force, the test may possibly serve a good purpose. It should be the part of all good citizens, however, to see to it that the vindication of the men has their unqualified approval and support.

But grosser influences fanned the flame to spread, and the United Mine Workers, in local convention in Clearfield, were now led to pass a resolution demanding the repeal of the State Police law, and calling upon all miners to support only such legislative candidates as would pledge themselves to support a repeal measure. The Philadelphia *Press* now exclaimed:

It is just this sort of thing that is injuring the mine workers' cause. In years past the coal and iron police were denounced in unmeasured terms; the police of every city or borough and the sheriff of every county that organized and armed a posse to protect life and property in the coal regions was condemned as the arch enemy of organized labor. In other words, any individual invested with police power is the enemy of the striker, no matter what position he may hold. . . . The resolution of the United Mine Workers of District No. 2 may be the forerunner of similar resolutions from other bodies. But the State Constabulary has come to stay.

CHAPTER IV

THE STATE MADE VISIBLE

A FEW days later, on April 12, 1906, another ebullition occurred, whose chief interest lay in its whimsically ready sequel. On the afternoon of that date some forty workmen of the Franklin Colliery, a property of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company near Wilkes-Barre, were carrying coal from a culm-bank to keep up the fires for the pumps. Mining was still under suspension, but the orders of the president of the miners' organization expressly permitted the continuance of this particular work. To stop the pumps means to flood the mines, to destroy the property, and thereby to cut the miners off from their one and only means of livelihood when they shall be ready to return to work.

Neverthless, about quitting time on the evening of this 12th of April, a mob of some two hundred men gathered about Franklin Colliery, with purpose so apparent that the county sheriff obviously could not handle them aided by his deputies alone. And the mob rapidly increased.

By the time Sergeant Wilhelm and ten troopers from "B" Troop barracks, answering a hurry call, could reach the scene, a thousand rioters had stoned, knived, and clubbed the company's handful of pumpmen back within the colliery gates. Now they were besieging the plant, preparing to attack.

Sergeant Wilhelm, through an interpreter, called

upon the mob to disperse. They answered with hoots and curses, even as they had ever been wont to answer American officers of law. Sergeant Wilhelm informed them that by disobedience they stood in peril of punishment. They received the statement with derisive mirth. Singling out two ringleaders, the sergeant called upon that pair to give themselves up. The mob tumultuously supported their refusal.

"I shall now proceed to arrest you two men," said the sergeant, "and anyone who wants to get hurt will please stay in the way."

Then, led by their sergeant, the troopers rode straight in, using their sticks as necessary, but firing no shot. They made the two arrests. They next very thoroughly dispersed the much-astonished mob, and so, having restored order and having handed over their prisoners to the proper authorities, returned to barracks.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the performance was void of offense to all save such as "felt the halter draw." One honest citizen at least was cut to the very quick thereby and in a place where cutting hurts. His wound would bear no concealment but drove him to instant phlebotomy of ink, in which at one stroke he so well served himself that no less intimate hand should be laid to his story. His name and style was John Sunday, Constable, and Franklin Colliery lay within his official precincts. Upon the events of the 12th of April he issued the following proclamation, as seen in the local press:

NOTICE TO POLICE

April 13, 1906.

To any member of the State Police Force under the Act of May 2, 1905:

Illinois Chamber of Commerce

Please take notice that according to the above Act, Section 5, your duty is wherever possible to coöperate with the local authorities in detecting crime, etc. I am the duly elected Constable and Peace Officer of Wilkes-Barre Township, Luzerne County, Pa., and without consulting or coöperating with me you have since yesterday arrested people without warrants when you have not witnessed them commit any crimes. You are roaming around the streets in my bailiwick like Russian Cossacks and inciting the peaceable residents of said township. You are doing this for the last twenty-four hours. Therefore, you are hereby notified that I can control the situation myself and I have not been notified of any disturbance and if I am notified I will guarantee protection and if in need of assistance I will call upon you.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN SUNDAY,
Constable and Peace Officer.

The above was put forth on Good Friday.

Now, the middle district of Wilkes-Barre township, Constable Sunday's bailiwick, is called Georgetown. A Wilkes-Barre paper of the day describes the quarter as having at the time about eighteen hundred inhabitants, "about twenty saloons, one wholesale liquor store, and no end of speak-easies." It adds that the preponderant alien population is "a walking arsenal" and given to reckless and heavy drinking. And this Georgetown, diligently gathering impetus all Easter Even, was ready on Easter morning for a great celebration of the day.

It started in handsomely with a dynamite outrage, it maintained a crescendo of terror, colored with several stabbing affairs, through the hours of light, and it arose by nightfall to the height of an inclusive riot, in which several persons were hurt.

One of the victims of the knife, selfishly unwilling to impersonate the sacrificial goat, hastened forthwith to Alderman Sullivan and swore out a warrant for the arrest of a certain celebrant on charge of aggravated assault and battery with intent to kill. Alderman Sullivan, with a correctness that must have laid balm to the so recently lacerated feelings of Constable Sunday, instantly summoned that officer and placed the warrant in his hands to serve. And Constable Sunday, stepping high, and supported by several attendants, set forth at once to exercise the prerogative that he had so lately claimed for his very own.

The constable, continues the report, reached Georgetown at about seven o'clock in the evening. Proceeding to the boarding house of his prey, he easily found that tipsy rascal and placed him under arrest. Conducting his prisoner, imposingly manacled, he then set out on a triumphant return to the Alderman, through the Georgetown streets.

What happened next is a little beclouded. Out of the cloud, however, some solid points stand clearly averred. Georgetown, perceiving the constable's procession, opened its arms for its manacled brother—demanded him back with emphasis and heat. In the argument that ensued Constable Sunday and his support, righteously provoked, discharged their revolvers, it is said, wounding one matron and three men. After that comes a hiatus and some dust, from which presently emerge the figures of the constable and his support, departing in unusual haste across fields; and it is mentioned that at this time they were minus their prisoner and seemed not to be wearing their hats.

The next definite report depicts Alderman Sullivan hastily telephoning to "B" Troop barracks, and the

despatch of Sergeant Garwood in compliance with the Alderman's request. Sergeant Garwood and the detail are clearly sighted at Georgetown a trifle later. There they tidy up after the constable; they collect his wounded and convey the same to hospital, they arrest his late assailants. But shall it be supposed that they were permitted to do this thing without a warrant, in the bailiwick of Constable Sunday? Never, while yet the punctilious, the correct, the impeccable Sullivan rode the storm!

In all the haste of the troubled night this admirable man had maintained his poise. Far be it from him to unleash one Russian Cossack without due impediment of law. Sitting down quickly after summoning that aid, he had written out a full and proper warrant, whereby, on the word of the Wilkes-Barre *Times*, the detail was formally commissioned to arrest the Georgetown obstreperous on charge of "riot, and running the constable out of town with a bucket of hot water and a mop."

Up to this time "A" Troop alone of all the Force had been spared the call of riot duty. But on the very day following that of Constable Sunday's adventures an event of quite another color occurred in "A" Troop's section of the State.

The affair at Windber, in Somerset County, might well be termed an illustrative tragedy. In the coal mines of the Berwind-White Company a strike had for some time been in progress and feeling among the miners was running high. On the afternoon of April 16th, while the strikers were holding a meeting in a vacant lot, some little thing arose that inspired a deputy sheriff to attempt to make an arrest in the crowd. The people, irritated, instantly turned upon

him. The deputy fled, and, it was reported, firing as he ran, sped down the street and bolted for refuge into a strange house.

In this house, as it chanced, preparations were afoot for the marriage of a daughter next day. The presents were all displayed, a new piano proudest among them, and the bride and her mother were busy baking cakes. Upon these pretty concerns bursts, like a thunderbolt, the terror-stricken deputy, flying for his life—and on his heels the now furious crowd. In an instant's time the mob had broken down the door, smashed every window, splintered the precious piano, destroyed all the poor little wedding furniture and the gifts, trampled the cakes, and overset the kitchen stove to start a blaze!

Now to the rescue came rushing a swarm of sheriff's deputies. Dashing through the wreckage, they exhumed their fellow from his cellar hiding place. Then, snatching a handful of rioters as they went, they ran for the jail. For a moment stayed, the mob was now up again, thrice frantic, on the heels of the posse. Despite all threats and warnings, it gathered apace, both in numbers and in wrath, packing at last so tight around the jail that even its own power to stir was gone. And it clamored for the surrender of the prisoners.

At this impossible instant someone shouted an order to disperse. Then a man in the mob threw a brick, striking a deputy's head. Forthwith, all judgment, all reason, took wings, deserting both sides alike.

Some unfortunate with the sheriff gave the word to shoot. The first volley went high. Again an order—who uttered it nobody knew—and the bullets drove straight into the crowd. Three men—their names were Popovics, Voicheck, and Thomon—dropped dead.

One little ten-year-old boy, by gross carelessness allowed abroad on such a day, shrieked with a mortal hurt.

Suddenly stunned, the crowd stood still. With the falling of its dead its humor changed. But now, its silence seemed more sinister than its roar. Slowly the people dispersed, disappeared. And the dead lay where they fell.

That night in the foreign settlement no light was lit, but in the houses of the dead stretched empty biers and multitudinous voices of wailing burdened the hours. Danger was sensitized to the last degree. But a touch, but a word, would unloose the worst.

The sheriff had a host of deputies under arms—could get as many more as he liked to call. But he had seen their work and its effect. He trembled before the issue. To control it was beyond him by very far. In his extremity, then, he bethought himself of the new, the untried arm of the State. He telegraphed for help to the Superintendent of State Police.

The Captain of "A" Troop, at the Superintendent's command, detailed two sergeants with twenty mounted men. The detail entrained at Greensburg at ten o'clock that Easter Monday night. A wreck midway on the road delayed their passage. Farther on, at Johnstown, some sheriff's men boarded the train long enough to say that dynamite was being laid on the track ahead. From that point, two troopers sat on the cowcatcher keeping watch.

At daybreak the special pulled into the terror-ridden town. Stopping not even for a bite of food, the troopers plunged straight at their work, serving the sheriff's warrants, making arrests, searching for deadly weapons wherever such might be concealed, entering

lairs filled with masked dangers, groping in the dark where the thrust of a knife driven by an unseen hand might at any instant pierce their hearts.

Meantime, through an interpreter, the lowering aliens were being told that the State forbade disorder and that the State's troopers would surely see to it that her commands were literally obeyed.

All day the detail worked ceaselessly. Toward evening First Sergeant Harris felt that half of his task was done. Therefore, dividing his men into squads, he began quietly to patrol the town and its environs. The effect upon the excited aliens was magical. These stern, somber, silent horsemen filled their souls with stillness. Without the striking of a blow, without the pointing of a weapon, they understood that this new power was power indeed—the Power of the State, till now unseen; they understood that it was inexorable, impersonal, calm as death; that it must be obeyed.

"Ah, hussars! Me no like!" one Slav was heard to exclaim as a patrol rode by.

But Sheriff Begley gave thanks as a man delivered from a great dread. He saw that his troubles were over—that he need shed no more blood—that no more blood would be shed. "The State Troopers," he rejoiced, as the press gave his words, "are more effective in preserving peace than an army of deputies."

But the little "A" Troop detail, every man of it, worked forty-eight hours to perfect that task before it took its first wink of sleep.

It is noticeable that the dangerous riots evolving from conditions generated through labor disputes sprang up in each instance among the unassimilated foreign element of the population. Weighted with

bitter memories of state's officers in the country of their birth, understanding nothing of the principles of self-government as maintained in the country of their asylum, knowing little or naught of the English language, constantly excited not only by agitators but by unprincipled caterings on the part of a certain small but vitriolic element of the press, these rudimentary minds could learn obedience to the State only by object-lessons at close range. Such were the reasons why the aliens of Northumberland County now invited their separate lesson, ignoring the experience that their brothers had so recently gained.

The Lehigh Valley Coal Company's mines near Mount Carmel, Northumberland County, were at this time shut down, under the miners' edict of suspension of work. One gang of men, however, was still employed in building a breaker and sinking a shaft. According to the news despatches of the day, a mass meeting of aliens held on the night of April 29th was addressed with unusual virulence by incendiary agitators in the aliens' tongues. Informed that the purpose of this activity was to incite an attack upon their workmen, the officials of the coal company at once appealed to the sheriff of the county, to the burgess of the town, and to the vice-president of the local mine workers' union, to avert violence.

Despite this effort, the report continues, when the little gang of twenty workmen started for their homes on the night of the 29th, they were set upon by a mob of some three hundred foreigners, stoned, beaten, bruised, and one man shot. Burgess Penman, himself a member of the miners' union, is depicted as feebly protesting, hustled, mauled, and thrust aside. The sheriff, urgently importuned, unable to secure deputies,

and profoundly alarmed by the whole situation, sent in a desperate appeal to the State Police.

A detail from "C" Troop, composed of twenty-two mounted men under command of Lieutenant C. P. Smith, and armed only with sticks and revolvers, reached Mount Carmel at five o'clock the next morning. Stabling their horses at once, the troopers marched into town for breakfast. Like angry Goths the rioting foreigners swarmed about their line, jeering, howling, threatening. At the first tavern, food was refused. At the second, a place of better standing, the cooks and waitresses would not serve the Police, but the proprietor offered them his larder with permission to serve themselves. So the detail went into the tavern kitchen and cooked their own breakfast.

Meantime, the crowd was swelling; Poles, Lithuanians, Italians, Huns, came pouring in from the "mining patches," their always ready passion inflamed with wayside drinks and fanned to greater fury by the orators in their ranks. What followed is briefly told in the Superintendent's report at the end of the year.

> When the Police came out from breakfast, they were met by a howling mob . . . and as they started up the street they were immediately surrounded by about one thousand men howling and cursing at them, and throwing bricks and rocks. Privates Miller and Koch were both struck on the head and knocked down. The detail charged the mob with clubs, arrested several of the ringleaders, and took them before Burgess Penman. When the Police left the Burgess's office they were again attacked and Privates Snyder and Crossland were knocked down with rocks. With four injured policemen to care for, the remaining men fought the mob with clubs for eight blocks, when someone in the mob commenced firing. This immediately became general

[with the mob] and several of the mob were seen to use shotguns and pistols from behind trees and from windows and housetops. The Lieutenant commanding then gave the order to fire and clear the way back to the horses. Several of the mob were wounded but none seriously. The following morning the balance of Troop "C" arrived and a detail under Captain Page from Troop "B." Regular patrols through the town were established and maintained day and night for several days, but after the first day there was not a sign of disorder. Private Crossland, whose skull was fractured by a rock, has not yet been able to return to duty. In the Mount Carmel disturbance, the sheriff of the county called on the Department for assistance and upon the arrival of the Troop left the town and refused to return.

A laugh went up from all over the State at the expense of the unhappy sheriff. Blame from all quarters descended upon his head, together with a gnat-like swarm of sobriquets. But what, after all, had been his situation? Said the Philadelphia *Ledger*, in an editorial on the affair:

The sheriff of the county . . . stood absolutely alone in the community. All the local officials—the burgess of the town, the local police officers, and the whole population—were ranged solidly against the sheriff and his authority.

. . . It is altogether likely that if the Constabulary had not protected itself it would have been utterly wiped out or utterly disgraced, its authority and usefulness entirely destroyed, and a state of anarchy invited in that region.

The Philadelphia *Press*, dwelling on the gravity of the situation, asked:

Who stood for the law? . . . An attack on the police was an attack on the law. All men know this. Foreigners

as they were, not a man in the crowd besetting the hotel where the State Police was breakfasting but knew that violence to the police was violence to the law. It must be understood in every part of the Commonwealth that an officer of the peace will be protected in doing his duty by all the power of the State.

The *Telegraph* expressed unreserved indignation in rehearsing the event:

> When the duly authorized officers of this Commonwealth are attacked by an armed mob simply because they represent the State, it is time the power and dignity of the community should be made manifest in so effective a fashion that the demonstration will never be forgotten. . . . If further punishment is needed to teach these wild aliens due respect for the majesty of the law, it is far better and far more merciful to them that such further punishment be administered now. . . . The alien element . . . must be taught that the Commonwealth will preserve the public peace and maintain its supremacy at all costs; and must learn, also, that the State Police represent the State and that the officers of this force are to be respected and obeyed.

To those unfamiliar with the time and place, it may seem incomprehensible that journals of the first class could find extended space in their editorial columns for the repetition of truisms as self-evident as those just cited from the Philadelphia press. But these were moments when it behooved the friends of truth to proclaim her from the housetops, lest the din of malice and ignorance deceive the people utterly. Quick to perceive their opportunity, the professional mongers of sensationalism, throughout the country, seized upon the first telegrams of the Mount Carmel affair to concoct a lurid fantasy.

They invented a scene of gore and carnage, of brutal and wanton dragooning, of heartrending martyrdom of the innocent and unoffending people. Out of the curious fabric of their brains they composed a death-roll and steeped it in the blood of little children. They fished from the depths of their own ink-wells details of insensate villainies. They busily besmudged from view the unchallengeable figure of the State wielding in majesty her Arm of Law. And they isolated the inisolable Arm itself, to discredit it as the mercenary sword of capital, foisted upon the people in lying guise, the more surely to slash out their lives.

It is impossible to attribute sincerity to an attack so conceived—to do so would be too greatly to underrate the intelligence of those who led it. But the poor creatures whose groping minds and red-eyed passions these calculated panderings spurred, lacked wit to understand the game that victimized them. Easily duped, they fell into the snare. And then and there was the seed sown that was to breed a harvest of violence, folly, and lies in the years to come.

Such of the lesser town and county papers as had no principles to sacrifice were quick to follow the example of the masters in their field. In their little way, they, too, busied themselves in inventing tales and phrases in vilification of the State Police.

"But you know not a word of this is true!" exclaimed an outraged protestant to one such editor.

"Aw, sure I do! But do you think I'm in this business for my health? I sell my paper to the dagoes, and I give 'em what they like. They don't like spring-water, they like rum," came the frank reply.

To the credit of the Pennsylvania press it must be testified that very few of its organs were low enough to

fill their pockets by means so base. Said the Scranton *Tribune* at this juncture:

> We are of the opinion that a publisher who stoops to this kind of journalism for the purpose of gain . . . is sowing the wind. Recent developments have proved that the mob element in Pennsylvania is not large enough to be profitable to any newspaper and decent people cannot fail to be disgusted at any publication that seeks to increase its store by making appeals to a class that is the enemy of all government.

Nevertheless, such virus spreads quickly where it can spread at all, and it was a thousand pities that a man so powerful for good as the President of the United Mine Workers of America should not have found instant occasion to check its malignant growth. "This is the moment," said the *Ledger*, "when President Mitchell's ability and wisdom will be put to the test," and not few, nor low nor narrowly confined, rose the voices of disappointment when that wisdom spoke. Even in far-away Wisconsin, the sober Milwaukee *Sentinel* quoted it with reproach:

> Mr. Mitchell said: "The presence of these troopers at Mount Carmel seems to confirm the fears that the establishment of the State Constabulary is an attempt to incorporate a Russian institution in this country." What stuff and nonsense that is! The State Police are no more a Russian institution than the city police. The people of this country think pretty well of John Mitchell but a man of his intelligence and staunch Americanism ought to be in better business than this taking a hint from the ignorance of the horde of foreigners in the coal regions and echoing their delusion about and hatred for anything in the shape of an armed and uniformed guardian of the peace. . . . Mr. Mitchell, as an American citizen and intelligent labor

leader, with the welfare of his followers at heart, ought to explain to these immigrants from tyranny-ridden countries, who come here to get American wages and requite hospitality by breaking American laws, the difference between a Cossack and a peace officer of the republican Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Instead of that, he appears to be playing on their ignorance and unreasoning passion, with his clap-trap about a "Russian institution."

Meantime, Pennsylvania at large was arriving at the conclusion that the probation period of her State Police was served out. Even the clergy now took definite stand. Among them, the Reverend Doctor Charles Wadsworth of Philadelphia, dealing in a sermon with the Mount Carmel affair, did not hesitate to say:

Every trooper represented the flag. To attack these representatives of the Government was as great a crime as firing on Fort Sumter. All honor to the captain and the men of his troop who faced danger in a hotbed of anarchy to maintain the stability of the State.

And the Susquehanna Lutheran Synod, representing thirteen thousand clergy and communicants in the region comprising Mount Carmel and the troubled coal field round about, sitting in annual convention in Hazleton, a coal field town, shortly after the Mount Carmel affair unanimously passed a resolution which read thus:

In view of the vastly increasing population which is slowly assimilated with our character and institutions and the many instances of lawlessness and wickedness which often make life and virtue unsafe throughout our State, we recognize the creation of the State Constabulary as a step in the direction of the protection of our lives and

property as well as the preservation of order and morals. And so long as this arm of the law shall be used without respect of persons, organizations, or corporations, and devoted to the general advancement of morals, good order, and the protection of life and property, it shall have our sympathy and support. We believe, as Paul wrote to the Romans, "Let my soul be subject to the higher powers. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil."

The Convention voted to send copies of the resolution to the Governor and to the State Legislature. And the mining-town Lutheran pastor who transmitted a copy to the *Public Ledger* took the occasion to give public thanks for that paper's steady support of the State Police.

While general opinion was thus being cast by the course of daily events, the busy exploiters of the gullible vote were laying their sluices for a long run of political pay dirt. Their practiced, appraising eyes joyfully saw in the State Police an ore-bank that could be worked with rich profit to themselves just as long as their public could be kept in ignorance of the truth. They knew but too well how pitifully easy it was to stop that public's ears and blind its eyes, and, themselves more pitiful by far than the unfortunates whose trust they thus betrayed, they set to work—on the only kind of work that such beings care to do.

Mount Carmel had given them their concrete cue. Up to the creation of the State Police such an affair would have meant a bloody and destructive riot and the calling out of the National Guard. Then the thrifty speculators must have had to curse the National Guard and deluge with extravagant invectives those craven

souls who, wearing the uniform of the State, would obey an officer's orders to fire upon their brethren.

But the National Guard is a little large, a little vague in outline, a little general in composition, for effective and profitable cursing. Beside, large sums of taxpayers' money were consumed each time that the National Guard was dragged into the field; and to impede its work meant to increase the cost, eventually perceiving which, taxpayers might grow restless. Whereas, this new arm, this State Police, ridiculously small though it was, bade fair in the domestic field to relieve the Guard entirely; and, utterly out of politics, self-stripped of every form of "pull," it had no bulwark, no "organization," no lobby, and therefore could be attacked with sweeping ease. No taxpayer was watching to see it allowed fair field to earn its pay, for to quell a riot with the State Police cost the counties not a cent, and cost the State no more than to leave its State Police at home on its daily routine duty. Even transportation of horses came out of the fixed annual appropriation. And the men rationed themselves from their sixty dollars a month, wherever they might be. Moreover, there was their undeniable, their inescapable, their so beautifully damnable efficiency! This at least was sound ground and needed no masking.

Major-General Charles Bowman Dougherty, commanding the Pennsylvania Division of the National Guard, attested the firmness of that terrain years later, still inspired by the Mount Carmel theme.

At Mount Carmel [said the General], the State Police did such splendid work in suppressing mob violence, and did it so effectively, so quickly, and so differently from the way of the National Guard, that all the labor agitators put up a fearful howl at once. It amounts to this: The vio-

lators of law in Pennsylvania respect the National Guard and stand in awe of their power, while with the State Police they not only stand in awe but in fear. One troop of the State Police will accomplish as much as a regiment of infantry—and do it quicker.

But a great and cruel wickedness was afoot. And it came from the door of those who, themselves not ignorant, led the ignorant masses of the poor to look upon the State Made Visible as their enemy.

CHAPTER V

WHO STANDS FOR THE LAW?

By the first of May, 1906, the State Police Force had been two months on active duty. In that brief period it had completed its probation and had definitely aligned its friends and its foes. Those elements of public thought that sincerely desired to see the Force make good and had watched it the more anxiously and critically on that account, now proclaimed themselves satisfied that the new Department needed but time to perfect itself and that it had already passed far beyond debatable ground. On the other hand, those whose schemes were served by attacks upon the State now definitely proclaimed their enmity, chose their battle cry—"Down with the Cossacks!"—and declared war.

The rapidity with which all this was accomplished is a matter of cardinal significance. Had the Force been recruited from raw material, however fine the quality, such results could never have been obtained. But Captain Groome had grasped that fact at the start. He had foreseen the economy to the State that must result from choosing his personnel from the picked graduates of the non-commissioned army line. In choosing men who had already learned to obey and to impose obedience, learned self-restaint, learned love of country, devotion to duty and firmness of purpose, men, moreover, possessed by nature of the sterling qualities that bear to credit in such a field, Captain

Groome well knew that he gained for the State the progress of years in a single day.

Further, the men that he selected had sharpened their wits all over the world, against the wits of yellow men, brown men, and white. Their minds were keen and practiced. Their lives and the lives of others had of wont depended on the justness of their reasoning, on the clearness of their decisions made in the time a trigger takes to drop. Sergeant Garwood, for example, he who conducted the ugly "Boston Patch" affair to its quick and bloodless end, had rounded off a long regular army service with some years' work in the Philippine Constabulary, from which body he had retired with the rank of Major just previous to his enlistment with the State Police.

To run through the roster of the Force would be to produce a good majority of men of like experience and character. Such as fell below were eventually discarded in the evolution of works and days. In a personnel of fiber such as this, knitted together by the free-masonry of the past, and now allied by a common exalted purpose—the purpose to make of the little brotherhood "the finest thing in the world,"—it was certain that an *esprit de corps* would spring up with speed to fight like an army with banners for success.

"A State Policeman cannot fail," the captain had said at the start. Prophecy and inspiration, far more than command, had spoken in the well-remembered phrase.

After the Mount Carmel affair, those who had adopted "Down with the Cossack!" as their trade-mark kept a vigilant watch for opportunities to bring it before their public's eye. It will not be necessary to follow their course with continued attention; a sufficient

passing example may be found in the incident of the eighth of June.

At this period, a strike was in progress in Indiana County, in the new mining town of Ernest. At the request of the sheriff, a detail of State Police had been sent to assist in keeping peace. On June 8th, the sheriff, his posse of deputies, and his State Police aids came in contact with a strikers' parade. One of the strikers threatening to shoot Sergeant Ward, commanding the State Police detail, the sergeant disarmed him. At that, the strikers opened fire, wounding one of the sheriff's deputies, and the sheriff's deputies fired back, killing one striker and wounding others. A subsequent examination conclusively proved, first to a justice of the peace and afterward to the court, that throughout the entire affair not one member in the State Police detachment had fired a shot.

Nevertheless, Edward McKay, a national labor organizer, was quoted as saying next day: "The affair at Ernest was uncalled for and brutal. I am sure that . . . the aggressors were the State Constabulary," while reports of President Feehan and other "leaders" luridly colored the headlines of the lurid press.

The facts in this instance were so quickly and so conclusively revealed that newspapers of the better class called on those who had spread the first wild stories for retraction. Even beyond the State's boundaries a chorus of reproof was heard, such journals as the Boston *Advertiser* pointing out the offense to national welfare that lay in such wanton misuses of the gift of speech.

"If the State Constabulary had been the only force sent out against the rioting miners, there probably would have been no shooting," concluded the *Advertiser*,

"but just as surely the riot would have been broken up."

It was during this general period that the Force began its patrol duty,—a duty thenceforth to constitute the great bulk of its work, and which was soon to reach and maintain a state of high efficiency. Such efficiency could be acquired only through intelligent and practical experiment, like that now begun. The original patrols went out from the barracks by twos, for all-day tours over indicated routes. Twenty men thus spent a day in the saddle, leaving the remainder of the troop in barracks for barracks work and for emergency call, while on the day following another twenty took their turn abroad. Each patrolling unit, following its own route of from thirty to thirty-five miles, called upon the peace officers and principal men of each village through which it passed, to inquire the state of the countryside and to offer aid where required; called as well upon the postmasters not only for news of the public peace, but also to get the imprint of the postmaster's cancellation stamp in a book carried for this purpose. This latter step was taken as providing to the Troop commander a proof that his officers had properly made their tours.

That the initiation of patrol service had been delayed until now was due to several causes, among which largely figured the press of original constructive work. But the chief reason for delay lay in the determination of the Superintendent to send no man out on a service where his own judgment and his own knowledge of the law must be his guide in action, until that man should be so solidly grounded as to minimize the chances for a mistake.

If a body as small as the State Police is to be effective,

that effectiveness must rest on a foundation of evidence that its position is always right. Let it once be seen that the officer, bringing his prisoner before a justice of the peace, is likely himself to be found in error as to the law, and the prestige of the whole Force suffers mortally thereby. Therefore, Captain Groome elected to keep his four Troops, man for man, under their officers' eyes until such time as each should have acquired a knowledge of the law fitting him properly to handle any situation that he was likely to meet.

With the establishment of the patrol, a new day dawned in the affected regions. The farmer is by nature a thorough conservative. The typical farmer had resisted the creation of the State Police Department with the arguments that it meant a great public expense, that it would be used for base purposes of political graft, sometimes even that it was not needed. He had been assured that the State Police was designed as a rural patrol, and when half a year passed without his seeing such a patrol, he grew restive and expressed incredulity. When at last the officers did appear he rather resented their appearance as an intrusion, an impertinence. But, because the farmer is a conservative, he is also a man of thrift and a devotee of order and peace. And so it took but a reasonable period of actual experience to convert him solidly to the support of his new friends.

This conversion was a fabric of most varied pattern. Every element entered into its woof, for every enemy that had been wont to disturb the farmer's tranquillity now met an abrupt check. In Berks County, for example, rural Sundays had been cursed these many years with a miserable pest of "keg-parties." A "keg-party" betokened the acquisition by a crowd of roisterers

A KEG PARTY

Am. Press Ass'n.

of a keg of something alcoholic, which object they would convey to a pleasant roadside spot and there spend a long day, making the highway offensive and even dangerous to country folk on their way to church, and to all decent passers-by. It was early in June that a "C" Troop patrol, riding down a river lane one bright Sunday afternoon, came upon a "keg-party" in full swing. Said the Reading *Herald*, a paper that until now had missed no chance to attack the Police:

> They were reveling furiously down by the riverside when the constable went by. Had he been better used to our Sabbath ways and more inured to our primeval habits, he would have whistled the Doxology and looked the other way. But he was new and fresh and unsophisticated, hence he was interested. He beheld "a keg of Stocker's underneath a bough" . . . and the victims of it spread about on the grassy heath. Other victims livelier than they were pummeling each other in good old Sunday fashion, and one or two of them seemed to be engaged in a mêlée with knives. The cop deemed that his services were needed. He dismounted and stopped the row. The keg-party came to a premature finality. And the newspapers were spared the details of a Sabbath-Day slaughter.

Continuing, this yet hostile journal concedes that the State might undertake business far worse than the patrolling of mountains and vales and byways on summer Sundays and routing the roistering keg-parties that have made Reading famous.

> They will never be routed by any other means. They are beyond the beat of the city police for the most part. The township constables don't care. The judges usually fulminate from the bench, but the happy keg-drainers only laugh at that. If, however, there was danger that

a State cop might come galloping by at any moment, the edge of the party givers' joy might be seriously dulled.

"The danger that a State cop might come galloping by," proved in fact a deterrent not potential but positive, and of the first order. By that mysterious current that runs its quickest with the evilly disposed, knowledge spread that the State Police never slept and never "bluffed," knowledge that a State Policeman could not be bought off with the amount of the fine paid into his own palm—knowledge that the State Policeman would do his full duty to the finish, and do it on the spot.

A survey of Berks County farmers' opinion, taken by the Reading *Herald*, after the patrol had been in operation for three months, revealed an accomplished revolution in their minds. One man rejoiced in complete deliverance from the pest of chicken thieves. Another testified to his satisfaction in seeing at last the enforcement of the law forbidding the sale of liquor to intoxicated persons. A third stated that the tramps that formerly pervaded the region, robbing the farms and terrifying women in isolated houses, had fled utterly. A fourth, who lived near a picnic ground, reported that picnics, heretofore his dread and bane, had now become orderly. And several farmers spoke of their great gratification in being truly and effectually protected from trespass in the hunting season. This matter had in all time past constituted a serious grievance, being a source not only of annoyance but of loss. To their joy and surprise, the whole trouble had ceased entirely with the establishment of the Police patrol.

Up in the Pocono Hills, a peculiarly vicious tribe of

poachers had for long been operating. They dynamited the trout streams, they shot off the song-birds, they assaulted the game wardens who attempted interference, they started innumerable forest fires, and they threatened the lives and property of those who informed upon them. A detail of State Police was now asked for and sent; the troopers, patrolling, shortly collected the necessary proof and made their arrests, which were promptly followed by convictions. All disorder forthwith died away. This service was the more inclusively appreciated by the good people of the region because the license previously enjoyed by the poachers had gradually encouraged them to more varied depredations, had attracted others of criminal stripe, and had induced a general and well-grounded feeling of insecurity and alarm.

Wherever fish and game poachers operated, it now became the custom to call in the services of the State Police and in support of the regular wardens they were presently most effectively working over many fields.

To "B" Troop fell the duty of inaugurating another service which was soon to become general throughout the State. "B" Troop's captain had been requested to send a detail to preserve order at a county fair. Now, order at a county fair had hitherto been a thing of shreds and tatters. Pickpockets, thimbleriggers, gamblers of every kind, had flocked to the holiday crowds, in the certainty of reaping harvests. Drunkenness had added to their opportunities and to the general risk. Brawls, accidents, losses, had run their sorry course, and thus the days so long awaited and so eagerly sought by all the country folk were tarnished and spoiled. This year, however, the Luzerne authorities had the inspiration to try what a squad of State

Police would effect. Nine arrests, for running gambling devices and for illicit liquor-selling, promptly made under the astonished eyes of the inactive borough police, warned the crooks that a new day had dawned, and impelled an exodus among that discomfited crew.

In the other end of the State, "A" and "D" Troops quickly followed "B" Troop's excellent example, until even the unfriendly Reading *Herald* is again surprised into a word of hope:

> The news seems rather too good to be true. The fair directors have, at times . . . seemed to encourage the thimblerigger incursions. They made things lively. They drew a crowd. They varied the monotony of the big pumpkins and the dazzling sofa cushions. The men who got thimblerigged didn't like to own up to it and wouldn't press their suits. The city's police force seemed afraid to cope with these super-clever gamblers. And beyond a courteous warning that if they ever came this way again they might have their privileges taken from them, these scalawags have been allowed to go on their way unsuppressed.
>
> They coin fistfuls of dollars through the fair week. Upon the last day thereof the community gets fierce and tells them to go. They do so gladly. It was what they were going to do at any rate. They hasten to the next town whose fair is just about to open. And they go around agilely and profitably just as long as the fair season lasts.
>
> But out in the western part of the State, Pennypacker's Cossacks have been routing them. . . . Is it possible that the gamblers who flourished so profusely every new fair week are to be scared off this time? If so, almost would we be persuaded that the State constables are worthy of their pay and more, though fair week comes but once in the fifty-two.

"Pennypacker's Cossacks" meantime embarked upon still another industry in the western part of the

State—that of exterminating horse-thieving. "A" Troop opened its crusade by the pursuit of a rascal picturesquely posted as "a saddle-colored negro driving a flea-bitten gray hitched to a rig with red running gears." It was a midnight chase, however, and the handicap of a dense fog equalized the game for the kaleidoscopic quarry. Thence the Troop triumphantly proceeded to other trails, gradually putting a quietus upon a hitherto flourishing business and arousing local comment such as the following from the Greensburg *Press* of August 22d:

> The work of Troop "A" last night in turning out at a moment's notice to scour the country for horse-thieves is an object-lesson in the utility of the State Constabulary. . . . It is significant that many of the borough constables, who must have financial guidance to get busy on any case that requires hard work or exposure, are the men who raise their voices, when not too tired, against the State troopers. No further legislation is needed to "define" the duties of the Constabulary. Their duty is to "get busy" when hard, fearless work is required and this they are always ready and willing to do.

That whatever jealousy was evinced by borough constables had no foundation in any justified fear for their own pockets was shown in a contemporary editorial of the Punxsutawney *Spirit:*

> It is not the intention of the State Policemen to interfere with local constables in the performance of their duties so as to preclude the collection of legitimate fees by the local officials, but to aid them in every way possible and co-operate in ridding the community of an undesirable criminal class. Already a number of arrests have been made in conjunction with local constables and the fees have invari-

ably been paid to the township officials. Fees paid in connection with arrests made by State Policemen do not benefit the troopers in any way whatever.

Continuing the consideration of "A" Troop's work, it becomes immediately clear that the farmers were by no means its only beneficiaries. It was in August that the mine-workers' settlement near Youngstown fell victim to a terror that walked at noonday. A maniac, emerging from some unknown lair, began a series of predatory attacks upon the miners' homes, robbing and frightening the women and waylaying the children on the roads. The thing went on for ten days. Local authorities effected nothing, and panic at last reached such a pitch that the miners flatly refused to leave their families until the danger should have been met. With his mines thus on the point of shutting down, the Superintendent of the Mount Pleasant Coal and Coke Company appealed to the Captain of "A" Troop for aid. This appeal chanced to reach the barracks in the overture of a terrific and prolonged thunderstorm, late in the afternoon.

Sergeant Lynn G. Adams, heading a detail of five troopers, set out on the instant in pursuit of the scourge. To track the madman and to run him to earth in a dense wood, to throw out a skirmish line and round him in, to corner him in a thicket and handcuff him, despite a ferocious resistance, and to bring him into the office of a justice of the peace after an inclusive ride of twenty miles, took Sergeant Adams and his little squad just three hours. That night the miners and their families once more slept with both eyes shut.

Again, on September 8th, acting upon a district attorney's request, an "A" Troop detail comprising

Sergeant McCall and fourteen privates was sent to Wireton, a suburb of the town of Monessen in Westmoreland County, to operate against a band of negroes who had been the bane of the hamlet for a considerable period.

Farmers and steel-plant workers alike lived in dread of these miscreants. Robberies, holdups, and shootings had been a matter of course, without, however, arousing the activities of the local police. Five murders had been committed, followed by no arrest. The seven houses in which the negroes lived were brothels, illicit liquor dives, and gambling dens, and they reeked in their trades undisturbed. They were frequented by low whites as well as by negroes. A curse to the place, they emitted a special menace to the women and children of the neighboring steel-plant workers, left shivering alone in their homes during laboring hours.

The descent of the State Police upon these seven houses resulted in the arrest of ten colored women and of twenty men, four of whom were whites, the seizure of three wagon loads of beer, and the confiscation of a wicked lot of weapons. A community in which no one for many months had dared to go abroad after dark unarmed, and in which the laborer homeward bound on pay-night fared rarely well if he kept his envelope till he reached his door, was restored to peace.

Owing to the brutal character of the criminals, this raid had meant dangerous work, as had long been foreseen by the local police. Those speaking for the latter now cloaked the nakedness of their deficiency with the excuse everywhere used in similar cases. The Wireton pest-hole, they explained, was "outside borough limits" and the taxpayers of a town do not expect their police to reach over borough borders.

When, however, the district attorney brought in the State Police to do the work, these worthy officials' souls were wroth within them, and to the obstructions which they placed in the troopers' path was generally laid, among other charges, the serious wounding of Private Hershey.

Hershey was left alone to guard the front of one of the dens, while the majority of the detail convoyed prisoners to jail. Here they were persistently delayed by the reluctance of the borough officer to receive their prisoners. He wished to be most thoroughly informed of circumstances and charges on the spot. According to the report of the day, he demanded of the troopers a dollar a head for each prisoner, before consenting to lock them up. And, the report continues, once having locked them up, he afterward accounted for certain empty cells—cells in which some of the worst criminals had been left—on the plea that "the locks didn't work"!

While all this was worrying out, Private Hershey, left overlong unsupported, was ambushed by two negroes who first brought him down with a shot through his leg, and then, instantly firing again, fractured his arm. Aiming from the ground, black night though it was, the trooper wounded one of his assailants twice, making meantime such a clear-brained observation that he was able definitely to identify the man when the Force brought him back from Ohio, months later.

Private Hershey had been trained in a school where wounds and broken bones are supposed to deflect neither a man's wits nor his trigger finger. In the Ninth U. S. Infantry and in the Marine Corps, he had served seven years in the Philippines, in China, in Japan, and in Panama.

In the eastern part of the State the record still rolled up of the scattering of vampires who had lived by preying upon miners homeward bound on pay-nights, or upon farmers returning from the store; the record of county officers assisted, of thieving stopped, of peace established, of country women delivered out of the fear of the fate that is worse than death. And with the growing record grew the number of the friends of the Force.

Now this, it happened, was the period when the currents of popular thought gain peculiar significance. The State elections were coming on and it behooved the leaders to incline their ears to the ground. In the Democratic State Convention, on June 27th, the Committee on Resolutions had proposed a plank condemning the State Police and demanding the repeal of the creative act. Mr. James Kerr, delegate from the mining county of Clearfield, uttered a grave remonstrance against the step.

"This is a dangerous plank to adopt," pleaded Mr. Kerr. "The law has not been tried and we should at least strike out the words 'We demand the repeal of the law.' We are a party of peace and good order, and I prefer to strike out the whole plank, but if it is necessary for the party to mention the subject then strike out the reference to repeal."

But the warning was Cassandra's voice. Mr. Kerr's motion to eliminate the recommendation was lost, and a modified plank, still hostile in purport, was tied like a plank of lead around the party's neck, by a vote of twenty-eight to eighteen. The labor vote was thought to be purchasable by these means, and at such a crisis what are right and rights that they should impede the Ship of State!

The scruples that, however slightly, hampered the

State Committee weighed on some of the blithe little county conventions not at all, but it remained for that of Adams County to toss its bonnet entirely over the moon and go the whole figure. The Adams County Democratic Convention condemned the Republican Administration, State and National, condemned the State Police, and, in an ebullition of gayety all the cheerier from the fact that this was not a Presidential year, endorsed William Jennings Bryan for President.

From now until after the election, opposition to the State Police became a Democratic cockade. The mushroom press joined the little Socialistic organs in a delirium of gory inventions, and a few even of the ordinarily respectable county papers indulged in fearsome grimaces which they dropped like New Year's masks the moment the returns were in. All these, of course, were merely conventional phenomena of campaigning.

CHAPTER VI

SWORD AND SCALES

MEANTIME, history continued making, and living conditions continued working out the moral of the day. Hughestown is a miners' settlement, near Pittston, Luzerne County. Hughestown possessed its share of decent, orderly, English-speaking miner folk, and it also possessed a gang of Italian banditti more brazen and bloody here than they had dreamed of being in their own Sicilian hills. These outlaws had not jumped from the immigrant trains full-fledged in boldness, but, step by step, had worked themselves up, through experiment in immunity, to the impudence that they now enjoyed. Fully aware of their freedom with knife and gun, of their daily shootings, stabbings, and robberies, the community had been content at first to say:

"Small harm, for they only kill each other."

And when, as was bound to happen, the bandits, tiring of limited game, began to reach afield, each citizen yet unmolested still gave thanks that he himself had not been the one to suffer, half deploring, half enjoying his neighbors' "bad luck." Such is the invariable conduct of the Atlantic watershed and of hens. And it brings to the Atlantic watershed the hens' sharp-edged reward.

Hughestown, however, possessed a borough policeman bearing the orderly name of Schmaltz—Jacob

Schmaltz. Perhaps Officer Schmaltz's forebears were of the sound old "Pennsylvania Dutch," perhaps not. But whoever they were, they had transmitted to their scion a conception of duty. When in the late winter of 1906, a contagious disease broke out in certain Italian tenements, Schmaltz, then borough burgess, ordered the houses posted. The tenants promptly tore the signs down. Schmaltz as promptly had the tenants arrested and fined; and from that moment Schmaltz himself became accursed of the banditti.

These, during the spring and summer, freely embroidered upon their original design. They systematically insulted the Hughestown women, whenever they dared to walk abroad, they nightly robbed the Hughestown men on their own highway, and they threatened the lives of the officials with threats that all knew were no idle boasts. Finally came an August evening when four young girls, walking in the town street, were seized and held by some of the gang. One, wrenching herself free, ran screaming down the road and into the arms of Officer Schmaltz. Schmaltz, at her appeal, hurried to the rescue but must have been unable to identify and arrest save for the timely help of a plucky young Irish lad, Thomas Loftus, who had seen the affair and who now came to his aid. So the gang wrote down another name—Thomas Loftus.

A week later, in the dusk of the evening, while Thomas and Michael, his father, were still away at their work, Mrs. Loftus answered a knock at her cottage door. On the threshold stood an Italian, who coolly informed her that her son would never again reach home alive, as he and his friends intended killing the boy that night; thereafter, he added, they would deal at their pleasure

with the rest of the family. As this messenger retired, the house was attacked with a prolonged bombardment of stones. Half mad with fear, the poor woman cowered under cover until dark. Then, gathering her daughters around her, she fled into the thick of the town. All the way, they reported, they saw from the tail of their eyes shadowy forms skulking along the road, half hidden behind a high surface steam pipe, behind bushes, behind the timbers of the bridge. Of the first man that the trembling women met, they begged that a call be sent to the State Police.

A message accordingly was telephoned to "B" Troop barracks, whence a detail of three, Privates Garland, Adelson, and Butler, was instantly despatched in response.

Reaching Hughestown, the little detail proceeded at once to the Loftus house, to find it surrounded by a raging swarm of Italians. This mob the officers immediately dispersed, but as they herded it away into the dark, a revolver shot rang out from the roadside. As the troopers turned with drawn clubs in the direction of the flash, shots poured in from every quarter, while fifty Italians, rushing in from their concealments, opened a blaze of fire upon the three police.

The latter, still wielding their clubs, fought the crowd with those alone, until Trooper Garland dropped with a bullet in his lungs. Then Adelson and Butler drew their guns, but in another instant Adelson, too, fell, shot through the body. At this Butler abandoned the defensive and, single-handed as he was, rushed into the gang, which broke and fled into the Italian quarter, leaving, however, one man struggling wildly in the trooper's grip.

Private Butler then telephoned barracks, whence

Sergeant C. M. Wilhelm and ten troopers hurried to his aid. The whole Hughestown street was now crowded with a rioting mob of foreigners, who must be quieted and dispersed before anything farther could be done. That duly accomplished, the detail closed up on the houses into which Private Butler knew that the men who had shot Troopers Garland and Adelson had fled, and began a systematic search. A fascinated, fear-stricken crowd of townspeople gathered to watch, pressing so close that troopers had to be spared to shepherd them back out of harm's way.

Then ensued a miniature siege. The Italians refused to open the doors—barricaded them. Following Sergeant Wilhelm the troopers burst them in. Brushing aside the terrors that had paralyzed the town for a year, they ransacked house after house, pulling men out from under beds, unearthing them from cellars, dragging them from garrets, until they had captured most of the gang. Those that were wounded—and some were badly hurt—they carried to hospital. Those that were whole they escorted to jail, whence the decent populace gladly saw them depart to the punishment that they had so ably earned.

Poor Mrs. Loftus was terribly unstrung by the horrors of the night, and beside herself with gratitude to the troopers, who, as she but too well knew, had given her the life of her husband and boy. Unable to realize that all danger was past, she still threw herself on the pity of her deliverers and begged them not yet to leave her and hers alone. Sergeant Wilhelm calmed her with the assurance of full protection for her cottage that night, setting a guard also over the Italian quarter. Here it was maintained until peace was at last assured to the long-troubled town.

Said the Pittston *Gazette*, the day after the little battle:

> There has been noticeable on the street since last evening a most remarkable change of opinion in regard to the State Troopers. Since the recent strike trouble, there has been considerable prejudice against the troopers, but last night no one could be found who did not have a word of praise for them. It was the most serious local action the Troop has yet encountered and they bore themselves in such soldierly fashion as to deserve praise on all sides. . . . It will be surprising if there is not a great falling off in the demand for the repeal of the Constabulary act by the next Legislature.

But in view of the now revealed character of the enmity to the Force, no room remained for real surprise from this quarter. The Johnstown *Democrat*, a representative organ of a sort whose general creed and quality only the most simple could seriously lay upon the shoulders of any decent political party, now hastened to say that the occasion of the Hughestown affair had been merely a little innocent horseplay. "It was a holiday, and the Italians were celebrating in their peculiar noisy and demonstrative way." "Pennypacker's Cossacks," rushing in, had turned a harmless merrymaking into a scene of blood. Concluding this ingenuous statement, the *Democrat* asks if Pennsylvania is really "prepared to turn over the civil authority to a band of mercenaries," the creation of "the Coal Trust and the Railroad combine," "to a central figure who has at his command roving bodies of armed men who will act under his orders"?

Let it be marked, however, that not only Thomas Loftus, but all his male relatives beside, were members

of the United Mine Workers of America, of which Mr. John Mitchell was president.

The tragedy at New Florence, near Punxsutawney, which occurred on the 2d of September of this year, will be narrated in another place. But its hour cannot be passed without mention, nor can mention be made without respectful tribute to the heroic conduct on that occasion of Trooper Homer A. Chambers, than whose no greater gallantry was ever marked by the Victoria Cross.

At this period became noticeable a general expansion of the public concept of the Force's field of usefulness. The Police Department of Harrisburg, at the dedication of the new Capitol, asked for a troop of State Police to keep order in that little city, while the whole command was invited for a visit, to do honor to the city's guest-in-chief, President Roosevelt. Then the city of Reading awakened to the coöperative value of an efficient State Force encircling her borders. Having seen the great success of the State Police patrol in ridding the surrounding farming districts of tramps and marauders, she now bethought herself to ask for help in her own need. One of the great ornaments of the town was her approach, the "Reading Boulevard," which wound through some of the loveliest wooded country in Berks. But the charm of the road was of late being rapidly marred by Goths and timber thieves, who injured or felled the beautiful trees along the route. Powerless themselves to stop the destruction, county and town officials applied for aid to the Department of State Police, which promptly responded by including the Reading Boulevard in its patrol, a step whose result was the immediate end of the difficulty.

It was in this autumn, too, that "A" Troop an-

swered a call marking the beginning of another new branch of work, since an established feature of the Force's activities. Rabies had broken out, in parts of Westmoreland and Fayette counties. The first cases were neglected. The disease spread fast. The township authorities met little or no success in their efforts to enforce the anti-rabies law. So serious did the situation grow that the State Veterinarian himself was obliged to come to the scene; and he, understanding the need of instant and efficient handling, called for help upon the State Police. A patrol was accordingly established in the infected and endangered district, which enforced the law to the letter. Said the Connellsville *Courier*, a local paper:

> The only method of enforcing the law in guarding people and animals from attack of the dreadful disease is to have the State Police patrol. . . . The State pays for sheep killed by dogs and we believe that the citizen has as much right to protection from dogs as have the sheep.

Somewhat later on, the intelligent English-speaking miner folk around Punxsutawney knew themselves indebted to the Force for an even greater rescue. Smallpox broke out among the foreigners in the little mining village of Rossiter, close by. When the health officers undertook to quarantine the pest-stricken houses, not only did they meet resistance from the inmates but they also encountered the enraged hostility of the entire neighborhood. At their wits' end they tried the State Police. A strong detail was immediately sent to the spot, where it maintained a vigorous quarantine for ten days. Without this service, beyond the slightest doubt the disease must have swept through the countryside.

It may have been the accumulation of such incidents as these, and of incidents like those of the Eleanor affair, that influenced the western labor vote in November.

The Eleanor affair may be briefly summarized. Eleanor is a small mining town in Jefferson County. At the moment in question a detail of fifteen State Police, under First Sergeant George F. Lumb, had been sent to the place on the entreaty of the sheriff. The sheriff's statement ran that about two thousand men, for some time on strike, had now started in to riot and to destroy property. They were wild, he said, beyond the control of himself and his forty deputies.

As the detail approached Eleanor it was met by men alleging themselves to be strikers' envoys.

"Turn back while you can," warned the messengers. "We'll give you all you are looking for if you dare to ride into town."

Assuring the envoys that they were looking for nothing but peace and order, which, moreover, they had come to enforce, and that they were the friends of all friendly thereto, the detail rode on.

In the village inn, waitresses and cooks, persuaded by the strikers, refused to serve the new guests.

"Very well," quietly remarked the sergeant to the innkeeper. "If you will give me access to your kitchen, I will detail a couple of men to cook until other arrangements can be made."

The innkeeper acceded. But no sooner did the girls see their kitchen thus occupied than they decided to come back and do the cooking themselves.

The mine superintendent, it now appeared, entertained as mistaken a conception of the purposes of the State Police as had the men on strike, for this official

confidently brought to Sergeant Lumb a request doomed to an unexpected fate. It was, that the State Police bar the strikers from access to a certain well on the company's land. Now, the well, as it happened, afforded the only good drinking water in the place. Access to it was therefore a necessity of life and had been considered as such up to the time of the present strife. Sergeant Lumb therefore refused to act.

"But the spring is on the company's land," thundered the superintendent, as amazed as wroth. "These people are trespassing. I summon you to do your duty."

"This spring is the only drinking water within reach. The United States Mail is carried over the road that passes it. It is a highway. And although the spring is on your property the people shall not be barred from its use."

"Then I shall guard it with deputy sheriffs."

"And if an attempt is made to close that road and thereby deprive the people of their drinking water I shall interfere," concluded the imperturbable sergeant in a gentle, polite, little voice, that somehow sounded as inviting as a battery of fourteen-inch guns.

The corporation at this time had assembled some two hundred deputy sheriffs on the premises. Now, the deputy sheriff, in such cases, is commonly a recruit from the ranks of the idle, a man ignorant of the law, of the rights of citizens, of his own duties, irresponsible and uncontrolled.

When, therefore, a sound of steady shooting arose one night from the deputy sheriffs' camp, Sergeant Lumb, investigating, was not surprised to find those worthies amusing themselves by firing at the miners'

village across the valley, "for the fun of seeing the lights go out."

The next morning the sergeant took six deputy sheriffs to the sheriff himself, saying:

"These men of yours are guilty of reckless shooting. I do not want to discredit you publicly, so I will give you three hours to get them out of town."

And the sheriff was glad to act in accordance.

Later, the mine superintendent tried again. He had already notified strikers occupying the company's houses that tenants on strike at a certain imminent date would forthwith be evicted. The day came, the men still remained out, and the superintendent advised the sheriff to call upon Sergeant Lumb to assist in vacating the dwellings.

Now the sergeant had already received explicit orders from Captain Groome that his detail was to take no part in civil processes, such as the serving of landlord and tenant writs, and that it was to keep entirely away from the company's property unless on evidence of actual violence that must be suppressed.

The sergeant therefore not only refused the sheriff's request, but withdrew his patrols to a wide distance while the evictions were going on.

This made more than the miners could resist. No matter what their agitators had told them, here was the accumulated evidence of their own eyes. The younger strikers jumped down off the fence, knocked the ashes out of their pipes, walked over, and invited the troopers to play ball. The troopers could play nothing with anybody. They were at work. But the thing pleased them to the core. They welcomed gladly the sign that the Eleanor miners, at least, understood that the duty, the purpose, the desire of the State

Police was to safeguard the interests and rights of everyone alike, of those on strike not one iota less than of those against whom they were striking.

In view of such matters as these, it is not strange that despite the platform and efforts of the State Federation of Labor, and despite the violent endeavors of its leaders to close the new Legislature to all save men who should go to Harrisburg sworn to kill the State Police, the great central and western coal field counties failed to respond at the polls.

Although an essentially non-political organization, the State Police was the conspicuous delight of the Republican Governor who created it, and so determinedly had the Democrats thrust forward war upon the "Cossacks" as a campaign cry, that a vote for the Republican ticket now bore strong and recognized color of a vote for the Force. Well had James Kerr of Clearfield warned his party convention of the slippery nature of that labor-wooing plank! Nowhere during the year had the State Police been more active on riot duty than in the great soft-coal counties of Cambria, Somerset, Indiana, and Jefferson, yet these counties, with their enormous miner vote, rolled up an excessive Republican ballot. In the wide territory of United Mine Workers Number 2, the district whose convention had been first to formulate the Organized Labor leaders' fight against the Force, Clearfield County alone failed to support the Republican ticket. The State election, a sweeping administration victory, was generally interpreted to carry with it a popular endorsement of the State Police.

Captain Groome, with the closing of the year, presented to the Governor his first Annual Departmental Report. This brief and pithy document stated, in

part, that during its nine months of field service the Force had patrolled over sixty-five thousand miles, in twenty counties, had made eight hundred and eight arrests for forty-five different sorts of crimes and misdemeanor, and had secured five hundred and eighty-three convictions. From the fines imposed with these convictions, the counties had collected $6066.61. Since its organization a total of two hundred and seventy-eight men had been enlisted in the Force, of which number two had been killed on duty, twenty-six had resigned, thirty-five had been discharged, and seven had deserted. Ten men had been seriously wounded, of whom two at the date of the report had not yet fully recovered. The horses had done well. They had averaged about thirty miles a day under saddle, every second day throughout open weather, and all of them should be serviceable for some years to come. Arms, uniforms, and equipment were in excellent condition. And, finally,—although this was a fact that the captain did not utter,—such a stride had been made toward the attainment of "the finest thing in the world" that the goal already wore a welcoming face.

Those pledged to attack the Force in the Legislature proceeded, however, to their work. Several bills were introduced to repeal the creative act, to be negatively reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. On March 4th, however, Representative Garner, of Schuylkill County, called up a resolution to place one of the repealing bills on the calendar, notwithstanding the negative recommendation of the Committee to which it had been referred. This action induced an immediate debate on the merits of the State Police.

To place a negative bill on the calendar one hundred and four votes are necessary under the Rules of the

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House. Roll call resulted in one hundred yeas to seventy-five nays. The motion therefore failed.

In view of this vote it is interesting to observe that Governor Stuart, but lately succeeded to the Executive chair, was already recorded as having said that he should veto any bill that might come to him repealing the creative act of the State Police.

The New York *Evening Post*, always on the watch, now comments editorially:

> The defeat of the attempts to do away with the Pennsylvania State Constabulary is of more than local significance. Thus ends another effort of organized labor to weaken the police power of a State. The National Guard has been assailed directly and indirectly in various quarters; the prompt attack on the new State Constabulary is clear testimony to its effectiveness.

The Philadelphia *Telegraph's* conclusion was:

> The only legislation regarding this organization which will be tolerated by public sentiment will be that which increases its efficiency by increasing its numerical strength.

Said the Philadelphia *Press:*

> Though the House of Representatives at Harrisburg defeated the motion to place on the calendar the bill abolishing the State Constabulary, the vote in favor of the motion is portentous. That law is one of the best passed in recent years and is hostile to no one except those who want to be free to riot. To abolish the State Police is a bid for the favor of law-breakers. It would be as sensible as to vote to abolish the police of our cities. . . . Who would be most likely to advocate the abolishing of the city police force?

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, after expressing its opinion in very definite phrases, underscored it again in the language of signs. In a large cartoon, it depicted a State Police officer standing at attention, serene and firm, guarding the pedestal of a statue of Law and Order, exposed on a high place. Below, two rascally figures, "Free Riot" and "Anarchy," slink away from a fruitless assault with lowering backward glances and brandished fists. "Never Touched Him!" reads the legend beneath.

CHAPTER VII

A SERGEANT OF TROOP "A"

In the spring of 1907 a new feature unfolded in the Force's activities. This was the substation work, designed to extend the effective range of the Force, and to achieve greater economy of time in striking the track of the criminal. The Superintendent's plan was always to leave in barracks a certain reserve of men for emergency call, and to distribute the remainder of the commands in small details over the general regions. Each detail would be placed in a centre of particular local need, would receive the calls of that locality, and would ride its patrols from that centre. During the remainder of 1907, while the substation plan was on trial, some forty different centres were thus served, by details of from two to ten men, the details remaining on a given station from one week to three months, according to conditions and to the amount of work required.

Conservative rural communities are not often quick in the uptake of new ideas, and the farmers and others in the ranges of the substations did not at once call largely on the novel aid at hand. But the details were not idle on that account. Their regular patrol duty gave abundant work, and meantime the officers remaining in charge of the stations to receive calls and to govern the movements of the men used that fleeting leisure very profitably in careful study of the field.

It was in this way that a Sergeant of "A" Troop, late First Sergeant 13th Infantry, U. S. Army, newly in charge of the substation at Monessen, Westmoreland County, came to familiarize himself with the details of a tragedy whose pages had been closed half a year before. The story was of a poor little bit of a girl, eight years old, who had been sent out into the fields to bring home the cow. Afterward, when they had found her dead under the drifted leaves, they were glad she had died; but who had done the horrible thing no one knew, no one could guess. A private detective agency, another, and another, was put upon the trail, without result. No clue was found. And now, after many months, wrath and sorrow were already old and the thought of punishment abandoned.

The Sergeant applying himself with all the force of a strong and assimilative intelligence to the study of every social condition of the place, had come early upon the lament of this child, murdered and worse than that, left alone in the fields, her fate crying in vain to the great white sky. The horror of it held him. Again and again his mind came back to it. Again and again he recurred to the menace and the shame that the monster was still at large who had done this deed.

He got the reports of the private detectives, checked them up step by step, and discerned some fabrications from whole cloth narrating in detail work that had never been done. He followed the memories of the child, and the paths that her little feet had daily trodden on her way to school. He studied the roadside features there, the buildings by the way; and it was in so doing that he noticed that one of these buildings had been finished less than a year—that its plastering,

in fact, had been completed only the day before the crime occurred.

Then he set himself to identify each workman employed on that job—each man that must have seen the little maid go up and down so many days. One by one he placed them all, studied them and eliminated them from the list of likelihoods, until he came to the figure of an unknown negro, a hod-carrier, since drifted away, who had helped the plasterers in their work. Here the Sergeant's attention lingered and fixed. It grew in his mind to find that hod-carrier. "Some day," he thought, "I shall cross his trail. Then we shall see."

Now came an evening in April when news spread abroad in Monessen that a young girl of sixteen, a telephone operator, on her way from her home to her work in the village of Pricedale, had been waylaid, robbed, and assaulted. Escaping with her life, the poor child was as yet unable to give a description of her assailant, excepting that he was a negro, and that she had bitten one of his fingers. Blood on her face and on her bodice, the fact that she herself had not been cut, corroborated the truth of this solitary clue. Such a crime would rouse any community, regardless of the identity of the object, and the fact that the victim here had many friends, was merry and pretty, and a village belle, added to the rage of the people.

Now, if there is any one sin above all others on which the State Police is pledged to mortal war, that sin is rape. On the day of the Force's inception the combat was vowed, and in 1914 Major Groome still wrote as follows:

To my mind the most unpardonable crime in the whole category of crime is that of Rape or attempted Rape.

According to law the most serious crime is Murder, as that is the only one punishable by death, but the victim of a criminal assault, unlike the murder victim, lives for years, frequently a mental and physical wreck; and while it should be a matter of mortification to every law-abiding citizen of the Commonwealth that this particular crime occurs so frequently in this State, yet we cannot close our eyes to the facts. Records of the Department show that we have made over one hundred and fifty arrests for Rape and Attempted Rape since the Force was organized, and God knows how many times the crime has been committed without being reported to this Department. *And all of these crimes were committed and arrests made in the rural districts.*

Not in Pennsylvania alone, but everywhere in civilized human society, prevails that strong instinct that works in collusion with the criminal here—the instinct to hide by any possible means the victim of such an assault. How nearly invincible would be the family's desire, for the sake of the sufferer and scarcely less for its own sake, to conceal the facts, can easily be realized by putting one's self in the family's place. And thus it happens not in rural Pennsylvania alone that this unspeakable sin is suffered uncounted times to each once that it is made known or punished.

No sooner, then, did the news of the outrage upon the young telephone operator reach Monessen substation than the Sergeant sprang to the trail, with all six troopers of his detachment. Wider and wider, all night long, he swung his net encircling the scene of the crime, examining each negro swept within its folds. One by one he discarded the catch and swung the net again. And always, away in the back of his mind, stirred the thought: "Is this trail the trail of the hodman?"

Working thus, and with all speed, it was still in the small hours when he came upon the repute of a negro said to haunt a lonely spot in open country out of Pricedale. Detaching two troopers, the Sergeant veered to this scent. In the earlier night heavy rains had fallen. The night was thick, and inky dark. Neither moon nor stars were showing. When the detail reached the brink of the basin in whose bottom the negro was said to live, blackness defied their eyes like a wall of lead.

Plunging down the barren slope, they found in the depths a house whose size suggested that it once had been some comfortable farmer's home. Now it had dropped into ragged and desolate decay—a derelict, abandoned save of bats and their mortal counterparts. Groping along the eerie bulk, the Sergeant found the door and knocked. No reply. Again, and louder. A slight stir within, and a thick, dull voice: "Who's there?"

"The State Police. Open your door!"

Then came a snarl like the snarl of a wild beast, hideous out of that shapeless night.

"Open, or we break the door in!"

A howl of imprecations, obscenities, and defiance, ending in a shriek:

"The first man in, I'll kill!"

"Why, now, men, we *have* to get in," observed the Sergeant to his troopers, very quietly.

So they dragged a rail from the rickety fence, and, holding it ram-fashion, ran at the door. As the door flew off its hinges, the Sergeant stood in the threshold, revolver raised. His glance, searching the black blank within, saw something forming upon it—two eyes—the outline of a face.

"Hands up!" snapped the Sergeant. And with that, lunging at the muzzle of the revolver, the negro seized it in his teeth. Snarling, frothing, he tore at the cold steel, grinding it between his great jaws.

Shoving his gun back into its holster, the Sergeant gripped the madman by the shoulders and sat him down. Now from the inner lair crept a negress, bearing a light.

"Please, sir, he don't know what he's doin'; he's been takin' cocaine all night."

Satisfied after examination that the den did not contain his man, but making rapid mental note of that which was presently to result in the wiping out of the local cocaine trade, the Sergeant sped on.

Wider and wider he swung his circle, working all six troopers of the substation night and day, as long as the men could stand the strain. One by one, their endurance ended. One by one, they turned back for a scrap of rest; then to take the field again, loyally pursuing the routine work that supported the structure of the case.

As for the Sergeant himself, three days and three nights did he keep to the road, never once taking off his clothes, never once lying down, never once snatching a moment's sleep except as that was possible in moving vehicles on the trail. And always, beneath the present impelling thought, "Am I hunting our hodman now?" sang the words in the back of his head.

Westmoreland County, Washington, Fayette, he dragnetted with his own hands; searching, finding, discarding, beginning afresh. And so the morning that ended the third day found him close to the Ohio border, now with Private McGarigle as aide, trailing a negro known as a denizen of Seldom Seen Hollow,

near the town of Belle Vernon. This man could not now be found in his peculiar haunts. But someone had noticed him there a day or two before and had noticed also a rag on his finger. Since, it was surmised, he had crossed the Monongahela River, although where no one knew nor whither bound. Then the Sergeant began a hunt among the ferrymen.

"Have you carried across the river a negro with a bandaged finger?" "Have you carried across the river a negro with a bandaged finger?"

Could any question sound more hopeless? But the Sergeant, nevertheless, saw three good reasons for hope: First, a ferryman may notice many details that would escape a more preoccupied mind; second, all ferrymen must particularly observe those of whom they collect fares in order that no one shall ride free; and third, because they collect fares and make change, they see the hands of the passengers. So, and so searching, the Sergeant finally found a man who knew that he had carried a negro with a rag on his finger across the Monongahela two days ago. The ferryman knew, also, that this man had spoken of Charleroi.

In Charleroi, on the farther side of the river, the Sergeant learned that which led him to strike to the north toward the little village of Finleyville on the border of Allegheny County. Once arrived, his practiced hand was quick to find the trail. And as he traced it through the streets, in the back of his head ever louder hummed the words: "Shall I find my hod-man now?"

Then he turned the last corner and saw, among a gang of masons, a negro with a bandage on the first finger of his right hand. And that very negro, beyond any manner of doubt, was mixing mortar for a hod!

The Sergeant approached him quietly.

"I am a State Police officer," said he. "I want the man that assaulted a young girl in Pricedale on Tuesday night. The girl can positively identify that man. Is it you?"

"No! Oh, no, sah!" protested the negro. "*I* isn't the man. Everybody knows *me* around here!"

Said the Sergeant:

"I believe you are the man, but I shall not arrest you now. I shall be going back on the train this evening, and you are going with me to confront this girl. The train leaves in an hour. If you are not guilty then the girl cannot identify you, and I shall pay your return fare. *I shall come back.*"

Walking up the street and past the corner of the building under construction, the Sergeant ran around the corner to a point where he could watch the negro without being seen. There he stopped, hidden, his eyes on his man. The fellow went on for a bit stirring his mortar. Then he stopped, looked at his hand. Resuming the work after a moment, he presently stopped once more and stared at his bandaged finger. Again, hesitatingly, the same action. Then throwing down the mortar-hoe for good and all, he broke into a run across a vacant lot. As the Sergeant's hand fell on his shoulder he had gained two hundred feet.

"Where are you going?" asked the Sergeant.

"Goin' for a drink, sah. Only jes' goin' for a drink."

So the Sergeant and Trooper McGarigle, gathering him in without delay, set out on the homeward route. Meantime the Sergeant began at once to make vital use of the interval of passage, in getting the prisoner's own story of his proceedings during the period of

present interest to the police. And his story was most complete.

His finger, he explained, he had torn Tuesday evening, on a nail on the railing of that long flight of stairs that leads down into Seldom Seen Hollow from the highroad above. Because the finger bled, he had stopped at the house of the colored preacher, Mr. Timmins, to get it bandaged. Thence he had gone on to a Hod-Carriers' Union meeting at Charleroi, where he had spent the remainder of the evening. And thus inclusively did he place himself and his time all through.

"How is your finger now?"

"Mos' well, sah."

"Take off the cloth and let me see."

Uneasily, the man obeyed. Across the finger-nail, directly opposite to the cut in the flesh on the inner side, ran a bruise singularly corresponding to the imprint of human teeth.

Said the Sergeant: "I thought so. And I think, too, that you are the man that assaulted and killed the little girl in the field a half a year ago."

"Gawd forgive me, captain! You is a cruel man!" cried the negro. "What has this poor nigger done to you for you to persecute him so! Gawd knows I never hurt nobody in all my life—let alone no little girls! Oh, sah! you *is* a savage, cruel man!"

But the Sergeant was busy writing the prisoner's detailed story into his note-book preparatory to his next step. His duty, as he saw it, was but half done, and the remainder would brook not a moment's delay. No time yet to think of fatigue, of rest! He must not even stop to carry his prisoner over to the county jail. He must check that story, quick, now, point for point, before the trail could be crossed or the scent grow cold.

And no one could do the work but himself. So, for the interval, he lodged his prisoner quietly in the nearest place of safe-keeping, Belle Vernon jail. Then—and think of the resolution, the endurance, the impersonal triumph of the spirit of the man—he started instantly back over the ground covered by the negro's tale.

Descending into Seldom Seen Hollow, he found indeed a long railed stair; but in the rail were no nails, neither any sign that nails had ever been there. In Seldom Seen Hollow lived indeed a negro preacher, Timmins; but when asked if a man had stopped at his house that Tuesday night to have his finger bandaged:

"No sir, before the good Lawd, he never stopped at this house!" asserted Timmins; and all the family, called and questioned one by one, kept to the same statement.

As to the Hod-Carriers' Union, it had indeed held its meeting on that Tuesday night, but those known to have been present swore that the negro had never appeared. Next, going over the territory involved, the Sergeant demonstrated conclusively that a man had ample time, after the hour in which the crime had been committed, to cross the Monongahela and to appear in Finleyville as the prisoner had done.

Meantime, in the town of Belle Vernon, a whisper had crept out as to the identity of the negro just lodged in the jail. And the whisper worked like oil on fire. For no sooner was the name of the man heard than his past sprang up to brand him. Only two years before had he finished a penitentiary sentence imposed for criminal assault upon a woman seventy years old—a woman whom he surprised alone and helpless in her isolated cottage, alone and helpless as so many women are.

Now the news swept through the place like a hurricane. When the Sergeant reached the jail, the street before it was already black with furious men, hungry for the negro's life. And the Sergeant knew himself pitted in battle against that raving mass. Instants counted. It was wit, wit and the right, against the humanly inevitable. What guides a man in a moment like this? Guides him straight and quick when the slightest slip means ruin? Thought and action came like one.

"Is there another negro prisoner in the jail?" asked the Sergeant.

"Yes," came the answer,—another negro held for some minor cause.

"Let it be known, then, that I am going to remove my man," said the Sergeant.

Then he caused the second negro to be brought from his confinement, placed in the hands of his trooper aide, and by that officer conducted down the jail alley, as though in an attempt to convey him secretly away. Falling easily into the trap, the crowd rushed down the alley on the heels of the decoy, while the Sergeant walked out of the front door, with his captive, and boarded a passing street car. But before the trolley could resume headway, the crowd had discovered its mistake.

"Give us that nigger," they yelled. "*Give-us-that-nigger!*" Like wolves they surged back, swarming around the tailboard, brandishing guns.

The man who had gone three nights and three days without sleep, working and thinking hard the while, towered above them grim as Gibraltar, a curious smile on his lips. A little hard, perhaps, to give his life for the life of that inconceivable wretch now groveling,

moaning, whining, scatheless at his back? But—was it hard to die for the "finest thing in the world"? A smile lighted the Sergeant's eyes—eyes as straight and steady as the stock of his leveled revolver.

"I don't want to kill any of you men," he said, pleasantly. "You are friends of mine."

One moment of mortal tension, while the two sides silently faced each other. Then, slowly, slowly, the mob mind faltered, gave way—rendered its bounden tribute to the Right made Visible. It was done.

As to the negro, as he lay dying of disease in the Penitentiary four years later, he confessed that it was he, the hodman, he and no other, who had destroyed that little maid in the fields and left her there beneath the great white sky.

CHAPTER VIII

AS THE RED DOG RUNS

In connection with these new substation activities, from the early spring of 1907 on, the Force in all four quarters of the State saw much service in forest fire work. Very often it was the substation trooper, riding patrol, who first discovered the blaze. When that happened, the officer would call to his aid such help as could quickly be found, if any there was, and lead it in the work of fire fighting. Again and again the record shows a vain initial hunt for the local constable whose duty it was to handle the emergency, but who, not strangely, was often missing from the scene of his devoirs. Who would feed the constable's children if the constable hung about all day attending upon the public weal?

The reports of all four Troops began now to be flecked with flames. For example, on April 3d, Sergeant Walsh and twelve privates of "B" Troop extinguished a forest fire near Sturmerville. Only after a fight of several hours did they master the blaze, which threatened a large amount of property.

Next day, Private Snyder of "C" Troop, patrolling in Berks County, discovered a dangerous forest fire, but, in the time available, could by no means discover either constable or any other official who recognized in the situation a personal duty. Private Snyder,

therefore, hired men on his own account and in a few hours had saved the woodland.

On the same day Sergeant Van Voorhis, also of "C" Troop, was sent with a detail of six troopers to assist the constable of Windsor township, Berks, in putting out a great, destructive blaze there spreading. But Sergeant Van Voorhis met that day a blaze more mordant than red flames. The constable of Windsor was perhaps soul's kin to the admirable Constable Sunday,—for, seeing the State troopers coming to his aid, he forthwith withdrew his presence from the place, sweeping with him every supporter. Was the constable of Windsor all outraged majesty, or was he in part laziness? In either case, he marched away from the scene of his displeasure, leaving the little State Police detail alone to save his bailiwick; and save it those seven men did, after a hard fight that lasted all the night long. Thus in rapid succession, day after day, came the fire-calls and their answers.

The growing importance of this branch of the Force's work was hailed from many directions. The farmer whose wood-lot led up to his barns, the lumberman whose property was exposed to the trespass of careless tramps and hunters, the villages whose outskirts touched upon forest lands, alike realized through demonstration the value of the eagle-eyed patrol who sighted their danger at the incipient stage, and who then needed no pecuniary stimulus to inspire him to the most intelligent, the most tireless exertion.

By the same convincing channel—personal experience—these people learned that if they asked for a State Police detail to help fight the flames, and the Force had men free to comply, that detail, from the moment that it landed on the scene until the moment the ashes died,

would fight as no other men could be made to fight, save him to whom the property belonged. And when all was over, blackened, scorched, exhausted, the troopers went as they came, without promise, without pay, and refusing all reward.

This obvious value was and is—for conditions remain to-day as they were in 1907—easily related to figures. But the greater sum of the Force's effectiveness lies on the superior plane of prevention, and therefore cannot be reduced to exact terms of cash. Mr. Robert S. Conklin, the present Commissioner of Forestry, has lately expressed the fact thus:

> Forest fires but rarely occur where the State Police patrols work. Even when they have but a man or two in a county, no one knows where that man will turn up. But it is well and widely known that, when he does come, he is afraid of no one and of nothing; that nothing can stop him and that he will enforce the law.

Mr. Conklin's remark particularly concerns the many fires that are set by human hands—by campers or by hunters, or by tramps, who, building fires in the woods to broil their bacon or to dry their clothes, neglect to quench them; by malicious persons with a grudge to serve; sometimes, and not seldom, by those strange, wry-brained folk everywhere to be found in our remote woods and hills, yet whose very existence is still unguessed by the world at large. Curious degenerates, scarcely human often, they are practically the same in the Pennsylvania forests, in the hills of New York back from the Hudson, in Georgia, in the New Jersey pines. They are rather a ghastly people, none the less so because we know neither it nor them—and one who wished to study them could gather more material from

the unwritten annals of the mercies of the State Police than from any other single source.

Among the numberless eerie traits of this weird product of isolation, in-breeding, and midnight ignorance is the recurring passion "to see the Red Dog run."

"I could wait no longer. I *had* to see the Red Dog run!" breathes Caliban, rarely confessing, the mad fleer of imp-light in his pale, flat eyes.

A sort of cave-man's cunning goes into the laying of his plan. He knows enough to know that he is plotting evil—but the thirst is upon him, like a negro's thirst for the voodoo drums, and, like the negro, he wraps the uncanny thing in a certain fragmentary ceremony. He slinks off to the glorious, spreading woods, where the great trees stretch for mile on mile with branches interlaced. There in the dry moss at the foot of some huge resinous pine, he digs a very little hole. Into that hole he sinks a bit of candle, lights it, arches the tiny blaze with sticky needles; then, unnoticed as a wind-blown cicada shell, he flits away, in his leaf-colored garb, like a soulless shape of illusion, to crouch under a bough on an opposite hill, solitary and unseen. So, all night long, he feasts his wild eyes on the cruel sheets of fire that spread and spread, roaring, flaring gorgeously, devouring that whose loss impoverishes the earth, that which no living man can hope to see restored.

Among a worldful of figures of irony, where is one stranger than this—a creature of utter feebleness, as poor and more ignorant than any squirrel or jay, yet mad with love of cataclysmic beauty, and feeding that madness to himself alone with spectacles beyond the utmost dreams of Emperors!

In minds of this strange turn lies the cunning that

relates to weakness. Suspicious, watchful, they bring an unhuman wariness to the shielding of their deeds. And the type unites to protect its kind. Forest Commissioner Conklin, in a recent very able statement, said:

In a multitude of cases it would be practically impossible for us, unaided by the State Police, to get evidence to convict infringers of our protective laws. Like many remoter peoples, our hill and woodland folk have their own peculiar and evasive psychology. The man who lives among them, as my wardens must, often cannot handle them, if only because they know him too well. The detectives from a city agency cannot possibly understand them and are therefore worse than useless. But the State Policeman brings a keenly trained, highly intelligent mind, *taught in their very psychology*, molded by study and by experience to this very work. He knows the manner of thought of these people, and how to get at them. He comes, a stranger, unknown, to the scene of need. Dressed in plain clothes, he perhaps gets work in some lumber camp, perhaps goes to board at the house of the man whom he has grown to suspect. After a fortnight or so of quiet investigation, during which he has aroused no suspicion among an always suspicious people, he has picked up enough evidence to complete the chain. And here again is another of his advantages. *He knows the exact bearing of the law.* He knows what evidence is required. And he knows how to present and conduct the completed case far better than any but the most exceptional local authority.

Mr. George A. Wirt, Chief Forest Fire Warden of the State, gives a four-square judgment thus:

When the State shall have done its manifest duty by the rural districts, in doubling or tripling our present State Police Force, thereby permitting an increased State Police

patrol, the efficiency of our Forest Fire service will be enormously increased. And the money invested in timberland and its protection will bring correspondingly greater returns. Taking a forest area comparable in size to the Adirondack tract, this Department's concrete experience is that even a dozen or two of our State Policemen detailed to patrol such a tract in fire season are of incalculable value to the Conservation interests.

Continuing on the general subjects of forest fire service and the State Police, Mr. Wirt says:

It must be remembered that our State Police are not like any other agency that exists in the country. Nothing else can be mentioned in their class. A fine lot of fellows to start with, they have that high pride in their organization that makes each individual one of them go to the farthest extreme that he can devise to make good. To know a given locality before our State Police were sent there and to know it afterward, is to have seen a striking metamorphosis. *There are no exceptions.* This applies to every condition related to safety, decency, health, and peace in rural life.

In many of our country localities we used to levy upon ourselves neighborhood assessments to pay for a local patrol. But what did our local patrol do when he caught a local individual as an offender? We pay taxes still for village police. In the smaller places what returns do we get for them? But let me cite a minor example of the immediate question. It happened not far from Wilkes-Barre, about four years ago, and it is generally characteristic of the work.

At this time and place, there was much trouble through forest fires. The foreigners, accustomed in their own countries to go into the woods on Sunday, and missing here the uniformed and watchful authority that kept them in bounds across the sea, continued their habitual Sunday excursions into the Wilkes-Barre woods, where they lighted

fires to boil their coffee and went away leaving them burning, threw their cigar butts about, and committed other acts of stupid carelessness. Innumerable forest fires were the consequence.

At last a certain energetic woman who owned a wood-tract got up a petition for a detail of State Police. A small detail was sent. The troopers at once found and arrested two or three foreigners who had started fires. The news spread; the fires stopped. The detail was left in that region—a section of fifty or more square miles—for some little time. Its mere presence prevented any further difficulty where trouble before had been endless, and made such an impression that nothing of the sort has recurred since.

The forest fires of springtime are perhaps less conspicuous than those of the autumn, but they have a peculiarly cruel significance not always in mind; they wreak a complete destruction of nesting birds, of fledglings, and of the young of all small woodland creatures. In this way they are infinitely worse than the catastrophes of the later season, although both alike devour for mile on mile not only all the present food supply of bird and beast, but all their hope of food for years to come. Tree, shrub, plant, vine, are killed and gone—with all their nuts and seeds and berries that would have tided the little lives over the starveling winter months.

Through this avenue, then, among various others, the Game Commission, both in its relation to sportsmen's interests and in its relation to the interests of agriculture, enthusiastically welcomed its new ally, the State Police.

Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, in his official report of 1908, dilating

on the great help afforded to his work through this channel, concluded:

"I would like very much to see the Force increased, so that a detail of at least ten men might be ordinarily located in each county."

Dr. Kalbfus's department had long and heavily felt the need of a greater attention on the part of the State to the protection of her rural and sylvan regions. "No law is stronger than the power that is behind it," and the State game wardens, in attempting to enforce conservation laws with their own unaided hands, had frequently paid a mortal penalty. In the year 1906 alone, fourteen State game wardens were shot at, seven wounded and four killed, either in revenge for duties performed or in the contested execution of duty. But by the year 1907, the State Police had inaugurated a closed season for State game wardens, which they have not since relaxed. In that year, also, the Force made one hundred and forty-five arrests for illegal hunting and fishing, of which number one hundred and fifteen had resulted in convictions at the time that the annual report went to press, while twenty awaited trial.

Of those convicted, one, sad to relate, was himself a special State game warden. This mistaken person, reckoning without "B" Troop's vigilance, had caught one hundred and thirty trout under six inches in length, and sold them to a Wilkes-Barre club. The trooper who guided his immediately subsequent career so well understood his own share in the matter that the original alderman's verdict, appealed, was confirmed in the Court of Appeals and again in the Superior Court. In default of thirteen hundred dollars fine—ten dollars a trout—the warden finally went to jail for thirteen hundred days.

It is pleasant to be able to follow the relation of the two departments to each other from the beginning up to the present time, and still to find it without flaw. In his annual report of 1915, Dr. Kalbfus is yet and even more strongly urging the increase of the State Police Force, saying in part:

> This splendid body of men have in the past not only rendered very great aid to our Protectors when called upon, but have also, all over the State, of their own initiative, been doing everything in their power to protect our wild birds and our game, rendering us help in our work, the value of which cannot be estimated.

Elsewhere Dr. Kalbfus adds:

> The value of the work done by the Force along the line of conservation and bird preservation is not always returned . . . in a way that can be expressed in figures. There is an extreme value derived from the simple presence of these men riding up and down the roads in uniform where they may be seen and recognized by everybody. Their presence in a community is felt everywhere, and always for good. If I had it in my power I would certainly increase this Force three or four times over.

At first, the possibilities of help and service embodied in the substations—in the little groups of men so placed in centres of need as to be rapidly effective along many radii—was, as has been said, but dimly guessed by the surrounding inhabitants. But news as good as that which emanated from those centres travels fast. A skipping glance down the columns of the annual reports shows by the growing variety of the entries that the people were beginning to understand. As, for example:

April 12th. Sergeant Wiechard and two privates of Troop "C" were sent to Blandon, Berks County, on a report that a store and the Post Office had been robbed. The detail located the two thieves, and after an exchange of shots and a running fight of twenty minutes arrested them. The men were taken with the stolen goods on them, and later on it was found they were also wanted for robberies at Rothsville, Lancaster County.

April 28th. Detail from Troop "C" was sent to the House of the Good Shepherd, near Reading, upon complaint of the Mother Superior that a gang of roughs were in the habit of climbing the fence surrounding the grounds, making indecent remarks, and insulting the young girl inmates.

May 12th. Privates Nugent and Sterner of Troop "D" succeeded in arresting John Perzuiski, wanted for the murder of Mike Besolla, at Walston, Jefferson County. Perzuiski was found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to twelve years in the Penitentiary.

June 22d. Privates Prynn and Warner of Troop "C," on duty at Terre Hill, Lancaster County, investigating complaints from farmers of that vicinity, of continued stealing of their farm produce. Four men were arrested, found guilty, and convicted.

June 28th. Word was received that an unknown man had attempted to rape a fourteen-year-old girl at Elk Run, Jefferson County. Half of Troop "D" was put on this case, mounted, dismounted, and in plain clothes, hunting the assailant. And although he was unknown to them and the only clue they had was picked up while searching the country, they located their man . . . and arrested him June 30th. The prisoner was tried, found criminally insane, and sent to the State Asylum.

July 23d. Sergeant Walsh and seventeen men of Troop "B" were sent to Wilkes-Barre at the request of the District Attorney to assist in raiding several gambling houses. Four houses were raided simultaneously, thirty prisoners

Photo by F. S. Cope

CROSS COUNTRY

were taken, and $8,000.00 worth of gambling paraphernalia confiscated.

September 26th. Sergeant Chambers and a private of Troop "D" arrested Sarapina Siranano, who was wanted for felonious cutting at Indiana, Indiana County, September, 1906. The prisoner was turned over to Sheriff Wetling and on the way to jail Siranano seriously stabbed the sheriff and made his escape. Sergeant Chambers arrested him later at Camp Run, Jefferson County, brought him back and turned him over to the authorities of Indiana County.

October 30th. Sergeant Price and seven privates of Troop "B" were sent to Breslau, a foreign settlement three miles south of Wilkes-Barre, at the request of Dr. Charles H. Miner, County Medical Inspector, to establish a quarantine during the scarlet fever epidemic, the local authorities being unable to enforce the law. . . . After the detail's being on duty ten days enforcing the quarantine regulations the local authorities were enabled to maintain the quarantine and the detail returned to the barracks. During this tour Private Henry contracted a serious case of scarlet fever.

November 14th. Private Herbert Smith and two other privates of Troop "B" were sent to investigate the robbery of several hundred pounds of copper wire from the Moosic Lake Traction Company. The detail found that the poles had been cut down for over a mile and a large quantity of copper wire stolen. From marks in the road it was found that a two-horse wagon had been used to haul the wire away. By following the wagon tracks, the stolen wire was located in the mountains nearby. Smith noticed from the hoofprints that one of the horses was shod with a peculiarly shaped bar shoe, and with this clue only the team was thus followed for forty-three miles, to Carbondale, Lackawanna County, where the horse with the peculiar shoe was found in a livery stable. The three men who had hired the team were located, and not being able to account for their actions at the time the wire was stolen, were arrested. They were tried and found guilty.

Among the mass of significant action here passed over unremarked, an item may be picked up as exemplifying one type of the operation of the Force.

On September 15, 1907, the Superintendent's annual report shows a brief military entry of the murder of Private Kelleher of "C" Troop while in performance of duty.

Private Timothy Kelleher had fought in the Boer army through the Transvaal War. As corporal in the 2d United States Cavalry, he had done his share in the Philippines. Discharged with the character of "Excellent," he had enlisted in the Pennsylvania State Police on the day of its birth. Private Kelleher was a brave man and a good soldier.

On Sunday morning, September 15th, Kelleher was not on duty, but was on his way to barracks, unarmed, after a leave of absence. He had come within half a mile of barracks, walking, when he heard the shrieks of a woman in distress. Running to the rescue, he found the victim, who had already been terribly handled, struggling in the clutches of two Italians. The trooper promptly knocked both men down with his fists and was grappling with the larger, when the second ruffian drew a stiletto and from behind dealt him a gash from which he must have died only a few moments later. The woman had already escaped. The Italians now fled as quickly. Kelleher, left alone, and trying to stop his wound with his hand, staggered on a little way toward the barracks. In the road his comrades found his body, almost before the warmth was gone.

Then began a chase in the true fashion of the Force. Every available member of the Troop was ordered out, some in plain clothes, some in uniform, some mounted, some to travel by rail. As fast as men could

move, they flung a great circle around the blood-stained spot. Day and night they hunted within that ring, every man of them, finding, running down, discarding innumerable possible clues. On the third day, one man struck a true scent; the murderers were identified.

Upon that the whole troop settled to a fresh run. Hunting, hunting, trailing without rest, out of all the swarming myriads of indistinguishable Italians that cover that region, and three broad counties away from the scene of the murder, they singled out and ran to earth a cousin and confederate of one of the missing men.

From this cousin, after a lying statement that diverted some of the troopers to useless work, they elicited the last known whereabouts of the criminals. First sheltered by other Italians, then supplied with money and helped on their way, these two, Salvatore Garito and Stefano Porcella, had found refuge in Warwick, New York.

Three State Police officers, including an Italian-speaking trooper, Private Wadanoli, left for Warwick in plain clothes by the next opportunity, a freight train. At their destination they learned that the two fugitives had attached themselves to a party of laborers who were being sent as a railway gang to Gray Court, twelve miles away, in a train consisting of a box car and a locomotive.

Hurrying to the railway station, the officers drew near just in time to see the car rushed by at twenty miles an hour. In its door stood Porcella.

The officers then asked the railway officials for immediate transportation to Gray Court, offering to pay for a special engine. The request was refused. Two of them next went to a livery stable, as the only

alternative, while Trooper Wadanoli, guarding Porcella's cousin, followed slowly.

As Private Wadanoli and his captive were thus leisurely proceeding down the street, a man rounding the corner ahead turned their way, and they stood face to face with Salvatore Garito.

All unsuspicious, Garito joyfully celebrated the meeting.

"Did you bring the money for us to go to Mexico?" he cried, with enthusiasm embracing Porcella's cousin.

Before the other could reply, Private Wadanoli's revolver was leveled.

"Throw up your hands, Garito!"

The murderer snatched out his stiletto, but was quickly handcuffed and secured.

The other two officers, making what speed they could, were drawing down upon Gray Court when they spied their box car, still full of laborers, still attached to its locomotive, standing in the centre of a high trestle bridge. One to the east, one to the west, they scaled the trestle at either end. Then, with revolvers in hand, they advanced upon the car. Jumping aboard one covered the gang, while the other handcuffed Porcella. Then they explained themselves and their proceedings to the amazed engineer.

With their three prisoners, the three troopers took the first train out of Warwick. At Easton, Pennsylvania, they were obliged to detrain, to change for Reading. Here a great mob of Italians, headed by relatives of the murderers, stormed the station, determined to release the captives, and were beaten off without resort to extreme measures only with great difficulty.

Then came another significant incident: Reading's Chief of Police telephoned an urgent plea that the

returning detail observe the greatest care to mask their home-coming, as their arrival was almost certain to precipitate three events: First, concerted attack by the Reading Italians to release the prisoners; second, a rush by the citizens to lynch them on the spot; third, a bloody clash between the two sides.

Due precautions were accordingly taken. Both murderers were safely jailed, and both were duly sentenced to the full penalty of their crime. The chase, altogether, had lasted *just six days* from the morning of Private Kelleher's murder, and the case was so soundly prepared by the State Police officers that it withstood the most determined efforts of a strong and sinister backing to shake its fabric and to secure the criminals' release.

CHAPTER IX

THE BLACK HAND

One of the most threatening evils at this period manifest in the State of Pennsylvania was the thus-far unchecked growth of the "Black Hand." Wherever Italian immigration had congregated, there its malign influence was rife. The victims as a rule were Italian merchants or tradesmen, or Italian laborers known to be thrifty and saving. But the almost entire immunity that the operators had enjoyed in their crimes was rapidly inspiring them with courage to range afield after other game.

The killing of Dr. Kalbfus's game wardens had involved Black Hand influence, and the Black Hand had powerfully shielded the criminals in their fight. The secret spell that it exerted in protecting felons and in defeating the prosecutions of the State was felt at every turn. Money it could command in plenty, and money it freely spent to maintain the unholy prestige of its name.

The following statement, which occurs in a Wilkes-Barre despatch to the Philadelphia *North American*, February 16, 1907, gives an unexaggerated hint of conditions but too familiar elsewhere in the State:

> For the last five years the Black Hand Society has virtually had a free hand in the county. It has systematically levied tribute upon hundreds of Italians who paid considerable sums for protection from violence, and has

committed numerous outrages upon others who refused to be blackmailed.

The authorities have been almost helpless. Until the advent of the State Constabulary the District Attorney's office had no force to make wholesale arrests, and, besides, fear sealed the mouths of the victims. The fate of informers was well understood, for the society took pains to impress upon its victims that those who gave evidence against any member would suffer violent death.

On numerous occasions, frightened Italians have informed the Police that they have received the usual threatening letters signed by the Black Hand, or have been personally threatened; but when told they would be required to appear as witnesses, they wilted, declared they could not identify anyone; that they had not even a suspicion of who the agents of the society were, and were glad to get away from the authorities and go back to their homes. Many have fled from the region to avoid the wrath of the society.

Even in flight there was no safety. A few months ago an Italian who refused tribute fled with his family to Berwick, and there one morning was called to his door by three men and shot dead. There is no clue to his murderers. Another who gave information a year or so ago, against the organization, was shot dead late at night at Pittston. Again there was no clue. A third was shot, beheaded, and his body thrown into a mine-hole, near Browntown. . . . There have been scores of outrages. Houses have been dynamited, men have been waylaid and wounded, women have been terrorized, houses have been fired upon or set on fire, but rarely have there been any arrests.

By the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, as the despatch truly said, the district attorney's office had heretofore possessed no means for the handling of situations of such magnitude. The district attorney,

under the penal law, was charged only with the duty of representing the Commonwealth in the trial of criminal cases, and was nowhere given authority to spend public monies in the detection and pursuit of criminals. This was a fruit of early times, when the people were assumed to be self-governing and when each citizen was supposed as a matter of course to constitute himself the active agent and defender of the law. Under such conditions the initiative of prosecution might logically be left to the individual citizen. But under the actual conditions of the living day, such a system was wholly obsolete.

With the coming of the State Police, however, all this was changed, and District Attorney Salsburg of Luzerne County was one of the first of those who had the courage and the loyalty to make use of his chance. At his request, early in February, 1907, several members of Troop "B" were detailed, in plain clothes, to investigate the numerous recent Black Hand outrages in the vicinity of Wilkes-Barre. The detail having secured the necessary evidence, on February 14th Captain Page, Lieutenant Lumb, and a strong detachment from "B" Troop were sent to assist the county authorities to make the arrests.

Twenty-five men were seized in one raid. Their trial developed features of such general importance that the Federal Secret Service and that of the New York City Police Department kept representatives in constant attendance in court. The inter-operation of Black Hand branches in Rochester, Buffalo, and New York City with those in Pennsylvania and Ohio towns was made clear; and the district attorney was deluged on the one hand by threatening letters from all these various points, and on the other by pleas from prominent Italians of origin as wide, begging him in the name of

humanity to direct the utmost severity of the law upon his prisoners.

"I am going soon to leave this country forever," wrote one well known Italian physician. "They cannot do such things in Italy any more, and why should they be allowed to do them here. Because they do not molest the American people?"

"If the United States authorities are not severe with these people, they will soon ask money of the Americans, and kill them," warned a group of Philadelphia Italians, also pleading that a condign example be made of their tormentors.

An example was made, and one sufficiently severe to discourage the Black Hand industry in Luzerne County for a considerable period to come.

Then the State Police declared war upon the society throughout the Commonwealth. They attacked the evil wherever it was found, first going among the Italians in plain clothes and securing, at first hand, evidence that it was practically impossible to induce the terrorized victims to contribute; then, with the county officers, swooping down and capturing whole bands at a time.

The work, as a pronounced feature, ran through the entire summer and autumn. On May 5th, for example, a "D" Troop detail, advised by their own earlier detective work, descended upon a house in Barnesboro, Cambria County, where they knew that a Black Hand meeting was in progress, and at one stroke captured the entire local association, fourteen men, all of whom were tried and duly convicted.

Encouraged by the vigor of their new allies, the district attorneys of the worst-afflicted sections aroused to determined effort, and were again spurred on by a

swelling list of crime which, even in so rural a county as Montgomery in one week comprised incendiarism, dynamiting, kidnapping, white slave horrors, blackmail, and extortion. The nature of the task demanded first, shrewd detective work; and then, quick concerted action in force. Again and again, in all parts of the State, the Force used these tactics with brilliant effect.

Occasionally, also, details were openly sent into the heart of a Black Hand district to clear up conditions without preliminary disguise. By midsummer, the fame of work achieved was contributing to the effectiveness of this method. On August 8th, at the request of the district attorney of Lawrence County, First Sergeant Marsh and eight privates of Troop "D" were sent to Hillville, as a substation, to assist the local authorities in suppressing Black Hand villainies. On September 23d, the detail was withdrawn. In the interval it had captured twenty-three members of the Black Hand Society, all of whom were convicted and sentenced to long prison terms, and it had effected in the life of the town a change thus contemporaneously described in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch:*

Hillville no longer deserves the loathsome designation of "Helltown." Things have changed in the great limestone quarry settlement. Since the arrival of the State Police the Italians . . . doff their hats as they canter by. Old residents sit out on their porches these fine evenings and listen to the singing and the mandolins and guitars . . . and say it reminds them of Hillville years ago, before the Black Hand was heard of there. Then, after the day's work was over, every man devoted himself to the home pleasures, if he had a home and family, or else his thoughts turned back to sunny Italy where the prospective sharer of his home was waiting till he was able to bring her over.

But when the terrible Black Hand agents reached the village they changed all that. Young men who were saving money to send back for the sweetheart soon learned to keep secret their ambitions. Songs in the summer evenings ended, and homes over which the Black Hand held the menacing stiletto or the smoking revolver never contained a light, for fear of attack by night. But all these terrors have now suddenly faded away; the arrest of the leaders and members of the Black Hand, and the flight of more than a hundred suspicious characters, have almost completely rid the community of the undesirable element, and the several thousand peace-loving Italians are assisting in the cleaning up in every possible way. . . .

In so far as was feasible, the Superintendent of the State Police continued to honor every appeal for aid against this most impudent evil. And although the snake is one that revives unless steadily scotched, the result from the start was spectacular throughout the State.

In his summary of the report for the year 1907, the Superintendent states that the Force has traveled 332,094 miles, has visited 886 different towns or boroughs, in 51 counties, and has made 4388 arrests for 54 different sorts of crime or misdemeanor. Of these arrests, 3049 had already resulted in conviction, while 885 still awaited trial. Fees and costs collected by the counties from the arrests amounted to $21,015.85.

In the report of the following year, 1908, it is shown that the Force, constantly on active duty, has patrolled during the twelvemonth 424,415 miles and has visited 1683 towns or boroughs, in 54 counties. It has made during the period 5028 arrests for 71 different sorts of crime or misdemeanor. Of these arrests, 3869 had already resulted in conviction, while 408 yet awaited

trial. Fees and costs collected by the counties from these arrests amounted to $27,900.79.

During this year of 1908, as the above-quoted figures indicate, the work of the Force continued to increase in variety. The people themselves, as well as the county officers, were growing into a greater and greater realization of the value and elasticity of the new Department, whose annals in consequence became more and more a sort of index of human emergencies. Calls for help poured into the Department, many each day, and were each day answered, as far as the size of the Force permitted.

The official reports of the Troop Captains, reduced to bare outlines as they are, read like the scenarios of the most thrilling moving picture episodes. The Superintendent's annual extracts from these reports, still farther reduced to the military minimum, are those scenarios skeletonized almost to the vanishing point. For example, Captain Groome's first entry of the year 1908 runs thus:

> January 7th. Privates J. Ryan and Carlson of Troop "B" were detailed to search for a lunatic who had escaped from his keepers while being taken to the Asylum in Danville. His keepers, knowing he was a dangerous lunatic, made no effort to recapture him, but returned to their homes. After searching all night in a blinding snowstorm, Ryan and Carlson captured him and turned him over to the proper authorities.

So much for the official reduction. A little more in particular, the facts are these:

Troopers Ryan and Carlson, detailed to the work before which the professional keepers' nerve had failed, set out with minds the more determined by the fact

that the escaped man was homicidal in his madness and that the farmers' women and children in his track were in the gravest danger of death.

"I'll get that man if it takes me a month," said Ryan to his comrade, as they picked up the trail.

"Right," rejoined Carlson. "No rest for us till we put him where he belongs, poor chap."

All that night, the two men rode. It was bitter, deadly cold, and a stifling snow choked the air,—evil weather for man or beast. Asking at intervals at the scattered houses along the roads, the troopers made sure that their hunt was still ahead, and still pushed on. The roads grew worse and worse, the cross-ways easier to miss in the banking drifts and the smother. Now and again, the sturdy little horses, used though they were to feats of endurance, stopped short in their tracks with hanging heads. Then the two men would breathe them a bit, limber their own stiff legs—and so mount again and forge into the trail. Sometime in the small hours the snow ceased, but the bitter wind kept up and the cold increased. And then, about six o'clock in the morning, the two came to the conclusion that somewhere back in the storm and darkness they had passed their mark.

Facing about, they patiently retraced their path, and finally sighted the trail of a man. He had left the road, scaled a high rail fence, and made off across a broad field to timbered land beyond. The good little horses, spent though they were, took the fence in their own style, and fifteen minutes later the two troopers, in the high timber, were pointing out to each other the remarkable phenomenon of a great log from whose hollow heart protruded a pair of boots.

But the quick ear of the lunatic had caught the

noise of approach. Wriggling out of his wood-skin with the swiftness of an eel, he darted toward a tall oak and in an instant was threatening from its topmost branches.

"I'm goin' up," said Ryan, beginning to toss off his impedimenta.

"Oh, Ryan, let me!" pleaded Carlson. "Let me, Ryan. You know it's my turn!"

"You'll stop where you are, lad. The job is mine," said Ryan, taking a base advantage of his bit of seniority. And up he swarmed.

In the gray of the morning, high in the swaying tree-top, mile on mile from nowhere out in the snow, they wrestled together, those two, Ryan grappling the lunatic, vainly trying to haul him down, the lunatic hammering, biting, tearing at Ryan, with his lunatic's strength holding his own. Carlson, frantic, dancing on tiptoe down below in the rain of falling branches, with his eyes full of chips of bark, could get not so much as a finger in the fray. And Ryan, making no headway, was at his wits' end.

But that symptom with a "State Wildcat" is a good sign, betokening the birth of a new supply of wit. Is it not written in the Force's decalogue: "Once you start for a man you must get him"?

"Look out below!" suddenly sang out Ryan. "My friend here and I will be joinin' you!" And with that, wrapping the lunatic in a boa's embrace, he cast himself with all his weight loose into mid-air.

Down they came, with a concussion that must have utterly finished anything but a lunatic or a "State Wildcat." But it never concerned either one of them. Ryan hung to the maniac like the "broncho-buster" that he was, while the maniac rolled him over and over, biting, tearing, wrenching, in the deep snow.

At last came an instant when Carlson, hovering for his chance, could pitch in. Then they snapped the handcuffs on the madman, loaded him in front of one of the mounts, and conveyed him without further incident to town—"turning him over," as Captain Groome informingly observed "to the proper authorities."

Bearing in mind this typical relation of the incidents as reported by the Superintendent to the facts just a little more fully viewed, one looks with the more speculation at the dry little entries in the report. Among them, selecting at random, is this:

> August 14th. Private R. A. Tipton of Troop "B" arrested Alderman M. A. Sullivan of Wilkes-Barre, on the charge of "Extortion," and Constable Patrick McDonald on the charge of "Conspiracy and Extortion." . . . Alderman Sullivan and Constable McDonald were tried, convicted, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary. These arrests and convictions were most important, for although the unlawful methods of these two County officers were well known in the vicinity in which they lived, owing to strong political influence the local authorities had been unable to secure convictions.

On August 17th, to paraphrase the record slightly, Private Walter Snyder of "C" Troop, while riding his regular patrol with his eyes open, noticed a little feather of smoke curling up from the centre of a great cornfield, where no smoke should be. Dismounting, and stealing quietly in through the crop, he found two worthies busily engaged in melting a large quantity of brass railway journals, stamped with the Philadelphia & Reading Railway's name. Private Snyder promptly arrested the two, George Fox and Robert Wanamaker

by name, and both were duly sentenced to the Penitentiary.

The value of patrol service was manifest in this last incident in several ways. The jacking up of the cars and the stealing of the journals, which had been going on for some time, might easily have caused a train wreck. Also, through this arrest, the State Police discovered a large store of stolen goods and returned them to their owners; identified and broke up a gang of thieves that had been robbing the freight cars for years; and rid the community of a considerable group of threatening and unwholesome denizens. And all because a lynx on horseback saw a feather of smoke.

Private Maughan of "B" Troop, patrol-riding only a few days later, met a very different emergency. In passing by Harvey's Lake he saw a woman fall from a steamboat landing into the deep water. He galloped to the spot, dove, found the woman down among the bottom tangle, and swam ashore with her, saving her life.

Then again, from the beginning of September until winter set in, came a rapid succession of forest fire fighting. This always hard and breathless work had sometimes for its object the saving of a hotel, sometimes the protection of an important tract, sometimes the rescue of a town. Never did the detail fail to effect its purpose.

Two days before Christmas, "B" Troop's barracks, at Wyoming, was totally destroyed by fire caused by defective flues. "Through the unceasing efforts of the members of the Troop," runs the Superintendent's note, "the stables and all the horses and horse equipment were saved and a considerable amount of State property was rescued from the burning barracks, *but the men lost all their personal belongings.*"

In closing his report for the year 1908, the Superintendent makes the following suggestions:

I would strongly recommend that the Force be increased by at least two Troops, as it is impossible with the present Force either to cover the territory now absolutely without protection or to supply the details asked for from all parts of the State. . . . I would also recommend an increase in the pay of the officers and men of the Force, and an extra service pay for the second and third enlistment.

The men who were daily risking their lives in a service far more constantly hazardous than that of men at war—the men who were freely giving their lives whenever the protection of the people required it—these men were receiving the smallest pay of any mounted police in the country. Pennsylvania was giving her troopers the pay of common unskilled laborers—of ditch-diggers and the like. When they were maimed in her service, she let them shift as best they might. When they were slain, their wives, mothers, or children might starve, for all the Commonwealth concerned herself. And yet, the Harrisburg *Telegraph* voiced only the general intelligence when it said of the desired increase of the Force:

"No investment the State can make will pay larger dividends in the maintenance of order and the protection of life and property."

CHAPTER X

"A LYING TONGUE IS BUT FOR A MOMENT"

CAPTAIN GROOME'S official report for the year 1909 showed a total of 3799 arrests made for 86 different sorts of crime. These arrests were followed by approximately 90% of convictions. Running down the diverse list the eye catches items such as these: 14 arrests for arson, 35 for attempts to kill, 21 for murder, 11 for attempts to rape, 17 for rape, 99 for burglary, 78 for carrying concealed deadly weapons, 32 for cruelty to animals, 45 for desertion and non-support, 20 for keeping a disorderly house, 4 for embezzlement, 6 for forgery, 73 for fraud and false pretenses, 96 for trespass, 60 for gambling, 45 for highway robbery, 354 for larceny, 84 for malicious mischief, 18 for receiving stolen goods, 57 for violation of liquor laws, 408 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

In considering this, the evidence of things seen, account should never be lost either of the great and important mass of State Police work which does not necessarily contemplate the making of arrests, nor of that finest of all the values of the Force, its action in producing orderly conditions and a general respect for law precluding occasion for police intervention. A significant testimony to the steady and logical progress of this inhibitive tendency is offered by the arrest totals themselves, through succeeding years. In 1907, the first full year of the service, the total number of

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arrests made, as has already been stated, was 4388. In 1908, the total reached 5028. In the former year the Force was proving itself—showing its mettle to the State,— while on the other hand the lawless element in the State was testing the efficiency and earnestness of the Force. In 1908, patrols were extended, a larger territory was covered, more lawless elements made the acquaintance of the new arm of the law and by experiment satisfied their several doubts as to its quality. Therefore the number of arrests rose. In 1909, the Force traveled farther than in any previous year; nevertheless, the total of arrests diminished, for where the State Police went its well-earned name now flew before, and in greater and greater degree order sprang up to meet it as it came.

During the earlier months of 1909 came the usual run of varied service—of cross-country, night and day hunts after criminals, their apprehension and proper disposal; of gangs of professional burglars ferretted out, caught and broken up; of post-office robbers and horse thieves followed, arrested, and their booty restored to the rightful owners; of murderers hunted down and their crime proved upon them. And all was accomplished with a speed and accuracy almost inconceivable to the unaccustomed populace.

In other days one of the most exasperating phenomena of the sufferings of farmers and dwellers in all isolated places, under the attacks of vagrants and evildoers of all sorts, had been the victims' well-grounded fear either to pursue the malefactors or to inform against them, lest they turn and revenge themselves in worse mischief. Revenge had so often been visited upon the victim who had ventured an appeal to the law, that such appeals were but rarely risked, the belief standing that

silent endurance was the only safe alternative to the shotgun behind the door. From this fact it is easy to picture the relief that came through incidents like that consequent upon the report to the Department by Otto Carson of Sandsville of the malicious burning of his barn with eight head of cattle therein.

Two members of "B" Troop were at once detailed to work up this case. They quickly traced the crime, found and arrested the guilty man, and presented the evidence in court. The prisoner was promptly sentenced to seven years' solitary confinement at hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary, the country was rid of his dangerous presence, the criminally-minded at large gained a salutary warning from his fate, and Otto Carson himself, without danger and without costs, at last got the rights of his citizenship and the worth of his taxes in a due enjoyment of protection under the law.

It was already some time since the Farmers' Protective Association of Kecksburg, in the western part of the State, had chosen as head of their league the officer in charge of the State Police substation in that locality, in order that their resources might be better directed to serve their needs. In a word, the farmers' minds in all directions had been clarified of their original doubts as to the value of the Force, and they were now earnestly competing to share its benefits.

Said the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, March 10, 1909:

As a matter of fact, the work of the State Police has been so effective that communities which at first resented their activities are now deluging the Department with the request for the assignment of details of police. When the assignments were being made up last fall for the winter

distribution of the Force, the requests were far in excess of the ability of the Department to supply with its two hundred men. . . . By all means let the Force be enlarged.

Where substation details actually were sent, the reaction of relief was quickly evidenced in the local press. The Burgettstown *Herald* rejoiced thus:

Burgettstown and the vicinity are well supplied with police protection now, four members of the State Police being stationed here. . . . The men are a gentlemanly lot of fellows and their every movement indicates that they mean business. . . . At any time in the day or night a call is sent in, one or as many as are needed respond.

The New Bethlehem (Clarion County) *Vindicator*, in congratulating the community on its success in securing a detail of troopers, points out with satisfaction that "farmers are entitled to their services just the same as residents of towns," and adds, not without an almost pathetic reminiscent note:

Their duties are, to prevent any violation of the State law, *and they go wherever they are requested to go.* . . . There is general approval voiced that these young men are stationed here.

Nevertheless, when in the legislative session in 1909, Governor Stuart, pursuant to the recommendation contained in his message, caused the introduction of a bill to enlarge the Force to six troops and to increase the pay to something reasonably related to the work required, the bill was defeated on the floor of the House. This was accomplished by the efforts of the leaders of the State Federation of Labor, who furthermore introduced a bill to repeal the State Police Act. The repealer, however, was killed in committee.

In this connection it is interesting to remark, running through the daily records of calls for aid registered in the offices of the four Troops, the constantly growing number of appeals from union men and their households. Not a day passed in any barracks, or in any substation in a community containing a union labor element, without bringing its stout budget of demands from this source. Houses saved from burning, pay-envelopes saved from footpads, stolen goods recovered and returned, lost children traced and found, working girls rescued from assailants, gangs of prey broken up and removed, communities made safe to live in,—such services as these innumerably multiplied had made the miner, the steel worker, the laborer in general, individually and of his own sane mind, see the State's Police in its true light, as his own police, his own best protector. Repeated experience in time of strike, moreover, had taught him that the State Police was then his sure, invincible, and only defense against unlawful aggressions by the party of the other side. Even in bodies, the union men were glad to avail themselves of this powerful shield, as when, in 1909, the United Mine Workers' Union of Exeter requested a detail of two State Policemen to preserve order during their Fourth of July celebration, which request was duly granted.

But the purposes of the professional agitator are served neither by the exercise and growth of individual intelligence on the part of his public nor by its achievement of sound and solid place in the community. Therefore he still spurred on the animal rage of the ignorant, still whipped together the higher class that he could yet deceive, still scared the timorous assemblyman by his wild and heady noise. His brotherhood to his "brothers" is the brotherhood of the stock-yard hireling to the

herd, when with yells and ravings he drives it, confused and frightened, into the pen. His leadership is the leadership of the jackal chief, howling without the gates. Let his public once waken to the meaning of the fact that they are neither cattle nor jackals, but men of human minds endowed with all the powers of citizenship, soberly confronting the great problems of the world—and they will no longer obey the hypnotic clamor of a venal herdsman, or follow any beast of prey that he may gnaw in idleness on their hard-earned store. That very day they will demand the loftiest-minded, most highly-trained, most constructive of statesmen-leaders. That day they will achieve their end and that day the agitator's occupation is gone.

The hideous story of McKee's Rocks need not be fully detailed here. For pure bestial madness, it could scarcely be surpassed. The actual hands that perpetrated the deeds of those bloody days that culminated in the slaughter of the 22d of August were hands of beings too untaught for blame. But those to whom the blame belongs—those who from their safe shelter sent out the dastard words that fired that train—those have a reckoning to meet from which no pit is deep enough to shelter them.

Homicidal rioting had been a feature almost from the start, in the Pressed Steel Car strike at Schoenville, near Pittsburgh. On July 14, 1909, the sheriff had pleaded his inability to protect life and property, and had begged for a State Police detail. But here again a weak and trimming policy on the part of the local authorities had tied the hands and paralyzed the effectiveness of the detachment, and numerous smaller catastrophes had in consequence preceded the terrible scene of the fatal Sunday.

There had been, for example, a determined and sustained effort to destroy the great searchlight on the top of the car company's plant, whose sweeping rays made works of darkness difficult. Great quantities of ammunition were wasted by the rioters in the attempt to shoot away that light. Finally the arrival was reported of a noted long-distance shot brought from afar for this special business. On Sunday morning, August 22d, shortly after midnight, the light was struck and quenched. Within two hours from the moment that darkness fell, those within the plant were panic-stricken by an explosion under the walls, fortunately premature. Thanks to that warning, a search was instituted. And this search revealed enough nitro-glycerine, scattered along the outer walls of the plant, to have wrecked not only the plant itself but the whole town of McKee's Rocks as well, had the design of those who placed it there been accomplished. Hundreds of lives must have been lost, hundreds of men, women, and children maimed, all their homes destroyed, and the entire plant, that meant to the survivors their ultimate means of livelihood, must have been wiped out of existence in a moment's catastrophe, had the plan of the mob succeeded.

Gangs of foreign women, blood-mad, armed with bombs, went raging and destroying through the streets. Step by step, encouraged by the extraordinary conduct of the authorities, the madness grew. On Sunday night, the report was cunningly circulated that strike breakers would be brought from Pittsburgh to the plant. With this message, men went hurrying in every direction, and presently a mob of several thousand strong had congregated at the bridge to hold up the incoming trolley cars. Soon came a car in which was found a

deputy sheriff, Exler by name. By this time the temper of the people demanded blood, no matter whose. So, as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* editorially rehearsed:

> Exler was dragged from the platform and terribly beaten by the infuriated mob, which completely lost all semblance of sanity. After he had been kicked and jumped upon and finally shot by way of parting salute, he was taken in dying condition to a physician's office. The mob followed to learn the sequel, and when at last the word was sent out that he was actually dead, the mob sent up a tremendous shout of delight and joy.

"The point to which it is pertinent to call attention," adds the *Ledger*, "is that *it is not good to hear that kind of shout in the State of Pennsylvania.*"

Rushing back to the trolley line, the crowd, now amply armed and munitioned, and numbering at least three thousand men, witnessed the arrival of a car in which were five State Policemen, Privates Williams, Smith, O'Donnell, Kitch, and Jones, returning in civilian clothes from leave. Instantly they swarmed across the tracks and enveloped the car. The troopers had not the faintest chance of their lives; nevertheless, armed only with their revolvers, they made what resistance they could. Private Williams was killed in the first volley. Private Kitch, seizing his comrade's revolver, stood over his body, in a gallant attempt to defend it from abuse, firing with both hands.

> The remaining three men [says Captain Groome] held the mob off as long as their ammunition lasted, but found it impossible to fight their way out of the car. As soon as the ammunition was exhausted, the mob rushed the car and beat the men down with clubs and rocks, and when

the balance of the Troop arrived, a few minutes later, they found the dead body of Williams, who had been robbed and stripped of everything, O'Donnell with a fractured skull, Smith shot through both legs and so badly beaten that he died the following day at the hospital, Kitch shot through the right hand, and Jones unconscious from being clubbed and beaten. He also had been robbed and stripped of all his clothes.

As that little body of horsemen, "the balance of the Troop," bore down at a gallop, carbines drawn, the mob, as always, broke and ran. And "the balance of the Troop" performed its duty that day.

The New York *Evening Sun*, of August 24th, in its editorial comment on the affair, thinks that the talk of the leaders proves that the slaughter at the bridge was nothing more nor less than a ruse to draw the whole of the little State Police command into a trap in which it could be crushed by an overwhelming force. If that was so it shows that the leaders did not even yet understand the psychology of their mob.

"It would be difficult to match it for ferocity," said the *Sun*, speaking not only of the attack upon the deputy sheriff and the five troopers, but also of the crowd's subsequent attempt to kill a well-known physician for caring for the wounded and then to murder the wounded lying helpless in the ambulances. "Though the original bungling cannot be undone, the Constabulary will not be hampered from now on. You cannot put a stop to rioting by sprinkling the rioters with rose-water."

Said the Philadelphia *Press*, editorially:

The troopers who were shot down in that onslaught are deserving the same exalted praise that would be given to the

soldier of his country who died on the battlefield. . . . The State Constabulary has now become beyond any question the most efficient and effective law-preserving body in America next to the regular army of the United States.

"Ruffianly Hungarians and Poles," as the *Sun* called them, the rioters indeed were. Few of that raving mob understood the English language. Therefore, the tempters who spoke to them and lied to them in their own tongue found the readier prey. And just as the bullets that they wildly fired were often stopped by the bodies of their mates, so their insensate rage recoiled upon themselves. A simple, mercurial people, easily victimized, easily infuriated to serve the will of others, they were scarcely guiltier in their fury, murderous though it was, than the bull in the ring, his flanks full of barbed darts, his eyes stung with the taunt of red, is guilty of the rage that fires him. And not a trooper, sorely though his own heart bled for every mutilating stab inflicted upon the dead bodies of his mates, failed to realize that the hands that dealt those wounds struck in ignorance too deep to be sin. "Malice toward none. Justice to all," ran their motto. With minds lifted above anger or personality, steadfast and unmoved they pursued their work of mercy and of right. No words can exaggerate the high beauty of that achievement.

Said the Philadelphia *Telegraph* next day:

Daylight changed conditions from a scene of absolute lawlessness to one of tearful anxiety. Foreign women who had fought with a ferociousness unequaled by their husbands, pathetically implored information of the authorities concerning a missing relative, probably either shot to death or mortally wounded. Such requests were given attention by the State Police . . . with a tenderness truly magnificent.

In November, 1909, the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor issued a call for a special session, convening in Harrisburg, December 9th, to plan the next year's political campaign. Each union in the State was expected to send two delegates, and the chief object was understood to be to pledge candidates for the Legislature to the support of a bill for the repeal of the Act creating the State Police Force.

This step on the part of some of the Federation leaders was a foregone conclusion; like the little newspaper editor of earlier days, they were "not in this business for their health"—and they catered to a part of their constituency that responded less freely to spring water than to rum. But the reaction on the part of certain sections of their public was not the reaction of the automaton. When the Central Labor Union of Scranton, drawn from the great eastern soft coal fields, met to choose delegates according to the Federation's call, a most interesting discussion took place. It was thus reported in the Scranton *Times* of November 22d:

William Flanagan, an iron worker, was elected delegate. . . . After Flanagan was elected, Henry Zeidler brought up the question of instructing the delegate. S. J. McDonald, Dominick Dempsey, Mr. Zeidler, and others urged the central body not to instruct its delegate to vote for wiping out the State Police. . . . Speaking of knowledge of the situation based on his experience in the last two legislatures, Mr. Dempsey said:

"We might just as well try to move the State Capitol at one blow as to curtail the powers of, or to abolish, the State Police. The tendency is to give them more power than they have and the Governor and all of his men are strongly in favor of the institution. It is believed that the State Police is the best thing the State has originated in many

years. We should treat this State Police question as a living question, and not butt our heads against a stone wall.

"I believe that labor would be stepping backward if it takes a stand against law and order. I ask our delegates not to vote for the abolition of the State Police, but to work for the preservation of the labor movement and not for the destruction of a fixed State institution."

In estimating the significance of these words, it must be remembered that the speaker was the same Assemblyman Dempsey of Lackawanna County who, in the last Legislature, had violently attacked the State Police on the floor of the House. Such an intelligent exhibition of open mind could not but carry weight.

Stephen J. McDonald, following Mr. Dempsey, said that the Central Labor Union of Scranton stood for law and order, that the State Police stood for the same thing, and that no labor union should go on record as advocating the abolition of any institution that upheld the law. Other speakers took the same tone.

The Scranton *Tribune*, expressing its satisfaction in the dignified action of the Central Labor Union in refusing to instruct its delegate as the State Federation leaders desired, said:

It is not often that officers of the law have to confront strikers in battle in time of labor trouble. It is the trouble-making tramp element that usually appears, from no one seems to know where, when a strike is on, that claims the attention of the officials who are trying to preserve the peace. At all of the big strikes of the past, these pillaging miscreants have brought the laboring men into disrepute. . . . In mentioning the deplorable tragedy down in Luzerne County a few years ago, when a number of miners were shot by a sheriff's posse consisting principally of green

boys, it has often been asserted that no shooting would have occurred if a squad of the State Constabulary had been present. But few if any of the strikers who faced the sheriff of Luzerne County at that time could speak English. They thought that the man in citizen's clothes and his followers had no right to oppose them, and would therefore pay no attention to the sheriff. If the men had been in uniform, their efforts to preserve order would have been respected.

Said the Harrisburg *Patriot*, an Independent Democratic paper:

The Central Labor Union of Scranton has honored itself and strengthened the cause of organized labor by refusing to recommend the disbandment of the State Police. Whatever opposition there has been to that excellent organization has been mostly confined to the coal regions, and has been fostered by political demagogues, for selfish purposes, among ignorant foreigners who do not understand our laws, nor the spirit of our institutions. . . . Since the Force was first organized, designing men who have worked only with their mouths have tried to make the foreigners believe that the State Police was formed to abuse them. . . . They are learning better.

The Pennsylvania Federation of Labor would have greatly multiplied its actual power had it not at times been unfortunate in its chief. At the special session convened at Harrisburg on December 29th, the then President Greenawalt incorporated in his battle-call the following rotund phrase:

"In Pennsylvania a standing army, under the name of State Constabulary, is maintained for the purpose of menacing and awing the working people into a humiliating submission to the unholy mandates of an unyielding plutocracy."

The men who live by the spreading of such poison joined him and were meekly followed by many more who dared not disobey. And so, betimes as always, the Federation outlined and began next year's campaign.

It would be interesting to know how many of the meek ones would have found patriotism and humanity and courage enough to refuse to be tools and to follow the truth that was in them if they had not in their hearts well known what Dominick Dempsey not only knew but was man enough to utter—"We might just as well try to move the State Capitol at one blow as to curtail the powers of, or to abolish, the State Police."

CHAPTER XI

ISAIAH WEDGE

Not without relation to the legislative warfare were the workings-out of the Berks-Schuylkill incident in the previous spring.

"C" Troop's barracks, near Reading, although the best that could be procured in the original period, were too small. Their space for man and horse was meager and their grounds afforded no room for the proper and necessary drill. Berks, moreover, by three years' steady patrol, had been brought so much to order that her claim could no longer be sustained for the services of a Force far from large enough to patrol the whole rural State. Therefore, the Superintendent determined to remove "C" Troop to more suitable quarters at a point of greater need.

Among the candidates, Schuylkill County urged her right by every means in her power, but her strongest appeal was that which she would most gladly veil from view—a criminal record appalling to contemplate. Schuylkill, one of the most supremely beautiful sections of a beautiful State, is a county of fine farms, for many generations handled like huge gardens by a good old population, the wise and thrifty "Pennsylvania Dutch." By the rise of the coal industry, this peaceful region suddenly suffered an irruption of plague-spots, the imposition of a mushroom growth of foreign settlements ranging in size from little hamlets to considerable

villages. The quality of the immigration here deposited was of the lowest, and its daily normal attitude toward the world was such as to make talk of education as the most immediate means of control sound like heartless impudence in the unhappy farmer's ears. He was not too dull to appreciate that the savage Hun would not longer knock out the brains of the farmer's wife in order to cover tracks of crime, nor the mercurial Italian or Pole take the farmer's life, fire his barns, or steal his goods, when they should have been educated to love righteousness more than these things. And he was more than willing that that education should be sped. But, meantime, wife, life, barn, and goods being his in solid fact and not the hypothetical and dusty tissue of a remote uplifter's morbid vaporing, he had no heart to lay them as a sacrifice at the feet of the invading hordes.

The hordes' prejudice in the matter of coercion, their sensitive resentment of being asked to respect the law of the land, seemed to him of distinctly lesser importance than the instant preservation of the law itself—seemed to him, in fact, a cogent reason why they should not be indulged. He did not care what the newcomers thought they wanted,—he himself wanted his peace by his hearth, he wanted security of life and goods; therefore he wanted his State Police. And, in his solid Pennsylvania Dutch way, he drove his argument successfully home.

Berks County fought hard, when it awakened to that afoot. Delegation after delegation visited the Superintendent to beg him not to remove the Troop. The first embassy from the Reading Board of Trade brought back disappointment. Even the offer of a gift of land and to build new barracks according to the Superintendent's plans had been unavailing. The Merchants'

Association and the Agricultural Society of the county sent fruitless representations. On April 17, 1909, a delegation from the Board of Trade headed by its officers again made the journey to the Superintendent's office; but President Kuppelman, on his return, could tell the Reading *Eagle's* reporter nothing more comforting than this:

Captain Groome very courteously received the members of the Committee, and listened to all the arguments we could think of to prevail on him to reconsider his decision. . . . But he said that Schuylkill County had very lawless elements . . . and he believed it to be his duty to furnish the service to a locality which is constantly menaced by violent characters, as is Schuylkill. He also reasoned that people in other parts of the State pay taxes, as well as here, and that they also are entitled to this protection against thieves, thugs, and murderers. We finally made a request for a detail of from twelve to fifteen men, in charge of a Lieutenant, the Board of Trade pledging its responsibility for the payment of the rent of the barracks, so that it would not be necessary to pay two rents. This proposition was well received, though no definite answer was given. Captain Groome promised to seriously consider it and to consult the Governor.

Said the Reading *Telegram:*

This latter proposition would guard in a way against a certain unlawfulness which is becoming evident in anticipation of the departure of the State Policemen. . . . Reports from the country districts show discouragement among storekeepers and truckers, who felt particularly safe while the Troop was near by, while in other sections open assertions of joy at the departure of the "State cops" are expressed, with accompanying boasts, "Just wait till them State Police go; then we'll do as we please."

The Reading *Times* testified:

What is Berks County's loss is Schuylkill's gain. By their quiet, unassuming manner, by their impartial enforcement of the law, by their successful and tactful preservation of order, by their soldierly bearing, by their gentlemanly conduct, and by their display of calm, good judgment in every emergency, the members of this Troop have won and held the admiration and confidence of the law-abiding citizens of the entire section of the State.

The Reading *Herald*, racy as ever, and now complete in conversion from its early hostility, describes Schuylkill's county town as indulging in "sprightly chuckles" at an underhand success. It continues:

. . . The troopers have made good in their residence among us. Their invasion was viewed with alarm at first. The real nature of their personnel was doubted and feared. They did not receive the general glad hand. But suspicion of them and their ways wore off very early. . . . And the troopers' conduct has so commended itself to all of us that their removal is regarded as a dire calamity.

Perhaps it can still be offset. Perhaps we may still induce the troopers to remain with us. Certainly a large amount of effort, and money, too, if necessary, may be wisely expended toward this end.

But the die was cast. The Troop was on the wing. Driven to accept the unwelcome fact, Berks in her vexation looked about for someone to accuse. Captain Groome had chanced to remark, before one of the committees from the Board of Trade, that the vote of four out of the five Berks assemblymen in the Legislature of 1909 against increasing the Force did not convey the impression of Berks enthusiasm for the

State Police. The committee even deduced that, had the Force been increased, Berks might now be enjoying a permanent Troop!

County thought at once concentrated blackly upon those four unfortunate assemblymen—and most unjustly so. They should have been instructed in advance, not blamed too late. But in advance the busy community had forgotten them—forgotten them entirely, and the harm their votes could do if left to be guided only by that sinister element that is never too busy to remember its own affairs.

The essence of this matter was epitomized in another incident of the 1909 term. A Departmental Head in Harrisburg, himself much interested in the increase of the Force, asked a certain Assemblyman, whom it is a pity not to name here, how he stood on the State Police Bill.

"Why," said the Assemblyman, "of course I know personally that it is a splendid thing, of great value to the State. But the trouble is that the labor organization in my town is against it and has got my pledge. A deputation waited on me, while I was a nominee, and fixed it."

The Head of Department had his figures well in hand. "Do you know," asked he, "how many members Organized Labor can show in your town?—Three hundred."

"Impossible!"

"And do you know how many of those three hundred actually have the vote? No? Well, I can tell you. Just *seventeen*. Now, there is a considerably larger body of citizens, your constituents, that haven't asked you to pledge yourself to anything, because they look to you to vote without specific pledge for the thing

you know is right. They may seem pretty easy now, but remember, they've got another vote coming next year."

"Oh, yes," sneered the Assemblyman, "that sounds all very pretty, but it don't appeal to me." He voted according to his pledge, and next session his constituents returned another man.

"Well," said the Head of Department later on, "who was right, you or I?"

"Why, hang it all, you were," grumbled the vanquished one. "But how is a fellow to know what those clams up there want? *They* never take the trouble even to send you word!"

Berks, however, took her lesson to heart, spurred by daily thorns in her peace.

At the annual meeting of the County Agricultural Society, in September, 1910, several solid farmers took occasion to inquire very pointedly why the Troop had been removed from Reading. Farmers as a class are too hard-working to find time for frequent assemblies, and this annual meeting brought the Berks men their one opportunity of the year for general council. Each township and ward in the county was represented, and many leading men now gave their views.

Israel M. Bertolet spoke of the efficiency of the State Policemen as he knew them, laying special stress on their excellent service at the Boyertown fire. Wellington Van Reed followed, reminding the people of the good work that the Police had done on the return of the bodies of the Mystic Shriners from the great Honda train wreck. Joseph N. Shomo, of Hamburg, spoke of their fine achievements in running down robberies, and of the fact that they were always speedily on the ground.

The people feel their loss severely [said Mr. Shomo]. Since the troopers have been removed the country is overrun with tramps. More thefts have been committed within the last year than in all the four years preceding.

Adam H. Miller, of Host, said:

The country is overrun with tramps and the farmers are annoyed. When the Police were here you didn't see a tramp in months and petty thefts were unheard of. Now thefts are common occurrences.

John L. Trexler, of Mertztown, said:

When a fire occurs in a village the people have no protection now. The State Police were the only ones that could be called on in such a case for assistance. They had full authority to take charge of affairs and direct operations, and they did it in the right way. Their first care in time of danger was to look after the women and children. The State Police are the only protection that the country people can get for their homes. I think the voters should question all candidates and find out how they stand on this point. The Force should be increased and part of it sent to Berks County.

That such was the sentiment of every farmer present was proved by an unanimous vote, and by the resolve to start a campaign both as a society and by individual members to rally the county in a fight for legislation to increase the Force.

The result of this and of similar action on the part of the other elements constituting the intelligence of Berks was that not one man of the four who, however inadvertently, misrepresented the county's true will in the Legislature of 1909 was returned to the succeeding Legislature. The county campaign of 1910 was in

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essence a campaign on the State Police issue. In 1911 four of Berks's five assemblymen voted for the State Police bill, and of these four every man was a Democrat.

The State Police, by pure force of essential values, had broken its own way clear of the field of party politics. The people who knew it by experience—who knew what it was both to have it and to lack it—appreciating at last the matter at stake, would no longer suffer it to be handled as party barter.

Isaiah Wedge was not a Berks man. On the contrary, his land was in the opposite end of the State, in the Blue Ridge hills near Youngstown. But what happened to Isaiah Wedge happens now and again to farmers everywhere. The difference was in the consequences. And the consequences were the kind of thing that Berks had well in mind.

Isaiah Wedge had eight little children to care for and it took hard work, early and late, to keep ahead of their needs. But early and late Isaiah did work, and so managed to be fairly forehanded when all went well. He got what he could from his crops and, after farming season was over, he cut and shaped timber for such market as he could find.

So, one November day, Isaiah Wedge drove into the town of Latrobe with a load of freshly hewn pit-posts for sale. He turned the posts into money, he bought a few household supplies, and finally, with the parcels in his wagon and the little remainder of cash in his old brown wallet, he started back toward home.

Some time after midnight a pair of wild-eyed horses dashed madly down the streets of Latrobe with a seemingly empty wagon rocking at their heels. Few people were abroad so late in the evening, and of these few not many cared to attempt interfering with the

runaways' course. But, curiously, after having brushed aside or dragged and left behind those who threw themselves in their way, the horses stopped of their own accord before the doctor's door.

Alarmed by the clatter that had excited the whole quarter, the doctor came rushing out, peered into the wagon, and saw, lying limp on the floor, the body of a man.

Isaiah Wedge had been shot. Mortally wounded, he presently breathed his last without having sufficiently regained consciousness to give the slightest hint of what had befallen him. The Latrobe chief of police promptly telephoned the news to "A" Troop Barracks in the county town.

The message reached the barracks soon after midnight. Privates Donohoe and Hickey, detailed to the case, by an early hour next morning had already conducted their investigation so far as to provide a strong suspicion of the seat of guilt, and to identify the scene of the shooting. Trailing from that spot, they found an automobile abandoned at some distance. And before nightfall they had run down and arrested, in a negro's shack, the negro and four youths whom, together, they believed to be the authors of Isaiah Wedge's death.

Searching the shack and its surroundings, they found three revolvers, the property of three of the prisoners. Two of the weapons not only contained empty shells but also showed unmistakable signs of having been recently discharged.

These matters Private Donohoe telephoned to barracks within the day after the shooting had occurred. Captain Adams responded by sending Sergeant McLaughlin to Latrobe to continue the investigation.

Sergeant McLaughlin began his interrogation of the prisoners in the town jail at nine o'clock on the morning of the second day after the farmer's death. The sergeant carefully took down the story of each prisoner separately, each flatly denying the crime. Then he conveyed them all to the county town, and there again examined each one apart. Each still repudiated all knowledge of the matter, until it came to the turn of the fifth man. In the white Socratic light of State Police catechizing, under which the most brazenly conceived and most thoroughly learned lie eventually breaks down, that fifth man admitted that one of his party had indeed shot Isaiah Wedge.

Then, the die being cast, the prisoner freed his mind of the entire burden. He himself, he related, owned a little automobile, and he and his gang had decided that evening to go out for a ride.

"Let's go get some ready money," said one.

This suggestion finding general favor, the five drove first to a brewery and bought a case of beer to enliven the expedition. Thence, stopping occasionally to drink, they trundled vaguely along the dusky roads, undecided whither to turn, until at last the sudden snapping of a chain brought them to a standstill whether they would or no.

One of the party now ran off with the broken chain, looking for a place to get it mended, while the others lazily flung themselves down in the dry leaves by the roadside to await his return.

"But we aren't doing what we started to do, boys," presently grumbled one. "Where's that easy money?"

"What's the word?" asked another.

"How about holding up the first comer right here and now?" suggested a third.

"Good!" agreed all. "Let's do it."

So the negro and the three American lads—no alien born these, but Americans by birth and by ancestry—lay snug in the dead leaves, awaiting their luck and the first comer.

Meantime, hunched on his wagon seat, with his collar turned up around his ears and his old fur cap pulled down over his eyes, Isaiah Wedge sat dozing, while his lean team jogged patiently on. Isaiah was tired out with the long day's work behind him, and the chill of the evening was stiffening his toil-knotted fingers and his rheumatic joints. The team knew those many hard miles home as well as he; so he sat bowed and dozing, with the reins hanging loose in lax hands dropped between his knees.

Back in the wagon, wrapped in a parcel, was a piece of gay woolen dress-goods, just enough for two little girls' frocks. He must have chosen that with care, for the sake of the light in the four round eyes that would welcome it home. And there was a paper bag, full of sticks of candy, and there were a few little packages of stores. Isaiah was tired, dead tired, but "the little fellers up on the mountain" would certainly jump with joy when he got back!

Suddenly, his horses stopped short and Isaiah Wedge awoke with a start. By the light of the lantern swinging from his axletree, he saw a figure in the road before him—a figure with upraised hand.

"Evenin', stranger, can you tell me the road to Youngstown?"

"Evenin'," responded Isaiah. "Sure I can. You just take——"

But he never finished the phrase. He never even heard the two shots that rang out from behind him

as he pitched down backward with a bullet in his brain.

The team, with one great lunge, plunged ahead as he fell and, leap on leap, disappeared into the echoing night.

So there was no chance to take the "easy money" out of the poor thin old wallet with its frayed corners and its mended strap. For the wallet was on the murdered man's body, and the body was rolling from side to side on the wagon floor, with the baby girls' frocks, and the sticks of candy, red and white, and the little packets of stores, and the widening streams of blood. Sometimes it rolled. Sometimes it slid forward and back, as the wagon jumped over stones and mudholes, at the heels of the frenzied team. But farther and farther it flew from the hands of those who had taken a faithful life and made eight little nestlings homeless that pitiful black night.

The youth who had fired the fatal shot, when faced by his comrade's confession, admitted the deed although swearing that he "only meant to frighten" his victim, not to kill. Then all the prisoners excepting that one who was saved by his errand with the broken chain, signed detailed statements, and made full confessions to the district attorney—confessions that included, also, accounts of various burglaries lately committed upon farmers' houses and barns.

Before nightfall of the second day after the murder, the case of the State was entirely completed by the work of the State Police. In the next term of court the young man whose hand had done the deed was convicted of murder in the first degree. The remaining three were convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentences were awarded accordingly.

Nothing of all this could mitigate in the slightest measure the evil that had been done. None of it could restore to "the little fellers up on the mountain" the loving shelter of their father's arms. But who shall say how many other humble homes are safe and happy to-day because of the swift and complete punishment visited upon those who made Isaiah Wedge's children lone and fatherless?

"The greatest encouragement that a criminal can possess in a criminal career—the greatest temptation to yield to his tendency that a potential criminal can encounter," says Captain Adams of Troop "A," "is the belief that he can commit his crime and 'get away with it.'"

CHAPTER XII

HORSE THIEVES, ROBBERS, AND WRATH

DURING the summer of 1911, the State Police Department received many times, from local police departments in other States, descriptions of horse thieves who had been plying their trade in those regions. These descriptions, being compared, frequently proved to be practically identical, thereby creating a belief that one skillful horse thief was the perpetrator of a series of crimes over a wide territory.

Finally it became apparent that the main line of operations was extending into eastern Pennsylvania; at which point "C" Troop took up the matter in earnest.

The descriptions of the thief agreed that he was about five and a half feet tall, weighed about two hundred pounds, seemed some fifty years old, was slightly bald, of a smooth and easy manner, and of businesslike bearing. He appeared under many aliases, as Miller, Kline, Hicks, Myers, Moyer. His real name was Schmoyer. And wherever the pose was available, he represented himself to be a buyer of timber, so stating to the livery stable owner whose best horse he "hired" to drive about on a tour of timber inspection.

"I'm only going out to look over a grove of ash, up yonder," he would say. "I'll be back in four or five hours. Give me a good animal. Just let me glance over the stable and see what you've got."

According to the judges of the Schuylkill Court before whom he frequently presents cases, Sergeant Harvey J. Smith, of "C" Troop, is a secret service man of the first quality. Sergeant Smith was now given this case as a special care, and soon discovered that the clever rogue actually made occasional residence in Schuylkill County, at the inn of a little town near the border.

Between the inn-keeper and the thief a very strong physical resemblance existed, on the strength of which, although there was no real relationship, the thief not only passed as the inn-keeper's cousin but bore the inn-keeper's name while in that locality. The discovery that the latter knew and consented to the fraudulent use of his name led Sergeant Smith to believe that the two "cousins" were bound by some criminal connection.

One day in November, 1911, a member of "B" Troop came posting down from Wyoming on the search for a horse stolen from a farmer in the north. With Sergeant Smith's discovery as a possible clue, the officers paid a visit to the little inn by the border. Here they found that Schmoyer, some five months previous, had visited his "cousin" briefly, and then had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, leaving behind him two horses that still stood in the stable. In parenthesis, it may be said that these two horses are believed to have been stolen in New Jersey, but that the owners have never yet been identified.

Persistently trailing the thief through a devious course traversing several States, Sergeant Smith finally found him, in December, 1912, in a New York State prison under sentence for horse-stealing in that State. Three liverymen from eastern Pennsylvania who had suffered theft at Schmoyer's hands, being taken to this prison,

identified the man. Detainers were then duly filed against him.

Nevertheless, on February 10, 1913, Schmoyer was paroled from this New York State prison, over the Pennsylvania detainers; and the thief immediately violated the parole.

For two years no trace of him appeared. He had apparently ceased operating. But Sergeant Smith, keeping him always in mind, carefully laid lines to insure being promptly informed of his outcropping wherever that should occur. At last, on July 15, 1915, the report came in that a horse had been stolen in Denver, Lancaster County, by a man whose personal description and whose methods strongly indicated the recrudescence of Schmoyer.

Immediately a trooper was sent to cover Schmoyer's old haunt, the border inn, and a quiet investigation was instituted there, which speedily induced certain voluntary confessions. These confessions, made with thieves' loyalty, uncovered a long history of Schmoyer's activities and of the horses that he had brought to the rendezvous at the inn.

Meantime, with skill that amounted to an art, the thief was pursuing his chosen vocation here and there in the interior of the State, while Sergeant Smith multiplied and strengthened the strands of the web that should ultimately snare him.

At length, on September 2, 1915, one of the strands twitched. A farmer in the centre of Schuylkill County telephoned "C" Troop barracks that he had seen a man resembling Schmoyer in that vicinity.

Instantly two troopers, Stillwell and Buono, swung out for the trail. Picking it up, they followed it for thirty-four miles. The last dash, on which they were

absolutely sure of being right, they made by motor. And before nightfall they had captured their man, red-handed, in the very act of taking money for the horse and buggy stolen on July 22d, in Lancaster County.

In tracing Schmoyer's operations since his untimely release on parole from the New York prison and his reappearance in the field, Sergeant Smith had acquired knowledge of twenty-five thefts of horses, carriages, and harness, perpetrated by Schmoyer during that period, in fifty towns and villages in twenty-two counties of Pennsylvania. During the year 1915, in addition to these feats, Schmoyer had obtained money under false pretenses from two separate victims in Union County; had stolen a large quantity of timber from an owner in Mifflinburg, and had defrauded a man in Centre County of several weeks' board.

Schmoyer never sold an animal for less than one hundred and twenty-five dollars, but he had an excellent knowledge of horseflesh and dealt only in specimens that did credit to his judgment.

"You are sure these horses are all right?" asked one purchaser who felt that the bargain offered was almost too good to be true.

"Why, see here, just call up my home in Allentown, and ask my wife about this team," urged the plausible rascal, reckoning justly that his own boldness, combined with the shadow cast upon the farmer's mind by a long-distance telephone fee, would render his bluff safe. "You see, my friend, I've got rheumatism, bad. Winters I'm all crippled up with it. I need this money just to get south. When I'm there I'll get a job—any job that I can make a living at."

The sympathetic farmer drove the sufferer to the

railway station and stood gossiping with him till the train came in.

"Be good to old Dan. He's been our family pet a long time, old Dan has," Schmoyer called back in a voice trembling with emotion, as he climbed aboard.

"Old Dan" had been stolen from another farmer only fourteen miles away. But Schmoyer is now serving a four-to-eight years' sentence in the Eastern Penitentiary.

The Schmoyer case is an example of certain methods of the Force. As a rule, one or two men are thus detailed to special charge of a given problem. As need arises, other men are put on, to save time by investigating tributary points, these reporting back to the man specially in charge. Results are usually attained very rapidly; but in any event the State Police never drops an unfinished case, or gives up the pursuit of a man that it wants. Overburdened with work as the Force is, if a case grows cold it may be temporarily dropped in favor of some other and more instantly pressing call; but the matter is never out of mind; other clues develop and are followed, and the end is sure.

Speaking still of horse-stealing, the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, on August 15, 1913, said editorially:

> One State Policeman seems to be a whole regiment. Two are a brigade. Five are a corps. In point of efficiency this little handful of mounted men would appear to be considerably more valuable than all the county constables and detectives in Pennsylvania put together. . . . The county constables are politicians with jobs. . . . It is not at all uncommon for them to ask money of a farmer who comes to them with a complaint. Few of them will turn a hand to look for a thief unless the man robbed is willing to

offer a reward, and they invariably expect the reward to do the work instead of themselves.

We recall an instance in which a horse worth about $250 was stolen from a barn not twenty-five miles from Harrisburg. When the farmer appealed to the county authorities, he was told that he must put up a reward. Weeks passed by and they chased him hither and yon to look at all sorts of horses which someone thought might have been stolen. He had spent, including the reward, just $105 for the recovery of the horse when it occurred to him to insist that the State Police be called in. Two members of the Force were detailed and in a few days they arrested the thieves near the Maryland line and returned the horse to the farmer without asking him for a penny, so far as they were concerned.

The Schmoyer affair may be taken as an extreme instance of a slow case. By far the greater number work out with speed. Early on the afternoon of October 8, 1915, a complaint was telephoned to "C" Troop barracks from the village of Tremont to the effect that several horses had been stolen in that locality during the few days just previous.

Troopers Keely and J. Miller, detailed to the call, reached Tremont shortly after three o'clock that afternoon, took a description of the horses stolen and of the men whom the people accused. They then started on the search. By this and by that, trained hands that they were, they found the thieves before nightfall. But these, taking alarm from afar off, sped for the railway station and boarded a freight-train just slowly pulling out.

Then followed a demonstration of the fact that anything that a trooper knows, including his fanciest "circus riding," may at any time come into play with-

out a second's notice. Wheeling their horses, and riding abreast of the track ahead of the oncoming train, the two young troopers, as the car containing the horse thieves passed, sprang from their saddles into its open door, grappled with their men, and jumped off with them.

Then, brushing the dust from their trim blouses, they quietly conducted their dumbfounded captives to the place allotted to persons of such habits.

The following record of a burglary case somewhat extends the view of the Force's scope.

A wealthy resident of Schuylkill County, whose name need not be given here, returned to her home one June morning after a few days' absence to find that the house had been robbed. Investigation showed that the burglary had taken place on the previous night, during which, it appeared, the servants had all been away. A pane of glass had been removed from a veranda window, the window raised, and an entry effected in that manner. About seven thousand dollars' worth of jewelry had been stolen.

Again Sergeant Harvey J. Smith of "C" Troop was given charge of the case. One of his first steps was to take the description of each piece of the missing jewelry and to forward it to Tiffany, Marcus, and such other jewelers as keep record of their designs, in the various large cities. An early result was a message from the office of Inspector Faurot, Chief of the New York City Police Detective Bureau, stating that a man had been arrested while acting in a suspicious manner as he tried to pawn a valuable piece of jewelry in Park Row. When this man was taken into custody, he was wearing a watch engraved with the name of a member of the family robbed in Pottsville. That name the prisoner

claimed for his own, offering the inscription in the watch as proof of his identity.

Going at once to New York, Sergeant Smith was able to identify the prisoner as a man whom he had seen in Pottsville on the day preceding the robbery.

"He didn't look very good to me then, and so I happened to remember his face," explained the sergeant.

Procuring the prisoner's extradition, the State Police officer next proceeded to look up his record. This investigation developed the fact not only that he was a parole violator from the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, but also that he was wanted in New Jersey, where he had broken jail three days after being sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for burglary.

In escaping from the New Jersey prison, the man, whose name was Haight, had joined his cell-mate in sawing through the cell bars. When the turnkeys came to this cell, in the course of rounds, the inmates knocked both guards down, shot one, and made their escape. But, instead of attempting the usual commonplace flight and giving their pursuers time to gain on them in a long chase, the two knaves actually moved only about a hundred yards from the prison walls. There they broke into the unoccupied dwelling of a feather merchant who had taken his family south for the winter.

In this comfortable lodging the two rested peacefully for ten days, until the New Jersey officials had tired of searching the countryside for them and until the excitement had blown over. Then they fitted themselves out liberally from the feather merchant's wardrobe, stole a thousand dollars' worth of sample feathers and a sealskin coat worth eight hundred dollars, and departed for Boston.

In Boston, while Haight's companion sat in a restaurant ordering a meal, his waiter noticed that he carried a revolver in his pocket and so informed the policeman on the beat. Examining the suitcase captured with the man, the Boston police officers found it stuffed with valuable feathers. The court sentenced the prisoner to six months' confinement for carrying a revolver, but was unable to find the owner of the feathers, which were therefore retained.

Sergeant Smith, having extended his discoveries to this extent through his own radiating channels of information, helped out by bits of clues involuntarily dropped by his prisoner, Haight, now laid the sum of them all before Haight.

The latter, seeing that escape was no longer possible, took thought how best to improve his impending fate, and to that end volunteered help in recovering the stolen jewelry. At the time of his arrest, he said, a mate of his, named Johnson, was walking on the other side of Park Row carrying the jewelry in a box. Johnson could be found, Haight believed, through one "Doc" Humphrey, who, in turn, should be reached in a certain den in New York City.

Armed with a letter from Haight to Humphrey, asking that the latter cause Johnson to give up the jewelry, the sergeant now returned to New York. After a little search, he there found that Humphrey, just overtaken by some unrelated villainy, languished in jail, nursing a bitter resentment against the comrade Johnson who refused to appear and buy him his liberty with a thousand dollars' bail—which bail he had intended promptly to jump.

Now, the sergeant had already discovered that "Doc" Humphrey was identical with a rascal long

wanted in several other States on several other scores. Finding the man in prison, he therefore at once so advised the interested States, in order that they might lodge their detainers accordingly. At the same time, in order to anticipate all risk, he took Humphrey into the New York City court and asked that his bail be increased. This the magistrate willingly did, and by a formidable figure.

Then the enraged Humphrey betrayed Johnson's real name, with the fact that the latter had once briefly served in the United States Marine Corps. Upon this Sergeant Smith applied to the Navy Department and quickly received therefrom a detailed description of "Johnson." By a dragnet search through the dens of New York, the Pennsylvanian officer now discovered that Johnson had run over to Boston with two women. Meantime, with the aid of detectives of the New York City police, the trooper was searching for the stolen jewelry.

In a few days' time, picking up here a little, there a little, in twenty-seven different pawnshops scattered over New York and Brooklyn, all but about two hundred dollars' worth of the missing pieces had been recovered.

Sergeant Brown, of the New York Central Station, built the next block into the case by accomplishing the arrest of Johnson, having recognized him from the Navy Department's description, as he was boldly strolling on Lexington Avenue. This man, it appeared, was a type of degenerate, the son of wealthy parents who still came to his aid, but who was himself so poor-spirited a creature that he had not even the courage to commit active crimes, but satisfied his vicious taste by hanging about the skirts of bolder criminals and receiving their stolen goods.

So, in the end, Haight, Humphrey, and Johnson went to serve their several terms in prisons which perhaps may safeguard them; the merchant in New Jersey received back his thousand dollars' worth of feathers; his wife recovered her good seal coat; and to the family in Pottsville were returned almost all of its stolen treasures. And this all came to pass through the rapid and effective work of one highly trained State officer of the only State in the Union that recognizes in practical form the duty of watching over all her people.

To sum up the affair once more in brief: The Department of State Police of Pennsylvania was notified promptly of a rural burglary. A State Police officer was detailed to the case. A few days of concentrated work pursued by an able, alert, trained, and experienced mind, achieved the vindication of the law before the criminal world; ended probably forever the depredations of two widely-ravening malefactors; disposed for awhile of a vicious degenerate; established a circle of surety welding together city and country, and restored to their rightful owners valuables stolen in two States.

The persons from whom these goods were stolen could undoubtedly have afforded to employ private detectives to pursue the thieves, instead of receiving that signal service free from the State.

But crime does not always choose the well-to-do for its victim. And let it be considered whether that State does right which says: "I make my laws for the protection and welfare of my people. *But whether my people profit by them or not shall depend on the weight of their purses.*"

Then again, once upon a time, it happened that the

Department of State Police received from the chief of police of South Bethlehem a message to the effect that platinum in large amounts was being stolen from the laboratories of the Bethlehem Steel Company. Corporal Curtis A. Davies of "C" Troop was detailed to the case.

At the laboratories, Corporal Davies went over the particulars of the affair with the chief chemist and his assistants. Only a few days previous, it appeared, the latest theft had occurred when some five hundred dollars' worth of the precious stuff had been taken from a crucible.

It also appeared that a tall man, evidently a Jew, giving the name of Cohen, and between forty and forty-five years old, had been in the laboratory selling books and taking subscriptions for magazines at about the time of the disappearance of the platinum.

Upon the Jew a degree of suspicion centred. On his several visits to the place, it was now recalled, he had always asked for some one person, and had tried to persuade that person to subscribe to a magazine. If sufficiently deft, he might have found chances on those occasions to put platinum in his pocket. Five hundred dollars' worth of the metal can easily be concealed in the hand.

Corporal Davies now began a hunt for "Cohen." To police authorities all over the country circular letters were addressed asking for news of robberies in this particular line. And almost at once answering reports of thefts of platinum began coming in. From college laboratories, from steel mills, from Boston, from Washington, from various cities in New York State and in New Jersey, from the Assayer's Office in New York City, from the City Departments of Chemistry of

Philadelphia and of Pittsburgh, from United States Arsenals, from several points in Nevada, from the Laboratory of the State of Nevada, from the University of Illinois, from San Francisco, from Denver, came word of platinum missing, but in no instance was there any guess as to who might have committed the theft.

Then in response to each report, was sent from the State Police a description of the "book-agent," and an inquiry if such a person had appeared on the scene previous to the loss. And always an affirmative reply came back.

Yet testimony such as this left too much room for doubt. More proof was needed to establish a belief that the thief in each manifestation was the same man. So Corporal Davies visited various scenes of loss in New York State, in New England, and to the south, travelling some three thousand miles in all, examining facts—which confirmed his theory—and compiling a very accurate and detailed description not only of the man but of the manner in which he did his work.

Then Corporal Davies sent his compilation to the president of a certain chemists' association, whose membership includes practically every chemist in the country of the type that he desired to reach.

"It is important," said the corporal, "that this warning reach all your membership promptly. Will you send it out in the forthcoming issue of the journal that you privately print?"

The warning read something as follows:

A man of such and such appearance (describing Cohen to the least scar) will appear to you one day on the pretext of selling magazines or something of the kind. He will ask for

some member of your staff by name, and will attempt to interest him in his wares. He will go away, after a reasonable interval, but will return late in the day when only one or two of your men are left in the laboratory.

He will then show a diamond scarf-pin lacking one stone and will say that he lost the missing stone on his former appearance,—or he will say that he left his spectacles or his fountain pen behind.

This gives him a pretext to look about the place and locate your platinum crucibles, from which he will make an opportunity to help himself.

Be on the alert. When such a man appears, hold him on suspicion, until the Pennsylvania State Police can send an officer to investigate.

The president of the chemists' association, receiving this document, did not leave it to the next issue of his journal, but sat down that same night and despatched it in multigraph form to four hundred men. The next day he circularized the rest of his list.

Corporal Davies meantime kept on working; but not for long, for in a few days' time came word from the laboratory at Sparrows Point, Maryland, to the effect that Sparrows Point was holding a suspect under arrest.

Corporal Davies took wings to the spot. There indeed sat Cohen, if words can describe a man. But the able villain had employed the best counsel in Baltimore, and bade fair to break away but for the firm hand of the judge, who, disregarding the skillful manœuvres in his behalf, turned him over to the State Police officer.

On the way back to Bethlehem, the officer paid his prisoner's fare, but Cohen, with the rather boastful instinct common to his class, solaced himself for his dulled luck by nevertheless displaying a large mile-

age book—and Corporal Davies quietly noted its number.

Having lodged his prize in safe keeping, the corporal then repaired to Philadelphia and the general office of the railroad. There, being so conveniently provided with the number of the mileage book, he traced up his prisoner's course. Exactly at what time Cohen had reached a city, exactly when he left it, where he went next and at what time he arrived—all these things beyond a peradventure did the fatal mileage book prove. And, place for place, date for date, they corresponded with the robberies of the laboratories.

Now came the task of finding the stolen metal. During his earlier investigations Corporal Davies had not only determined that Cohen was a bigamist, but had discovered both wives and their families, one in Philadelphia, one in New York. The first woman Cohen had deserted long before. The second now affirmed that he had ceased to provide for her and that she had no knowledge of how he disposed of his loot.

Unable to secure information from this source, the corporal next returned to Pennsylvania and began a tour of the thief's haunts. In Harrisburg, at the hotel frequented by Cohen, he talked to the various men of his type who were stopping there while working ostensibly as book agents just as Cohen had done.

From these men the trooper learned that Cohen had gambled heavily when last at that hotel, had run out of money one night, and had telegraphed his wife in New York for a hundred dollars, which sum, furthermore, had duly arrived.

"The wife lied to me," thought Davies. "I was mistaken in her." And he returned to New York.

But again the woman swore that she knew nothing

of the whole affair, and again the trooper felt that she spoke the truth.

Then he went to the general manager of the telegraph company through which Cohen's message was sent, and in an interview explained the case. The general manager, tracing the telegram, found that it had gone to one who shall be called Einstein, at an address far north in New York City,—found, further, that Einstein had at different times telegraphed to Cohen many other hundreds of dollars,—a fact that pointed to him as probably Cohen's fence.

Betaking himself to the Bronx address, the corporal discovered Einstein as the proprietor of a jewelry shop, and as the living picture of "Fagin," manner, face, and mind. This unpleasing being, flatly accused of buying stolen platinum, quite naturally flew into a rage.

That he had often telegraphed money to Cohen he freely admitted, but that he had bought platinum, No! By all that no one wants to hear, No!

While Einstein yet stormed and threatened, another man strolled into the shop. This was a brother-in-law of the jeweler, as his first words betrayed. And no sooner did the newcomer grasp what was afoot than he too blazed into wrath.

"Why don't you kill him, Einstein?" he shrieked. "You come now once over into my shop and I kill you mine selluf!" and he shook a grimy fist in the corporal's face.

"All right," acquiesced the corporal cheerfully. "Come along." And, who shall say under what spell, the man turned and led the officer to his own door, where his rage suddenly blew away.

But Corporal Davies had seen all that he wanted to see—the man's name, painted on the shop window.

Then he went to a place within his knowledge where much platinum is bought, and found that this same fellow had been regularly bringing platinum there for sale, although he had not, of course, risked offering in one place the entire $30,000 worth of the metal that was the sum of Cohen's pickings.

The identity of the fence's agent being now established, the rest was easy. It only meant the examination of New York's eleven thousand and odd jewelry shops, in addition to the assayers' offices, the refining companies, the manufacturing companies, and the pawnbrokers.

"The chief of police of New York was most kind," says the corporal, "and offered me help. But I knew that the New York police had troubles of their own, so I started out alone to see these people."

The sequel is an amusing tale, but not a short one! It lasted about two months and ended in the identification of many and many a deposit of the plundered treasure.

When Cohen came to trial, he vehemently and steadily protested innocence, and as the prosecution's case was entirely circumstantial, the outcome looked cloudy until at the very last moment a seeming trifle in a flash cast the die.

The trifle was merely the judge's conventional direct question to the prisoner as to his guilt. At the word, Cohen, who had hitherto exhibited stoic calm, suddenly lost all control of himself and burst into a furious tirade against the State Police.

"They are Cossacks!" he raged. "They are brutal, tyrannous Cossacks! They are an outrage in the land. It is against all principles of Americanism that these men should be allowed to go about like King's messen-

gers and operate outside of the State of Pennsylvania!" And so, in his fury against the hand that had tripped him, he poured out freely all his guilt, and was properly sentenced according to his deserts.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PHILADELPHIA CAR STRIKE

In February, 1910, came the famous "Philadelphia Car Strike," in whose history was presented so clear an object-lesson of the right and the wrong ways of doing things that the blindest honest witness did not escape conviction.

Six thousand employees of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company went out on strike. The upheaval thereby occasioned quickly developed conditions incubative of disorder. Irresponsible gangs of roughs, rowdies, and hooligan boys, commonly described as "not strikers but strike sympathizers" added themselves to the element for mischief-making; and soon, with a nucleus of not over six thousand actual strikers, a situation existed that Philadelphia's fifty-three hundred city policemen proved utterly unable to control.

The "State Fencibles," a militia organization called to their support, made so effective an impression that the mob at first amused itself by cutting the buttons off their coats, hanging pretzels on their bayonets, taking their rifles away from them; then, it is said, it kissed the Fencibles themselves and threw them through the shop windows. Soon, however, its fickle humor darkened, with results so unnerving to its object that the Director of Public Safety felt obliged to interpose a protecting hand. "In accordance with the Director's order" chronicled the Evening *Telegraph*, two days

later, "the Fencibles have been recuperating in their armory, since they were rescued by the police from a mob. . . ."

Disorder, riot, and destruction of property grew apace, and with it was unceasingly demonstrated the hopeless inadequacy of the city's means to meet her need. At last, late in the afternoon of February 23d, a pitched battle was fought at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, four blocks from the City Hall. In this affray "the entire police reserves," to quote the New York *World's* despatch, "were driven in rout to the stockade within the City Hall courtyard. The city police then admitted that they could no longer cope with the situation." As showing the detailed color of the affair, the *World's* full despatch is valuable. It runs as follows:

The "battle of the Baldwin Locomotive Works," as it is called, assumed the proportions of a heavy skirmish. It took place during the noon lunch hours, when employees of the locomotive plant attacked a street car. The motorman was knocked senseless by a blow from a rock and the car demolished.

Several hundred police reserves starting from the City Hall were ranged in an extended line down Broad Street. The mob of several thousand collected about the locomotive works, hurled brickbats and jeered. Then from the windows of the works there descended upon the heads of the police a hail of iron missiles of all descriptions, knocking many down and injuring them.

The police reply was not an effort to terrify but an attack to kill. They fired their revolvers pointblank through the windows of the shops. Pedestrians ran for safety and the entire neighborhood was in an uproar.

From behind the protecting brick walls the sympathizers

sent another rain of iron nuts, bolts, and bars, heavy enough, had they struck, fairly to have crushed the skulls of their victims.

At the first fire of the police scores of windows in the plant were broken, but the iron rain continued to fall. Men on the upper floors of the building exposed themselves and derided the marksmanship of their enemies.

Supt. Vauclain of the locomotive works went among his men ordering them back to their work. This brought a truce, but it did not last long. The men were in too ugly a mood to desist, and soon many left the works and formed a mob in the streets.

Then, to the consternation of the police, several street cars appeared and tried to run the blockade. The situation was as ugly as any since the trouble began. The men all carried stones or iron bars, and the blood showed in their faces as they grimly but quietly advanced.

The first attack on the cars was a shower of stones from the front ranks, and then the iron mob charged, their howls being heard for blocks, intermingled with the cracking of the policemen's revolvers and the occasional shrieks as a skull was cracked.

The rioters, pressing back the police, surged over the car platforms. Policemen aboard were hurled bodily out into the crowd. One of them fired his revolver as he fell, striking one of his assailants in the leg.

The reserves had now arrived. The two bodies clashed angrily, the police firing revolvers and striking about savagely with their clubs. For ten minutes they surged back and forth in the street, clubbing and cursing, begrimed with dirt as they rolled about in the road, each side desperately refusing to give ground.

Then the tide turned suddenly, in favor of the rioters. The men within the locomotive works again appeared at the windows and sent their storm of iron missiles. The policemen were outnumbered. The assailants were like bull-

dogs. They did not know enough to quit. Reinforcements were all that could conquer them.

Again and again revolvers spit flames, smoke, and lead, but the crowds kept pressing closer and closer, and the bluecoats retreated to the City Hall. . . .

It is believed that many were wounded in the fray, as scores had to be helped along by comrades. No policemen were severely injured, but many were roughly handled.

Results To Date

2 disinterested citizens killed.

3 dying of their injuries.

15 persons injured.

Over one thousand persons arrested.

36 indictments issued by the Grand Jury.

C. O. Pratt, strikers' leader, arrested.

A sympathizer named Carr sentenced to six years' imprisonment for striking a policeman and one year for inciting a riot.

Several others sentenced to terms of from two to five years.

More than 700 cars wrecked.

Over 5000 car windows smashed.

Labor leaders claim 6000 men are out. The company admits 4000.

Ordinarily 2200 cars are working. The union claims that only 152 were worked yesterday. The company says 628.

Philadelphia police muster 3300 men. The number has been increased to 5300.

The State Fencibles have been called out and the public has humiliated them, chasing them through the streets.

Dynamite has been used to destroy cars and an attempt has been made on one car barn.

Free fights in the streets have changed into deliberate pitched battles between the police and the sympathizers with the strikers.

The police have ceased to fire their revolvers into the air and are aiming point blank at their assailants.

The State Mounted Police from the coal regions, hated and dreaded, known as the Black Hussars, are to encamp at dawn this morning at the City Hall. They fire to kill and carry automatic guns.

And the same paper chronicles the furious resentment voiced by Murphy, president of the Central Labor Union, of the State's temerity in daring to regard him and his friends as subject to her authority.

He [Murphy] now declares that the instant the Black Hussars make their appearance on the city's streets he will call out his 100,000 men and inaugurate the bitterest strike that any city in the country has ever experienced. "My threats have been bluff," he said, as he stormed into the labor headquarters at 7 o'clock. "To-morrow I will show them that I mean business."

The Director of Public Safety and the Superintendent of City Police had already called on Governor Stuart to turn out the National Guard, but the Governor, objecting that such a course was at once costly and unnecessary, had offered the State Police.

"When they have eaten up the State Police," said he, "then I will give you the Guard."

No small amount of jeering criticism had stigmatized the folly of this proposal of a body of less than two hundred strangers to handle a condition that had defied, worn out, and beaten thirty-three hundred trained officers, heavily reënforced and on their own terrain. But, with the victorious howls of the mob ringing through the chambers of the City Hall, the Mayor of the city dared wait no longer. Out of the midst of the

uproar, on the afternoon of February 23d, he entreated the Governor to make good his offer.

Then came a demonstration of what mobility means. Late in the afternoon of that day, the order reached the four barracks, in the four quarters of the State. From the four barracks an order instantly sped to all the far-scattered substations, calling in the men. Some of those men had sixty miles to ride before they could join their Troops. But at six o'clock on that night of the 23d, "A" Troop, at Greensburg, in the western end of the State, was entraining. At half after six "B" Troop was marching through the Wilkes-Barre streets to the railway station, through double ranks of cheering townsmen. By midnight all four Troops were off, and at five o'clock next morning, or not over twelve hours from the hour of the call, the entire squadron was on duty in the streets of Philadelphia. Every trooper was there excepting only such as were absolutely necessary to guard the State's property and look after raw recruits in barracks. And they numbered one hundred and seventy-eight men.

At a conference of the city authorities, held the night before, and at which the Superintendent of State Police was not present, the Director of Public Safety and his police captains had with great pains mapped out a plan dividing the State Police squadron into small detachments of eight or ten men, and assigning one or two of these detachments to each ward in the city. The plan was so elaborated as even to fix the hours at which the several details would go on and come off duty.

After their conference, those conferring sent for the Superintendent of State Police, acquainted him with the arrangement, and were considerably surprised by his absolute refusal to accept it.

I realized [says the Superintendent] the danger that would lie in my men's working with city police, under divided authority and with no one really responsible for any mistakes that might occur. When they asked me what I would do, I said that if they would give me a certain section of the city, not too large to be covered by one hundred and eighty men, they could take all their men off the streets at eight o'clock the next morning, and I would be responsible for the maintenance of law and order in my section. I knew exactly what part of the city they would give me, Kensington, where they had had the most trouble—and they did.

Kensington was the heart of the manufacturing region, and the seat of the greatest and most obstinate violence. The city police needed a rest, it was said.

Those who witnessed the entry of the squadron into that riot-mad place say that the scene was like a dream. The Superintendent himself led the line, which advanced at a walk, in column of twos. Looking neither to right nor to left, not a flicker of nervous tension on their strong, stern faces, the men followed pair on pair, lean, lithe, panther-built, perfect specimens of the finest physical type, each one, sitting their horses like the centaurs they were.

Black!—Black!—The somber uniform, the dark helmets from under whose low visors gleamed eyes that never quail, the big, black holsters, hanging heavy from the full cartridge belt—and, at each saddle bow, a pair of shining handcuffs, ready. They had not brought their carbines. "We don't need them here," said the leader of that hardy little band.

As they moved toward the streets of Kensington, a whisper moved before them like the wind in the trees.

"The Black Hussars!" it shivered. "*The Black Hussars!*"

And at the whisper, in advance of the slow advancing column, the streets emptied. "The men might have been so many mounted genii," wrote one observer, "so quickly was their quieting presence felt." Without a word spoken, a command uttered, or an eye turned, the crowd that had flocked out to curse and rail and stone fell back in silence, was absorbed into the alleys, into the houses, disappeared from sight as though the earth had swallowed it up. Silently the squadron moved through Sunday streets. Here and there a window shutter or a curtain moved, as hidden eyes peered from within. Even the horses, filing past, drove their moral home. These were no sleek, fat, showy city mounts, but the small, wise, wiry, plainsman's breed, sharp and hard in long, thick, winter coats that spoke the habit of rough, steady work in harsh and open country. For business, they, and more than up to their business, which was not decoration.

As the squadron rode farther into the heart of the district, one of a rowdy crowd of "sympathizers" looking down from the windows of a tall factory flung a heavy steel bolt, striking a trooper in the back. The assailant instantly ducked out of sight, yet not quickly enough to escape the eye of the officer next the man attacked. Vaulting out of his saddle, that officer made straight into the factory and, striding alone through its crowded halls, up several flights of stairs, reached the floor from which the bolt was thrown. With one glance at the mass of glowering humanity packed in the room, his practiced eye singled out his man. As unconscious apparently of every other creature present as if such did not exist, he gathered that one man into his grip, firmly propelling him through the throngs of his mates, down and out of the building, and into permanent custody.

A day before, the throwing of that bolt would have meant riot and bloodshed. Now, not a finger was raised, not a voice heard to resist the arrest.

That the Force might be near its allotted work Captain Groome decided to quarter the men and horses in the car barn at Eighth and Dauphin Streets in the heart of the Kensington district, although the building was but ill adapted for the use. Here, however, hitching posts were driven for the horses, while the officers, for their scanty hours of sleep, found space in the company's office and the troopers were given shakedowns of straw on the floor.

Divided into small groups, the squadron was scattered over the disturbed district, whose area was so great, compared to the size of the Force and the vigilance required, that each trooper was compelled to remain on duty eighteen hours a day. A number of arrests were made during the first day, and some misconceptions arose for adjustment. Then quiet set in, to remain almost unbroken.

From this day cars were run throughout the district regularly, with perfect safety, and without the necessity, on the part of the details, of any resort to extremes. A canard found its way into the newspapers to the effect that the State Police had once or twice fired a volley at the mob. This story, however, was completely without foundation. Not a single shot was fired by the Force during the entire tour of duty.

During the earlier days of the strike, persons arrested as implicated in its disorders were sent to the local magistrates' courts in the districts in which the arrests had been made. This resulted in the discharge of a large number of prisoners, owing to the local prejudice of the courts in which their hearings were held. The

police were then ordered to bring all prisoners arrested in connection with the strike to the central police station at City Hall.

For days and nights thereafter this station was crowded with battered strikers and strike sympathizers presenting an eloquent exposition of one aspect of the failure of the local authorities to maintain the peace. Some very severe penalties were imposed upon them, and they thus suffered heavily in their own persons, while the sum of their acts of insensate violence utterly discredited their cause in the public mind.

The following statement is that of one of the city magistrates of Philadelphia, based on personal experience and observation of the events in question:

The arrival of the State Police in Philadelphia immediately acted to protect the strikers and their sympathizers from themselves. Disorder, and therefore the number of arrests, decreased almost instantly. No greater aid could have been brought to the strikers' cause. The general public, seeing no more bloodshed and riot, was led to infer that the labor people were now conducting their strike in a lawful and orderly manner. Public disfavor began to wane. Before the arrival of the State Police, a striker or a strike sympathizer was tempted to commit crime, risking a jail sentence and disgrace to his family, because he realized that the local authorities did not and could not control him. After the arrival of the State Police, the same man, realizing that he was now under thorough control, and sensible of the prevailing atmosphere of order, was strongly inclined to conduct himself accordingly. The cause of labor lost nothing but public antagonism by the advent of the State Police.

Philadelphia had never seen the Force before except on the two occasions when it had been summoned to

grace a festival. The Philadelphia *North American* on the day after the squadron's arrival, said:

Their first appearance here on any serious business awakened for them the respect and admiration of the whole town. . . . No sooner had they trotted into position than they became the observed of all observers. . . . They sat their saddles with a quiet force that stirred a glint of admiration in almost every eye that took them in. . . . They were quiet and steady and pleasant to talk to, and they did not do any boasting. . . . In the district which they patrolled all day there was not the slightest outbreak, and by nightfall the State Police had inculcated a very friendly and wholesome respect among their observers. It was generally felt with something like the conviction that is born of respectful fear that to monkey with one of these strong and steady-looking chaps was to be playing with the proverbial buzz-saw.

These men are noted for the accuracy and despatch with which they do business. They are cool, but when they get started they move like a shot; and when it is necessary to shoot they do it without the slightest hesitation. . . . They have come to camp here in the interest of law and order; if you doubt their ability to swing things as they want them to be swung, just journey up to the district they are patrolling and look one of them in the eye.

You won't make any impolite remarks to him.

Next day the same paper confirms its view and adds:

As a matter of fact, the black-coated police seem to have made a very favorable impression. Very few people have harsh words to utter about them, for in the few arrests they have been forced to make they have carried themselves coolly and sensibly.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 26th, commented:

Spectators in the City Hall police court yesterday were favorably impressed by the soldierly appearance and bearing of the State Policemen . . . who were called as witnesses in strike cases. None of the men wasted words in describing the scenes which had led him to make an arrest but told his story in a businesslike, straightforward way.

Said the New York *Sun's* despatch of the same date:

Captain Jack Groome's cavalrymen . . . had such a dull day that they were yawning on the backs of their horses. They came here expecting real trouble. . . . They went at the work coolly and good humoredly. They met practically no resistance.

Prompt and summary action by these men, backed up by their reputation, . . . created a wholesome respect for their prowess. They have a reputation of getting the man they go after. They showed several times this afternoon how they do it.

A youth in Germantown Avenue was foolish enough to shout bad names at one of the troopers. He was told twice to keep his mouth shut, but, encouraged by the applause of the crowd, he finally uttered a nasty remark that made the trooper leap from his horse.

The constable went at the crowd, diving like a fullback with ten yards to gain on the first down. He ripped into the throng with feet and elbows and yanked the youth from a cigar store where he had taken refuge. The crowd swirled excitedly but nobody lifted a hand to rescue the young man. Meanwhile the trooper's horse stood rigidly where he had been left, the bridle rein hanging over his neck. The constable turned his prisoner over to a city cop and the man was dumped into a patrol wagon.

All the papers were now filled with picturesque stories of the cheerful adventures of the "Black Hus-

sars." In these stories, the clever little horses played almost as large a part as did the troopers themselves. Wise and gentle, loyal and quick as Kipling's Maltese Cat, they could not but melt the inmost heart of any creature with a man's heart in him.

Meantime a feeling of admiration and of unwilling liking was growing in the minds of the people for the kindly riders whose quiet, as they shrewdly knew, was the quiet of the poised lance. In the susceptible breast of the Kensington small boy, father of the man, was already flaming a new and revolutionary emotion. No longer did he want to grow up to be as Joe O'Rourke, Kensington's baseball light, still less to be as his hero of yesterday, John J. Murphy, president of the Central Labor Union, or even the carmen's leader, Pratt. With his whole soul he now passionately yearned towards a far more splendid star. Henceforth he would be nothing less than a "Cossack"—a Black Hussar.

The Philadelphia *Telegraph*, marking this symptom, said:

> Reins hang loosely on arched necks, the horses of the State Police pick their way along the streets of the Northeast, while the grim riders look out quietly over their black chinstraps. On the pavements which a few days ago were given up to a riotous mob of men and boys, stand groups watching with interest the black-garbed riders. The boys of ten to fourteen who once threw bricks with deadly aim at the street cars and at the city police, mounted and foot, throw no longer. Instead they watch the strange guardians of the peace with a curious mixture of respect, admiration, and awe. . . . The boy who can talk to a trooper for even a minute, even to the extent of telling him where Germantown Avenue is, is to be envied for days.

Imagine then, if you can, the bliss of a youth who is permitted to hold a trooper's horse.

This morning, at Germantown and Lehigh Avenues, a trooper rode slowly along near the curb. He dismounted for a moment to stretch his legs, and his horse, trained by long months of discipline, stood stock still.

"Kin I hold him for a minnit?" asked one little red-headed fellow, and the trooper nodded. For five blissful minutes Reddy held the horse. Then the trooper came back, thanked the boy, and swung up.

"Say, Mister, I'd like to ask you one t'ing," shrilled the boy. "How old do you hafter be to join dat bunch?" "Thinking of joining?" asked the trooper. "Sure I'd join. I'll be fifteen next month. Do you think I could get in a couple of years from now?" "We'd be glad to have you," politely replied the trooper.

The horse moved slowly away and a crowd of boys gathered around the new hero. He was the most earnestly envied, hated, and admired boy uptown for the rest of the day.

Meantime, up-State in the Troops' home districts, the people were asking with proprietary jealousy whether Philadelphia grasped the value of the sacrifice that the State was making in her behalf. A characteristic expression was that of the Pottsville *Journal* of the 26th:

We say with a degree of pride that no finer body of men ever sat a horse than the State Police of Pennsylvania. They are clean, healthy Americans, picked men, trained to fight with arm and brain. No roughs or bullies, no "booze-fighters," no gamblers, find a place in the ranks of the "Black Hussars." Every man must come up to a certain moral standard, and the standard is high. He must consecrate himself to duty, to the life of a soldier of the law ready to ride and fight at the command of the State.

Then the home paper rises triumphant:

When the State Police rode the streets of Philadelphia the people looked upon them not with hatred but with respect. Why? Simply because they recognized in them a force that stood for the law and only the law. Politics do not touch the State Police, and neither does the power of the corporations. The Philadelphia papers say that the State Police were even inclined to be affable and that they chatted pleasantly when addressed by anyone in the crowd, but that when occasion arose for sternness they were quick to act. *And that is just the way we have always found the State Police.* They are not a lot of swaggering bullies but men who are pleasant and agreeable, men in whose faces there are no marks of dissipation, men whose eyes are clear, bright with the light of clean and healthy living, men who have been trained to face perils and to die if need be without a whimper—to die most gloriously, doing that which is right as they have been taught to see it.

Said the Philadelphia *Ledger* later:

It is not their horsemanship, not their revolvers or their riot sticks, that makes this handful of men a terror to riotous law-breakers, an offense to enemies of the social order, and an assurance of safety to peaceful citizens. They represent no class or condition, no prejudice or interest, nothing but the sovereign majesty of law. Hostility to them is hostility to the people, whose authority they represent. . . . We need at all times, and especially in times of disturbance, to keep this one thought uppermost in our minds, that the source of all authority, the foundation of our liberty, the assurance of our safety, is not in the utterances of any men, be they wise or foolish, but in the government of law, which the people have established, and which every one of us owes his best service to maintain. Men, parties, and factions come and go; there remain for our unshaken allegiance the name and authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The Philadelphia *Telegraph* of March 1st gave a striking evidence of the sincerity of its own feeling as to the service of the Force to the city, in an original proposition. Recognizing the need of an increased city police, it says, editorially:

Instead of augmenting the present force, would it not mean a greater gain in efficiency to make Philadelphia the station for two, or even one, squadron of State Police, whose efficiency and ability have been tested and not found wanting? . . . In place of making an appropriation for local police, we suggest that the city authorities ask the coöperation of the State in the institution of four or eight additional troops of mounted policemen. . . . The expense of maintaining them should be shared by municipal and state treasuries. They should, of course, be under the immediate command of the State Superintendent, Captain John C. Groome, but utilized under general supervision of the local Directors of Public Safety for the policing of the cities—Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

We suggest . . . that the pay of the enlisted men be increased from $720 to $1000 per annum, and that the remuneration of officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned, be proportionately increased. By such decent pay the men could be held to their work, and it would prevent their being "lifted" . . . by corporate or other interests cognizant of their value.

All over the country the leaders of the press talked of the demonstration in Philadelphia in terms maturely epitomized by the New York *Evening Post's* editorial of March 18th:

The Philadelphia street railway strike ought not to slip from the public mind without attention being called again to one highly important phase of the battle between order and disorder in the city streets. We refer to the

invaluable service of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary. After the expected failure of the city's police to control the lawless, and the pitiful incapacity of a battalion of militia to patrol one street, the Constabulary was sent for. . . . The arrival of only one hundred and eighty of the Constabulary changed the entire situation; thereafter disorder practically ceased. What several thousand policemen had failed to accomplish they did in a twinkling, and in a way to compel the enthusiastic admiration of all beholders. And there is reason for the difference. The Constabulary is a business organization. Although employed by the State, it knows no politics in its make-up, or in the execution of its orders. It is an object-lesson to the entire country, because it proves that it is not necessary that we should have, as a nation, the worst police in the world, and because it suggests, to all who stop to think, one reason why Europe, with its constabulary, is so vastly more law-abiding than the United States.

When the bill creating this force was passed in Harrisburg in 1905, we commented upon its purport as one of the most important developments in American government of recent years. Everything we hoped of it has been realized and more besides. . . . It is the cheapest investment that the State has ever made, and its record answers every excuse, wherever made, that other States cannot do likewise because of lack of funds. If the situation is but studied, it will soon be found that no State can afford to do without a similar body. . . . New York and every other State should have them.

CHAPTER XIV

IN DANGER, NECESSITY, AND TRIBULATION

It was significant of the thoroughness of the change so quickly effected in Kensington's line of thought that when, late at night on the 26th of February, the sheriff of Northampton County sent in his fourth desperate reiteration of a desperate call for help, Captain Groome felt that he could spare men. Disturbances in the train of a strike of the employees of the Bethlehem Steel Works had swelled completely beyond the control of the local authorities; and although the troopers in Philadelphia were now sorely fagged by double hours of continuous work, their commander ordered Captain Robinson of "B" Troop with twenty-four men to South Bethlehem.

The detail left Philadelphia at two o'clock on the morning of the 27th, by special train; and Captain Robinson on his arrival reported back conditions so serious that the Superintendent, within the next twenty-four hours, reinforced him by the rest of the Troop and by Troop "D." These two Troops remained in the troubled town until peace was insured, April 20th, while Troops "A" and "C," left in Philadelphia, handled their district easily, and on March 1st were released to return to barracks.

Such troubles as those that called the detail to South Bethlehem are commonly semi-political in origin. Given, to start with, the familiar foundation—a

population normally hard-working but now fallen into an abnormal condition of irksome idleness with its consequent irritability—you have shortly the accretion of disorderly buccaneers gathering from far. You have also, and always, the ignorant, practically non-English-speaking, inflammable foreign element. You have next, irresponsible agitators springing up in the midst or congregating from without, the orators of vitriolic tongue; and, finally, you have rum.—This on the one hand.

On the other hand, you have a group of local officials who think they owe their places as officials, and who do largely owe their trade as shopkeepers and the like, to the party of the first part. This fact, or this impression, would be enough to throw men of little caliber entirely to the side of the mob, no matter to what lengths the mob might go, but for one thing—the liability of the county for the value of any property that may be destroyed through failure to provide police protection.

By this consideration is raised the specter of another set of parishioners, not concerned in the affairs under dispute, who also have votes, and who furthermore may be reckoned on most bitterly to resent a sudden leap in county taxes. Furthermore, the tormented officials know all too well that no one, anywhere, will revile them more earnestly and unreasonably, will cast them off more finally, than will these same present rioters when the day of madness is past and the tax collector comes around.

Torn forever between the two, a prey to fears on all sides, the unfortunate officials waver hither and yon, and nothing that they do ultimately pleases anyone. Lacking entirely the conception of the State standing serene above all strivings, and of their duty of service

to her alone, they see only the sordid figures of the combatants fighting in the mud. Driven to act, they timorously venture some half-hearted step. Forthwith one of the combatants stops fighting long enough to land a fistful of mud in their faces for their pains. Instantly they gush forth terrified apology, and fill the local papers with denials that they could have dreamed of doing the very thing they did; and meantime the gutter-riot grows, while the vicious circle repeats its ignoble course.

Just as the coming of the State Police inevitably means a summary stop to all this thing, so the coming of the State Police unfailingly provides a rescue to the little officials huddled panting in a corner. "Who summoned these upstart rioting strangers?" they cry out like a stage chorus. "Who wanted these Cossacks, these presumptuous invaders, to bring trouble to our peaceful town? Not I, nor I, nor I!" as, with relaxing nerves, they join to unload their burden on the broad shoulders that so often have borne it before.

Then they set their little wits to work to invent Bluebeard yarns of the bloody doings of the State's officers—yarns whose blazing if sleazy tissue shall prove at least the good heart they put into the weave.

If officials of this stripe helped on the turmoil and delayed the work of peace in Bethlehem, it was no new thing. And the tales disseminated there showed no new effort of imagination. That affixed to Trooper Maughan, for example, was one of a type already almost four years old. It is so characteristic that it may well be outlined here, to stand as a specimen of its class. The facts in the case were as follows:

As Captain Robinson's little detail of twenty-four men, detraining, rode their horses at a walk up the

Bethlehem streets, on the morning of the 27th of February, a hostile and belligerent crowd, apparently mostly of foreigners and many thousand strong, gathered in the streets, ever growing. Excited by their leaders, they began hurling missiles to emphasize their jeers. Standing in the open, or hiding behind railway cars, the mob soon fairly filled the air with flying projectiles,—bottles, cobblestones, bricks, frozen clods, lumps of ice,—anything that they could reach or carry. Nor were such the only weapons in their hands.

"Hardware stores and pawnshops have practically sold their stocks of revolvers and dirks," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* despatch of the day. "Practically every other person on the street carries a weapon of some sort."

"All the stores had been sold out of revolvers during the day, one hardware concern having disposed of two hundred," said the *Ledger*.

Riding slowly through the throng, unmoved and unresponding, lifting not a finger in reprisal, the little detail pursued its way. Troopers made an arrest or two, but they noticed the rain of missiles no more than they would have noticed a rain of dew.

> They are men trained to self-restraint, by military service, even before they came to my Force [said their Superintendent, later]. They are trained to obey orders, and are fearless. They do not lose their heads, and they have experience enough to know that if a few men in a crowd of thousands start to throw bricks, they are not going to be killed,—they do not have to shoot.

But presently a brick, thrown with better aim than most, struck one of the troopers full in the face,—a terrible blow, crushing in the bones. In the same

instant, Private Maughan, who had seen the man that launched the missile, was off his horse and in pursuit. The man dashed up the steps of a bar-room, rushed in, slammed and fastened the door. The trooper, close on his heels, smashed a hole in the glass of the door with the butt of his revolver, opened it, and followed. As he did so, a fusillade from the mob—from those hundreds of revolvers so patriotically provided that day by merchants of Bethlehem—followed him. A Hungarian laborer named Szambo, standing at the bar with a glass of beer raised to his lips, dropped mortally hurt. Another laborer, Tony Kostonos by name, who gazed from a corner with his mouth open owed at least his teeth to that fact, since a bullet passed through his cheek and then out of his mouth without further damage. At the same time the mob on both sides of the street opened a cross-fire on the troopers. Two horses were badly shot and the walls of the buildings on either side were peppered with lead.

Some hours later Szambo, the beer-drinker, died of his wound. Immediately the leaders, seeing their chance, proclaimed him a martyr. On March 1st, at a meeting in Municipal Hall, David Williams, Socialist and chairman of the Executive Committee, thus exhorted an excited crowd:

"This man lived and died in our cause. He died for you men. Where these troopers go there is always murder of foreigners, for where they go they terrorize, though they do not abuse Americans. Go to Szambo's funeral, to do the martyr honor."

The street throngs had clearly seen the bright nickel figures on Trooper Maughan's collar; that indeed was the purpose of the figures. They knew that it was Number Forty-four who pursued the man that had

crushed his brother-trooper's face. The *Ledger* reported such phrases as "We will shoot him to-night!" "Look for Forty-four," as frequently heard on the street. And, as night fell, "under cover of darkness many of the foreign laborers crept up on the police or fired at them from the windows of houses."

The Hungarian Consul arrived promptly to take the matter in hand. Labor leaders telegraphed President Taft asking for the proper punishment of Trooper Forty-four, murderer of the martyr Szambo; District Attorney McKeen was equally alacritous to institute criminal proceedings against the trooper. The American Federation of Labor, through a Mr. McGinley, was reported to have undertaken prosecution in the widow's behalf. Charles R. Witham, of the International Moulders' Union, was credited with the suggestive statement regarding the State Police's action, that: "It is nothing more than a concerted attack on the foreign element, *some of whom do not even know what the law is.*" And finally, the Governor of the State lost no time in despatching counsel for the trooper's defense.

In due time and form they held the trial, Trooper Maughan pleading not guilty. And the result of the trial, to the inexpressible disgust of the whole prosecuting array, was the complete proof of the fact that the bullet that killed the martyr Szambo was not of the caliber that fits State Police revolvers! Private Maughan was therefore fully acquitted by the court.

Meantime, on the night of the 27th, the Executive Committee of the strikers issued the statement that the State Police had been called in without cause, and that "Not a single arrest had been made nor a dollar's worth of property destroyed or placed in jeopardy"

before their coming. Now, they affirmed, "We charge that peaceful citizens have been denied their liberty and imprisoned and murdered in cold blood when not a single overt act has been committed nor a threat made."

This statement forms a curious parallel to those of the sheriff of the county, addressed thrice over to the Governor, only twenty-four hours before. At one o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th the sheriff telegraphed, in begging for the State Police: "The situation . . . is beyond my control. Employees of the works are mobbed and beaten." That evening he again telegraphed:

> It is impossible for me to get sufficient deputies from the community to act. Serious riots, bloodshed, and shooting occurred this morning and evening. . . . The whole town is in a lawless state. I must have your help to preserve the peace. . . . I am supported in the foregoing view by the Burgess and Chief of Police of South Bethlehem.

To follow the history further would not be without interest, but its kernel, as far as the State Police is concerned, may be condensed in brief space.

As has been said, dusk, on the 27th, found the well armed rioters sniping at the troopers from any convenient hiding place. Immediately the detail started a house-to-house search, reaping a harvest of guns. In a few hours peace reigned. "No disturbances have occurred since midnight," said the Philadelphia *Press* next day. "Not once have the troopers been obliged to charge the crowd, a quiet but firm 'Move on' having proved sufficient."

Before daylight patrols were posted in the troubled parts.

When day dawned [said the *Inquirer's* report] the troopers were revealed. . . . Several thousand men, as the whistles blew at 6.30 o'clock, gathered along the streets.

"Keep them moving, boys," was the order sent from Captain Robinson.

And all the troopers were forced to do was to walk their horses toward a group. Before they came within fifty paces, the crowd had scattered. . . . Foreigners who showed no fear of the troopers on Saturday, and displayed revolvers and dirks, were among the first to flee at the approach of a mounted man. . . .

And that in effect was all.

During this prolonged tour of duty several arrests were made, but without developing any resistance or attempt at rescue, and not one life was lost, save that taken on the first day by the mob itself—the life of the "martyr Szambo."

Reverting to the scenes of the Force's normal activities, we find "A" and "C" Troops, meanwhile released from quieted Philadelphia and returned to their own homes, much occupied with an accumulation of business to which was added their usual early spring rush of fire-fighting. The Pennsylvania Lumbermen's Association in its last annual meeting, recognizing the extraordinary value of the work done in this way, had urged the generous equipment of the Force with all special means to facilitate its efforts, just as it later vigorously continued to demand the increase of the body. As it was, the men did the best they could, which meant, that spring, the saving to private owners and to the State of many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of timber property.

Thus the people everywhere within the reach of the little Force were learning by experience the beauty of

true protection. Each hour brought forth some fresh example, many of them as curious as new. One instance worth mention was a little testimony to the commercial value of the name of being a well policed community, now offered to the town of Punxsutawney. The Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, performing in Punxsutawney in the middle of May, took the remarkable step of holding pay-day half a week ahead of time. Gratified and surprised by the flood of money suddenly turned into shopkeepers' tills, the town inquired the reason of the phenomenon.

"Why," answered the agent, who had no cause for reserve, "we want to avoid, when we can, the disturbances that commonly arise among our teamsters, canvasmen, and the like, when they find themselves in possession of a handful of money. Some of them are inclined to get drunk; then they hunt out all sorts of trouble and don't report for duty. But all of them have a wholesome fear of the State Police, and when we strike a town where the State Police is, we pay off, even if it is a little ahead of time, because we know the men will keep on their good behavior there. Then they get rid of their money peaceably and we have no more trouble from it."

With undiminished sorrow Punxsutawney next heard that it was about to share Reading's fate; "D" Troop was shortly leaving. The rickety, leaky, draughty old barracks, and the stable that was a ramshackle sieve, could no longer decently house man or mount. In them both had spent five years of real discomfort. Now, a good location had been found elsewhere that could give another section of country its turn at concentrated care. A new barracks and stables, built according to the Superintendent's own plans, were under con-

struction, near Butler, and early in the next year "D" Troop would depart to its new home. The Punxsutawney *Spirit* was in despair:

> The money spent in providing an efficient police system comes back to the Commonwealth a hundred fold by the decreased cost of the administration of justice. No better economy could be conceived. . . . The barracks are not what they might be, and all that is needed is for someone in authority to indicate to the Chamber of Commerce just what improvements are desired. The people of Punxsutawney, particularly the business men, want the barracks to remain here where they belong, and are prepared to do anything within reason.

But, like Reading, Punxsutawney wept in vain. "Lock the stable, the horse has been stolen," cries the *Spirit* bitterly; and it was even galled into revising its old opinion that the Police's only fault was its little size. A structural weakness was now obvious, it found. "It is a mistake to give the Superintendent power to change the location of barracks," complained the *Spirit* on January 26th, as it described the crowds of regretful townspeople taking final leave of the Troop at the railway station that day.

In his annual report for 1910, the Superintendent showed that the Force, mounted and dismounted, had patrolled on active duty during the year, 389,805 miles, had visited 2223 towns and boroughs in 61 counties, and had made 2983 arrests, for 76 different kinds of crime, of which arrests 2083 had already resulted in convictions while 216 yet awaited trial.

This report also contained a vigorous reiteration of the truth that the pay of the Force was not commensurate with the arduous and dangerous nature of the

duties that it was called upon to perform, and further, that it was not a fair compensation for work of the intellectual caliber demanded by the service. "The fact that in one year (1910) 82 out of 220 men on the Force were offered and accepted positions with much higher salaries, shows that men of this class are valued by others," wrote the commander.

That such offers from without would occur and recur in very tempting forms was inevitable. Men with large responsibilities to fill, with large values to conserve whose safeguarding demanded keen intelligence, ripe experience, high training, courage, coolness, loyalty, and honor, knew and appreciated the rarity of those qualities as united in one man. When they saw a small, conspicuous body of such men, proved out by daily test in the white light of public work, they could not but recognize and covet the very acme of their desire. So they came to the Force with offers too tempting to be lightly cast aside by men with aged parents or with wife and children to consider, and whose present hazardous employ made no provision whatever for its maimed and disabled, or for the widows and orphans of those killed in the performance of its duties.

It was impossible to blame such as ceded to these considerations. But one restriction the Superintendent did desire to make. He strongly urged the passage of a law forbidding the man who had profited by thorough drilling and schooling in State Police duties to leave the Force before the expiration of his two-year term of enlistment, thus depriving the State of her reward. That a man should be allowed to enlist in the Force, to enjoy the benefit of special training, and then, at the moment of becoming of real value to the State, to leave

her for reasons of personal profit, obliging her to begin all over again with a green recruit—this seemed to Major Groome a rank impropriety. He therefore coupled with his recommendation for raised pay a second recommendation for the passage of a law compelling the full service of the term of enlistment. A bill to amend the creative act was framed accordingly, and introduced in the Legislature of 1911.

Mr. V. Gilpin Robinson, of Delaware, presented the measure in the House on March 27th. In the debate to which it gave rise, the speeches of the opposition showed a complete lack of information on their subject. They rested upon misstatements so grossly careless as to strip bare the perfunctory nature of the argument, and to reveal the fact that no question of right, wrong, moral conviction, or public usefulness was involved, but merely a determination, for hidden and private reasons, to kill the bill. On a yea and nay vote, seventy to one hundred and seventeen, the bill failed of passage.

Now arose a full gale of wrath from all over the State, from all sorts and conditions of citizens unafraid of jail.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* of March 29th thus voiced its editorial scorn:

> The attack is upon the spirit of peace and law. It is conceived in the spirit of anarchy. The members who timidly followed this lawless lead were actuated by sheer demagogy. . . . It is supposed to be "popular" to retrench and here was an opportunity to curry favor with the mob under the cloak of economy. The State Police will go on just the same, because it, much better than a majority of the House, represents the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth.

The Harrisburg *Patriot* treated the vote with no greater respect:

How could the State Police, which attends strictly to business and keeps out of politics, expect an increase of pay from a Legislature that is under orders from the Boss to create so many new places and raise so many salaries as rewards, not for public service, but for political activity? Let the Black Hander, the kidnapper, the bomb-thrower, the incendiary, and the murderous highwayman ply their vocations. Henchmen must be taken care of at the people's expense, and with only some twelve millions in the General Fund, there is too little for the henchmen, to pay the State Police enough to make it worth while for the members to stay in the service.

The protest of the Harrisburg *Telegraph* included:

A New York patrolman of the first grade gets $1400 a year. Patrolmen as low as the sixth grade get $900 a year and there is the additional privilege of retirement at the end of twenty-five years of service with a life pension of $700—or $20 a year less than the State Police of Pennsylvania have been paid for the hardest kind of active service. . . . Moreover, the men whom Superintendent Groome has gathered around him are far and away above the average of the New York or Philadelphia police force.

"A Vote for Crime," the Greensburg *Tribune* brands the Legislature's action, and warns not only the two Westmoreland members who "took their stand with the highwaymen and the bandits," but also that one member who dodged the vote, that they will do well, all three, to sit down quickly and prepare an account of themselves for the inspection of their constituents.

"Bullied by the apostles of outlawry," is the Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph's* diagnosis of the House's

plight. The Pottsville *Journal* points out with contempt and anger that the Schuylkill County representatives voted against the bill. "In doing this they simply truckled to what they believed to be a powerful sentiment." And the *Journal* offers its own complete conversion from an original hostility to the Force as illustrating how utterly that sentiment has ceased to exist in reputable fields.

Meantime, while the newspapers, great and small, all over the State, were expressing the popular mind in editorial form, one formidable figure whose pen is ever a portent because it never moves save in the Day of Wrath was descried bending over the desk. This was the farmer, throughout those regions that the Force had served. And the politician, however small, who witnessed that phenomenon stopped short in his tracks.

Moses N. Clark was a Granger of Claridge, in Westmoreland. Mr. Clark needed no credentials with his legislators nor with his county. This solid citizen, like many others elsewhere in the State, now wrote certain letters to Harrisburg, whose tenor a county paper thus indicated:

> The defeat of the bill to increase the pay of the members of the State Constabulary was a crime against this Commonwealth. . . . When the bill to increase its pay and incidentally to increase its efficiency was originally introduced I wrote personally to every Grange member of the Legislature telling them of the protection we as farmers were receiving from the troopers, so that no man voted in ignorance. . . . I simply want to enter my protest against the shabby way in which one of the best organizations that the State has ever known has been treated, *and treated by men who owe the farmer much.*

In that last phrase rang the master's voice. "Terrible men with terrible names" ending in "ski," "vitch" or "imini," even though they claim those names by means of a cross-mark in the midst, *may* drop a vote somewhere. But that a man named Moses N. Clark both has a vote and knows how to use it admits no possible question. Moreover, when a Granger, of all men in the body politic, sits down and writes a letter demanding in the name of the farmer the passage of a measure that raises his taxes, no politician alive is too dense to realize that he not only means what he says but will fight for it.

On the 25th of April the bill was again brought up. After a short debate developing nothing of moment, the vote was taken. Thirty-four members who had voted against the bill on the previous occasion, but who in the interval had heard the Voice from Home, now reversed themselves, while twenty-four former opponents, just a trifle less graceful, refrained from voting. The count showed one hundred and thirteen yeas to sixty-five nays, and the bill accordingly passed. Signed by Governor John K. Tener on June 1, 1911, it constitutes the law now active.[1]

Thus ended the legislative history of the Force for the session, except for the usual midge-like swarm of repealers, which died midges' deaths in committee.

By the new Act, the only member of the Force whose pay was not raised was the Superintendent. As first framed, the amendment proposed raising the Superintendent's pay from $3000 to $5000. Major Groome,[2]

[1] See Appendix B.

[2] On May 9, 1910, Captain John C. Groome was elected to the majority of Squadron A, National Guard of Pennsylvania, the Squadron comprising his former command, the First City Troop, with the Second City Troop and Troop "A."

THE PATROL LENDS A HAND

Am. Press Ass'n.

however, protested that he was interested only in seeing the pay of his men increased. "That," he was told, "is well enough now, but we must bear in mind that the man best qualified to succeed you eventually may not be a man of private means. Therefore the office should carry a proper salary."

The justice of this was too obvious to dispute; Major Groome accordingly withdrew his objection.

After the vote, friends of the bill again came to the Major. "Of course," said they, "this sudden spasm of economy in an Assembly that has been raising everybody's salary, that has raised that of the Governor's private secretary to $5000, and that of the Secretary of the Senate beyond that sum, is all bluff. One motive largely behind it is, a determination to crowd you yourself out of office. As long as you are Superintendent the Force is useless as a political asset. Do you see?"

"I do," said the Major. "And you may say to any gentlemen interested not only that I waive a raise in my pay, but also that I am perfectly willing either to serve for half the present sum, or to give my services outright, if the Commonwealth is too poor to recompense her officers."

How far this truly discouraging statement may have operated on the result might be surmised more fairly than asserted.

Out of the infinitely varied work performed by the State Police during the year 1911, one item stands forth with an imperative demand for mention, for the blessed reason that it is rare. Such catastrophes as that which befell the town of Austin do not often sadden our history.

The Bayliss Paper Mills occupied the narrow valley

of the Alleghenies just above the town, and the Bayliss Dam confined the waters that turned the great mill wheels. On Saturday afternoon, September 30th, that dam broke. Then came a moment like the coming of chaos—like the tearing up of the world by its roots—and when it passed the town of Austin had ceased to exist.

One of those sent to inspect the scene wrote back:

> Straight as the furrow of a gigantic plowshare, the broad path of devastation stretches away. . . . Halfway down the furrow stands a row of half-demolished brick buildings against the front of which is stacked an enormous heap of bricks, timber, beams, window frames, and shingles, the hopelessly intermingled fabrics of scores of structures. This is what was Main Street, Austin's principal thoroughfare. From Main Street up the valley to the bend where the Bayliss Pulp Paper Company's mill stood, there is nothing at all except a carpet of splintered bits of wood and débris of all descriptions, with a fringe of broken houses rifted along the sides.

Here and there across the waste lay upended flat cars, pieces of machinery, broken lengths of railroad track torn from their bed by the torrent, fragments of trucks and carriages whose drivers and horses were buried in the wreck, bits and corners of pitiful personal things. Now and again the upper story of some house, wrenched from its other part and swept along in the turmoil of the flood, hung crazily on the crumbling chimneys of what had been a dwelling or a shop on a level below. The ruin was complete and no one knew how many human lives had been sacrificed in its midst.

Through all this shapeless desolation men and women wandered with drawn, blank faces, aimless, dazed.

Their eyes were dull. Their hands hung limp. All that they had—all that their friends and neighbors had had and loved, was gone. They did not know who was living or who was dead. And they had forgotten how to think.

Now with incredible speed, like the vultures to the battlefield, flocked swarms of stranger sight-seers, who stood idly about gazing at the wreckage; with them came also hundreds of tramps drawn by the hope of loot, agile in forming the head of the line at the relief stations where food was given free, deft in robbing the bodies of the dead.

These conditions lasted until the afternoon of the second day, when a State Police detachment fifty-two strong, officers and men, reached the scene. From that time until its withdrawal on the 15th of October, the detachment policed Austin and the surrounding country; took entire charge of the field mess, which provided the daily meals of from six hundred to fourteen hundred men; assisted the Adjutant General's Department in commissary and quartermaster work until that Department withdrew its men, leaving its entire work to the State Police; took over all recovered bodies and property, attending to their committal to the proper hands; drove out all sight-seers and suspicious characters, and dealt with robbers according to the law. Working in reliefs, it guarded property night and day, watched over the fifteen hundred laborers, mostly foreigners, who had been employed to remove wreckage and recover bodies and who were sorely inclined to loot, and answered every need in every conceivable way.

A detail of ten men from "D" Troop, under Sergeant Mullen, sent to augment the original detachment, remained after that detachment had left, until October

31st, when conditions were so far improved that its services could be spared.

The Commissioner of Health, Dr. Dixon, to whom the Governor had committed the ordering of the whole rescue scheme, bears willing testimony to the spirit of the State Police. "These men," says he, "performed their duties of policing the stricken district with rare discretion. They displayed an intelligent consideration for the flood sufferers, combined with a firmness which was admirable."

Mr. H. L. Hosford, Secretary to the Commissioner, thus speaks from his own close observation during those tragic days:

Only a sea of splintered timber covered the site of the lost town. The Austin people were benumbed, panic-stricken, dazed. For two weeks they had no food except what we gave them. The Health Department offered the men—those men whose all was swept away—a dollar and seventy-five cents a day to work in the ruins. But they could only stand and stare. With the dead, the hurt, the starving, and the shelterless, we had also to think of this stunned, hopeless, idle crowd. And the State Police, moving among them, were marvelous. Firm always, they were always patient, always kindly, *and they understood.* They helped and managed those poor people as no one and nothing else could have done. Their judgment, their tact, and their discretion were beyond all praise. Without them, what should we have had to help us? We should have had some nineteen-year-old boys, in blue coats, with guns in their hands, without any experience whatever, and with the judgment of nineteen-year-old boys.

This topic should not be left without a glance at the triumphal pæan that the Philadelphia *North American* found cause to write on October 7th:

A fine record was broken in Pennsylvania this week. . . . For the first time in its noble history the Red Cross, coming with characteristic promptness to a scene of disaster, death, and suffering, turned its back upon it and said: "There is nothing for us to do." It was simply the greatest compliment ever paid to an American State for an unprecedented exhibition of humanitarian efficiency. . . . Ever since the time of its inception exactly thirty years ago, the Red Cross had been first in the field in the hour of disaster, bringing order out of feeble though well meant efforts by cities and States to meet "the instant need of things." It was so in the Michigan fires of 1881, in the yellow fever plague in Florida in 1888, in the Johnstown flood of 1889, in the South Carolina hurricane of 1893, in tidal-wave-swept Galveston in 1900, in the Martinique and the San Francisco earthquakes of later years. . . . But when the National Director of the Red Cross went in person to Austin . . . he saw what the Health Department of Pennsylvania was doing under the personal direction of Dr. Samuel Dixon and his aides; he grasped instantly the team-work in the installation of order by Groome's State Constabulary, working in perfect unison with the Dixon forces; he saw how an adjutant general had regarded his office not as an ornamental one. . . . And for the first time in Red Cross history, the National Director went home and reported that the situation was so "admirably in hand" that assistance was not needed. . . . "In the name of the National Committee we congratulate Pennsylvanians."

Mark you, says the *North American*, he said "Pennsylvanians" not "Pennsylvania." Shall a malodorous State Government "misruled by grafters," shall "the pirates of Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg receive credit for the work of Dixon, Groome, and Stewart?"

There never has been a moment that we have not known that if the gang masters dared pollute the work of Dixon,

our health department would be immediately degraded into a dirty but powerful political machine. They do not retire him for the one reason that they dare not.

And so with John C. Groome, who, when a trust was given into his charge, damned politics and ignored county and State bosses and went to the trained, disciplined, cool-headed, hard-bitten men of the regular army for recruits for the Constabulary, that even in times of hottest popular passion do not engage in hysteria or frightened gun play, but quietly, inflexibly, and dispassionately do the work of order. . . .

We think that in the wiser days to come there may be a replacement of a certain statue that stands in a niche in the rotunda of the Capitol by a bronze tablet reproducing that tribute of the Red Cross to "Pennsylvanians."

CHAPTER XV

THE COSSACK HORDE

THE remaining legislative history of the Force is negative in character. The Legislature of 1913 defeated a bill to add one hundred and twenty men to the State Police body. The Legislature of 1915 defeated a similar bill. It also rejected in Senate Committee a proposal to make it compulsory that members of the State Police Force be citizens of Pennsylvania and to provide that married men may be enlisted. This latter move was, obviously, designed as an entering wedge—an attempt to convert the Force into material for political patronage. To rob the Superintendent of his right to recruit from the finest citizenry stock of the country, wherever he might find it, and then to compel him to accept married men as recruits, would have gone a long way toward pulling the Force down into the reach of the spoilers. And had the attempt succeeded, the Force most assuredly would have begun its fall under the guidance of a new Superintendent.

In 1913 a bill introduced by a Mr. Stein, at the instance of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, deliberately proposed to curtail the State's right to use her own Police Force. "The State Police Force," it ran, "shall not, under any circumstances, be called on to act in case of any strike or lockout or in any dispute or trouble growing out of the relationship between employers of labor and their employees."

But the Legislature refused to degrade the State to the position of the furtive spectator of a prize fight conniving with hands down while the combatants shatter the laws. The Pottsville *Republican*, in a widely copied editorial, said of the grotesque notion:

> Does Mr. Stein want to tell law-defying owners of big business that if their workmen are not satisfied with their working conditions, the employer may hire a gang of toughs to shoot them down because they will not go to work, and that no State Police power dare be invoked to stop said slaughter? Does Mr. Stein wish to encourage law breaking or crime which sometimes becomes associated with industrial disputes? . . . The Stein bill is an insult to labor and an insult to every decent employer of labor in the State of Pennsylvania. The workingmen should be the first to repudiate it, for it carries with it possibilities which may be taken by some of the anarchistic capitalists and by hot-headed and irresponsible so-called workingmen for a license for them to use any tactics which they may desire to intimidate either striking workmen or employers of labor.
>
> . . . The State Police have no right to interfere in any labor dispute but they have the right and should have the right to quell any disturbance which may grow from any source, whether from a ball conducted by the "Four Hundred" or a row at a baseball game or an outbreak of violence in a district where a strike or lockout may be in progress.

Even in this intelligent statement survives that strange confusion that sees a debatable difference between the rights of the State and the rights of the State's Police—survives the failure clearly to grasp the basic truth that the State's Police is like the sword in the hand of Justice, utterly powerless to act of itself

or on its own choice or initiative, endowed with motion only by the hand that wields it, and then moving as one with that hand and endued with the whole strength of the goddess.

A gruesomely humorous illustration of the possibilities contained in an elder agency for handling " troubles growing out of labor disputes" was afforded in Westmoreland County, once upon a time, when nine thousand miners went out on strike. Disorders ensuing that seemingly justified the local authorities' appeal for aid, a part of "A" Troop and one platoon of "D" Troop were detailed to the scene, where they remained for a considerable period, protecting life and property in the large area inhabited by the nine thousand men. Almost from the first a mysterious influence emanating from the sheriff of the County operated to impede the detachment's work in every possible way.

Hampered beyond the point where endurance was wise, the Troop commander investigated the affair; then the Philadelphia *North American* printed the following despatch:

> Sheriff John E. Shields was to-day arrested on charges of extortion, embezzlement, and perjury. . . . The arrest of the Sheriff comes as a climax to the recent investigation into his conduct of the strike of the coal miners of Westmoreland County by Controller John D. Hitchman. The investigation . . . showed that the Sheriff charged the coal companies $1.50 per day for each deputy employed, in addition to their wages. The striking miners, it was shown, were also charged at the same rate for protection.

The sheriff, it was alleged, had put about one hundred thousand dollars into his own pocket during that happy period before his career was checked. And he had ac-

tually been making the State Police purveyors to his rising fortunes.

His method, as explained, was this: As the troopers arrested a misdemeanant and brought him to jail, the sheriff would receive him gladly, register him duly, and then, in the privacy of the jail, quickly swear him in as a deputy sheriff, pin a badge on his coat, thrust a revolver into his hand, fill his pockets with cartridges, and let him out by the back door loose again upon the community.

The sheriff's personal profits contingent upon this one act were threefold. First, although the man had been in the jail but a few hours at most, his name was retained on the books for thirty days, and charges were accordingly collected from the county. Second, as an additional peace officer sorely needed in a sorely disordered district, he could be charged to the account either of the strikers or of their employers, at a sum privately netting the sheriff a dollar and a half a day. Third, as a lusty rascal armed with a revolver, and not too dull to know what he was expected to do with it, he could be trusted to keep the good work going; and in such a situation it mattered not at all which side of the war he joined. So that the fight be kept alive, all was one to the sheriff.

At last, in the merry history, the coal companies grew restive under the discovery that the little State Police detail was doing all the work while many hundreds of deputy sheriffs, sitting about idly when not more noxiously employed, were regularly drawing pay. So the coal companies discharged the deputies.

"If you don't keep my deputies," said the sheriff, "I won't keep the State Police."

"We won't keep your deputies," said the coal companies.

So the sheriff officially notified Major Groome that peace reigned and the troopers were no longer needed. The superintendent at once ordered the detail back to barracks.

That night, after the detachment's departure, mischief broke loose all over Westmoreland County. Riots burst out where before there had been no trouble at all, and everywhere in the midst of them, men said, were found busy deputy sheriffs. The charge was not proved that the sheriff deliberately instigated these riots. So much else was proven that such a trifle might even have been burdensome. But the Governor himself sent back the State Police, over the head of the sheriff; and the sheriff went to the Penitentiary for a two years' term. Immediately on his return to freedom, he was again nominated for his old office by the radical vote, but, almost surprisingly for one of his courage and ingenuity, he was defeated at the polls.

Innumerable are the entanglements, the obliquities, the wheels within wheels that develop when sheriffs of this type, deputy sheriffs, and special constables are ranged one against another in the course of confused disputes. In consequence of disorders attendant upon another strike—disorders in which blood had been shed and much ill-feeling roused, and where the State Police had at last been called in, the Court issued an injunction forbidding strikers to parade over a certain road leading past the company's plant. The strikers therefore ached to do this very thing. The company's gunmen or special constables equally ached to catch them at it, and, spoiling for a fight, lurked in ambush at the foot of the hill down which the road led. Meanwhile the deputy sheriffs, the situation's third side, wooed every

chance to stir the broth, since the longer trouble lasted the heavier grew their money-bags.

So, on a certain bright afternoon, the strikers formed, several hundred strong, and, with a flag at their head, started boldly down the forbidden road, shouting. Before them, leading the way, strode a deputy sheriff.

"Follow me, brothers," proclaimed he, superbly. "I am your friend. *I* know your rights. No tyrant shall bar your way while *I* am here."

Midway down the hill one single horseman, a State Police captain, rode into the path and halted. The crowd laughed.

"Out of the road!" cried the leader. "I am here to see these brothers get their dues. American citizens can go anywhere!"—And well he knew that he was leading the flock to their death at the hands of the gunmen, down that hill.

But the strikers, simple folk, cheered heartily.

"Still, you will not go down this road," observed the officer.

"How can *you* stop us!" sneered the deputy, and the crowd laughed again.

"With the power at my command," replied the Captain of "A" Troop, laying his hand on his holster.

"Then," screamed the other, "you would be tried for murder!"

"Maybe," agreed the officer, mildly, "but *you*—wouldn't be at the trial."

So then, still led by the deputy, all the people turned about and went back where they came from.

Another true story goes to mark another of the main channels by which cross-currents flow. The scene was again a region tormented by disorders incident upon some industrial dispute. The sheriff had summoned

MAJOR LYNN G. ADAMS

Present Superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Police
As Captain of "A" Troop, 1917

the State Police to his help, and a detachment had gone on duty there. One day it came to the ears of the corporation officials that the strikers were planning a great parade, past the company's plant. Bearing the news to Captain Lynn G. Adams, commanding the State Police detachment, the corporation's manager asked that the parade be stopped. "For if they parade," said he, "it will intimidate our workmen."

"If they parade in an orderly manner, I have no authority to prevent them," replied Captain Adams.

"Then," retorted the manager, "I must do it myself, with our own armed guards. So take your men away."

"No," said the captain.

"Well, then, you'll have to go on and stop the thing yourself," the manager finished, "and you'll never have to shoot, either. If you'll just put your men on that road, the paraders will turn back—they're afraid of you."

"I know that," replied the captain; and then he took the trouble to explain to the man that did not understand:

"Ninety-nine times out of a hundred they would stop. But on the hundredth time they might not stop. Then I should have either to fire or to back down. The State Police has always been right and it has never backed down yet. My men all know the law. If I should put them in such a position just once, the next time they might say to themselves: 'The Captain was wrong that other day—probably he's wrong now.' Then good-bye the State Police!"

But, in the matter of sheriffs, not all sheriffs are sorrows, by any manner of means. In the State of Pennsylvania many honest, brave, and excellent men hold that office, and among them it is a pleasure to

render particular tribute to the present sheriff of Luzerne County, Mr. George F. Buss.

Sheriff Buss is a tailor by calling. He has earnestly served in the National Guard since he was old enough to enlist, he has a mind to public usefulness, and, as the last elections came on, the fancy took him to be sheriff of the county. He was ill in bed at the time of his accession to office, and was hardly more than able to rise when the report of the Dupont church riot reached his ears.

Now, the true inwardness of a Polish church riot in Wyoming Valley is too prolix a matter to load upon these pages. It concerns graft, it concerns speculations, it concerns jealousies, it concerns disobedience to the Bishop, and at last it concerns defiance of the courts and violent resistance to the officers of the Law. But any possible aspect of religion it concerns in no wise at all. Around this particular church at Dupont the war-clouds had been hanging for a considerable time. With the previous sheriff there had been some gestures. With Sheriff Buss, there was action just as soon as the court suggested action to his mind.

Those who open their attack upon the sovereignty of the State of Pennsylvania with the desperate attempt to disarm her by snatching her shield and sword from her hand, employ strange tactics now and again. Taking the annual report of the State Police Department they select from the long official summary of arrests the figures found under the captions "Drunk and Disorderly," "Disorderly Conduct," "Assault and Battery," "Vagrancy," "Trespassing," "Rioting," "Unlawful Possession of Firearms." With fighting obstinacy they then affirm that every misdemeanant listed under these heads must be one of their own clan, one of the

element whose purposes they represent, and that he has been seized in the course of a strike.

Surely no one but a labor "leader" would care to make such a charge, and for a twofold reason: First, that it is a cruel thing to brand the striker as the sole exponent of seven several wickednesses; and, second, that the records of the State Police Department, showing the exact date and circumstances under which every arrest ever made by a State officer occurred, prove that an exceedingly small number of arrests for any cause have at any time been made by the State Police during strike periods.

A careful estimate made by the Department of State Police and officially rendered in December, 1915, showed that from the day that the Force first took the field, in 1906, up to the date of that report, the time spent by the Force on riot duty averaged one day a man a year.

In the year 1915, the Force made 3027 arrests for over 80 different kinds of crime. Of these arrests, 32 were for rioting, 38 for rape, 42 for murder, 48 for burglary, 268 for larceny.

But such a riot as Sheriff Buss went out to face at Dupont was a particular matter. It was the worst riot that had occurred in ten years in all that quarter of the State. It had nothing whatever to do with labor questions. And the arrests were not few.

The President Judge of the County Court had instructed Sheriff Buss to give police protection to the priest of the parish, in taking due possession of the church. Knowing that trouble would ensue, the sheriff asked for a guard of State Police to enable him to perform this duty. Captain Leon S. Pitcher, commanding "B" Troop, accordingly detailed twelve men, and himself accompanied the detail.

Arriving at the church, the party saw a crowd of a thousand persons, men and women, gathered within the church, in the churchyard, on the church porches, even in the balcony of the steeple. And the mob was armed with crowbars, mine-posts, clubs, stones, brass knuckles, and other informalities. Stones they had evidently been collecting for some time, for the church steps and porches and even the steeple gallery were piled with them. The women, in addition to these common weapons, had provided themselves with innumerable glass bottles, containing mustard and pepper.

"I thought," says Sheriff Buss, in narrating the tale, "that the people would listen to me. All of them know me well. So I walked up to the church gate and said: 'You see, I am your friend. I only want to show you the right. It is my duty to protect your priest. You must let him pass.'"

At that the mob broke loose. With a torrent of loathly language, they let fly a volley of rocks. Captain Pitcher, who stood in the gate by the sheriff's side, was struck a terrific blow full in the face in the first instant. Badly hurt, he dropped, unconscious. The sheriff was felled with a rock. Private Humer sustained a compound fracture of the skull, that nearly cost him his life. Private Stevenson's shoulder blade was split. Corporal Carlson's arm was broken. One trooper's upper jaw was crushed and his teeth were knocked out.

All this happened in the first impact. In a moment Captain Pitcher was up again. He freed his eyes as well as he could from streaming blood and from the mustard and bits of broken glass that a motherly soul had implanted there in the moment that he lay helpless

at her feet. Then he telephoned the barracks for twenty men.

The crowd occupied the interval in ripping the heavier pickets off the fence; these, because of the rusty nails protruding from their ends, made weapons suited to their taste.

By virtue of the remarkable work done by Sergeant William Clark, who displayed much resourcefulness, the reënforcements arrived by automobile in the shortest time humanly possible. Again the sheriff called upon the crowd to disperse. Again his demand evoked a storm of stones and invectives. Then, led by Captain Pitcher, the troopers charged.

Now it must be remembered that although the rioters in the churchyard itself were within reach of the troopers' riot-sticks, only the original detail had been mounted and some of the mounts were already helpless, blood gushing from their mouths and eyes from the ferocious clubbing and gouging inflicted upon them by the crowd. Meantime, the garrison on the porches and in the steeple balcony held a commanding position from which to hurl their missiles.

With an extraordinary stubbornness the mob held its ground, fighting with its long-handled, sharp-edged mine shovels, with lengths of lead pipe, brass knuckles, crowbars, with nail-studded pickets, and with heavy oak clubs bristling with nails, while the church building catapulted stones mingled with the Amazonian fire of mustard, pepper, and splintering glass.

But little by little the crowd was driven back, subdued; one by one the ringleaders were cut out and herded into the church basement.

Among the first captives so lodged were five men captured by Private Blaine G. Walters. The Scranton

Republican next day related that during the earlier fighting the church bell pealed incessantly. Trooper Walters, detailed to investigate the ringing, which was afterward learned to be a summons for recruits to the mob, climbed over a transom in the rear of the church, and, unseen, made his way into the belfry.

The *Republican* said:

> Looking up, he spied five men perched high in the steeple, one ringing the bell while the others kept watch. Walters called to them to come down, they refusing and threatening the trooper if he attempted to come up after them. A small ladder was the only means of reaching the men, so Walters began to ascend cautiously, climbing the rear side of the ladder so that he could keep facing the bell-ringers. When he reached about the centre of the belfry, one of them advanced down the ladder with a large club. In the fight that followed, Walters managed to beat his adversary off, throwing him to the ground. This show of pluck on the part of the trooper sufficiently cowed the other four rioters, who submitted to arrest without any further trouble. Walters marched his five prisoners to the basement.

Finally, the last insurgent, save those imprisoned, had taken to his or her heels, and it was possible to survey the scene quietly. One rioter was dying, killed by a revolver shot. Many were bruised. Five doctors, summoned by the sheriff, were busy giving relief. But the troopers, not one of whom had escaped scatheless, had sustained the most serious injuries, and their horses, having displayed as always an all-of-human loyalty to their masters in peril, had suffered cruelly for their faithful hearts. Only one firearm had been discharged during the entire affair in the sheriff's party, and that one was not discharged by a State Police officer. Seventy-eight male rioters, under guard

in the basement of the church, awaited the arrival of the sheriff's wagons.

Brought before the President Judge, these were held in two thousand dollars bail each. Of the seventy-eight, every one gave his nationality as Austrian. Sixty-eight were Austrian subjects, four were naturalized citizens of the United States, and the remaining six had applied for first naturalization papers. More than half of the seventy-eight could neither read nor write.

As soon as Sheriff Buss could make time to sit down at his desk, he addressed the following letter to the Superintendent of State Police.

. . . I desire to express my appreciation for the services rendered by your Troops at Dupont, last Sunday, when we were attacked by a mob of nearly one thousand people while endeavoring to execute an order of the Luzerne County Court.

Every man present on that occasion displayed the utmost courage and bravery. . . . The splendid discipline of the men under the most difficult conditions is a source of the greatest satisfaction to all the law-abiding people of this community, and we hear nothing but the highest praise for their conduct on that occasion. The entire community has expressed its sympathy for the unfortunate Troopers who sustained injuries, and I assure you that it will afford me the greatest pleasure to extend every assistance to them until they have effected a complete recovery.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, on January 22, 1916, made this editorial comment on the affair:

Throughout the struggle the troopers kept their heads remarkably well. They were murderously assailed and the law would have protected them in defending themselves with bullets meant to kill. But not a shot was fired. . . .

The mob was well organized. Out in Youngstown not long ago those who destroyed so much property were not organized. Had they been, they would have swept the town from end to end, and killed at will. Ohio has no State Police. It ought to have. So ought every State in the Union.

The State's troopers did splendid work at Dupont, just as they always do. They made it possible for the orders of the court to be obeyed. In the old days the mob would have had its way and law would have been defied successfully, or else at great expense the militia would have been summoned, with probable shooting or bayoneting.

The Pennsylvania Legislature did a wise thing when it created the State Police. It would have continued in the paths of wisdom had it increased the size of the force, which is almost pitifully small. But . . . it has been afraid to perform its duty. It has listened to the opponents . . . instead of to the dictates of common sense, forgetful of the fact that no one is opposed to the State Police except those who sympathize with mob rule.

We are hearing a good deal about preparedness. . . . But there is such a thing as preparedness in a State. What is the best way to enforce order when the spirit of the mob is abroad? Unquestionably the answer lies in the organization of a force of State Police large enough to handle any emergency.

For genuine preparedness—the State Police!

The comment of a famous police official of long and wide experience was tuned to an even graver key:

We undoubtedly need to be prepared, but not for any foreign foe. We *cannot* escape our share of the horrors and suffering that the rest of the world is now enduring. Our turn is bound to come, and soon. When it does come, I believe it will come not through Germany or Japan, but through the lawless element in this country. When it

does start, it will start in many widely separated places at one and the same time. It will run like a prairie fire. *And we have no fire department.*

It was in October, 1915, that the Wilkes-Barre street car strike began. To-day, over twelve months later, that strike is still current. Much rioting, much dynamiting, much cowardly boycotting and assault, much criminal activity has marked its progress, during which the victimized city has offered a strange lesson to a nation that can ill afford to let it pass unmarked. At one period, tributary disorders grew so great in the territory surrounding the city that the presence of the entire State Police squadron was necessary to keep the peace. As to the city itself, the Mayor, for reasons of his own, was long determined not to invite the State's arm to operate within the limits of his jurisdiction. Facing the necessity of some extraordinary step, he therefore had recourse to hiring a body of ex-policemen from Philadelphia to supplement the Wilkes-Barre corps. The new recruits, however, took so promptly to the saloons, it was said, and proved so generally rough and unmanageable, that the authorities were obliged almost at once to lock them up until they could be shipped back to their own place.

"The city spent thousands of dollars in hiring special policemen to preserve the law and maintain order," the Mayor now testifies, "but the experiment was very costly and the results not so satisfactory as we desired them."

Dynamiting, rioting, destruction of property and brutal attacks even upon the few women who dared to ride in the cars, multiplied within city limits, and the municipal authorities were boldly defied. Month

after month passed. Still the scandal grew and still the Mayor could not bring himself to do the thing that the rioting section of his constituents would hate—to ask the State Police to enter the city and give her peace.

At last, as late as September, 1916, the Mayor succumbed. Patiently though they had endured a year of crazy tumult, the people, it seems, had at last been driven to return to the street cars in large numbers. The hardship and loss of time entailed by walking everywhere in all conditions and in all weathers, and the treatment accorded them by the jitney owners, had combined to make them determine to risk their lives in the regularly running but empty trams. Then the murderous attacks of rioters redoubled. Forced to protect the peaceful citizens, the Mayor ordered his city police to ride on the cars. This a large percentage of them refused to do, and on October 10th there were twenty-three vacancies on the city force. Compelled thus by certain desperate occasions, the Mayor turned to the State Police—with the usual result.

Meantime a most curious phenomenon had been developing. The United Mine Workers of America as represented in the Wyoming Valley had actually flung themselves bodily into the arms of the Cossack horde! Scared, bullied, driven, murderously assaulted, they had run to their often-proved and ever-faithful lawful protectors crying for help. And the help, as always, had been extended with a strong and generous hand.

During the spring months, agitators of the Industrial Workers of the World, in flying visits, had added their weight to the burdens laid upon the Wyoming Valley. Among the Italian coal-miners they found a ready ear for their doctrine of violence, and soon were ranging

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CAPTAIN LEON S. PITCHER AND LIEUTENANT WILSON C. PRICE

these people in arms against their neighbors and fellow-laborers, the United Mine Workers of America. Of the latter organization many of the Italians were members, but the I. W. W. propaganda proved strong magic to draw them away from the earlier bond. The whole social scheme being wrong, all work must stop. Attacks upon the United Mine Workers going to and from their employment increased daily in numbers and in violence. The miners had no desire to strike, wanted to earn their bread, and went in terror of their lives. Again and again did they and the women of their households appeal to the Sheriffs of Luzerne and Lackawanna Counties for protection. Again and again were details from "B" Troop sent to their relief.

Near Dupont, upon an early occasion, several hundreds of miners in conclave were set upon by a gang of I. W. W.'s so malignant in their threats that the union men dared not stir. A hurry call was telephoned to the Wyoming barracks, to which Captain Pitcher responded by ordering to the spot the three State Police officers at the nearest substation. These three troopers promptly arrested and conveyed to jail thirty-five of the I. W. W. demonstrators and dispersed the rest, releasing the union miners from their duress.

Again, in April, 1916, entirely against the will of the United Mine Workers, the I. W. W. leaders decided to close down certain of the collieries about Scranton. The method employed by the I. W. W.'s was to picket the collieries in the early morning hours, from four o'clock until seven, to urge the men not to go to work, and then, if unsuccessful by that means, to attack them and drive them off by force. Here again, another able officer, Sheriff Phillips of Lackawanna County, called upon the State Police to protect the United

Mine Workers, and in three days' time this locality was restored to peace.

Not only did appeals to the State Police from locals of United Mine Workers, attacked and in distress, now become frequent, but another union body for the time especially conspicuous at last formally and publicly recognized its best friend. The striking carmen of Wilkes-Barre by one conclusive deed showed their true estimate of the evil words concerning the Force so often thrust into their mouths.

For the Fourth of July they were planning a great picnic. "Labor will show its strength in the Wyoming Valley. . . . All the sons and daughters of toil will get together on this memorable day and sound a high note of freedom. Every union man and wife should be in line." So they heralded it for weeks in advance. They made their preparations on a grand scale. They brought the people out in swarms. But before the day arrived, and in order to make quite sure that all should go off happily and well on an occasion so conspicuous, the Central Labor Union sent a delegation to Captain Pitcher of Wyoming barracks to ask for a detail of four State Police officers to protect the speakers from possible violence should the I. W. W.'s break loose, and to maintain order during the proceedings. Their request was granted, the picnic was a great success, and the orators of the day, chief and most fervid of whom was the President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, gracefully omitted stock references to a bloody Cossack horde whose iron heel grinds the flesh of the struggling workingman.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TABLES TURNED

But the I. W. W.'s were not easily quieted, for the simple reason that their agitators were birds of passage, like to suffer nothing from the trouble they stirred up, while their proselytes were a mass of wild aliens of intelligence too slight or too befogged to grasp the significance of their own acts. And they redoubled their persecutions of the union men. From the files of the State Police Department the following plea may be taken as representative of a large number of similar appeals:

Mocanaqua, Pa., Aug. 15, 1916.

The Commanding Officer,
Troop "B," State Police,
Wyoming, Penn.

Dear Sir:

Local # 1157 United Mine Workers of America, holding a meeting at Mocanaqua, Pa., August 16th, are anticipating trouble from outsiders and desire the protection and presence of Penna. State Police so that we may hold this meeting without interruption or disorder.

Very respectfully,
Alex Smith,
Secretary Local #1157.

By September 3d, the *Scrantonian*, a journal that had heretofore professed bitterest hostility to the State Police, was driven by actual conditions into com-

plete abandonment of an indefensible ground. A fresh outbreak of I. W. W. madness had occurred at Old Forge on September 1st, in which some six hundred rioters had been concerned. Of the ringleaders arrested, says the *Scrantonian*, not one was a citizen of the United States. Of their subject of complaint, their own poster proclamation read:

Working Men:

Twenty thousand mine workers of Minnesota are striking to better the conditions for their families.

The organizers and agitators are put in jail without reason.

We, the Anthracite Region Miners, want to help and protest at this outrage, and declare from to-day a general strike.

Workers: It is a duty of ours to help and fight the outrage in favor of our comrades who have been put in jail to see that they get their freedom.

Workingmen:

Don't go to work to-day. Don't be an accomplice to the crime which the Steel Co. are guilty of. We have at this time some deliberations.

First—All prisoners must be liberated.

Second—Abolition of contract work.

Third—Better wages and more respect.

Hurrah for solidarity and for general strike!

THE COMMITTEE.

This appeal, it seems, moved the union men not at all. Ettor himself had preached to them from time to time. Perhaps he had endeavored to charm their fancies with the picture presented to that great New York audience in Carnegie Hall that he and his confrère Giovanetti addressed—the picture of a glorious strike to come, in which the city subway should be

clogged, stuffed, stopped, with the bodies of the dead—with bodies of train-crews, and of the common people going about their work—all heaped in one colossal, bleeding wreck by scientific, heroic, admirable sabotage.

Indignantly, the *Scrantonian* goes on:

When the strike was first declared it was stated that it was because Joe Ettor and the leaders of the anarchistic organization had been imprisoned in the West. It was further stated that the strike would continue till its mischief makers were liberated. The strike is, therefore, not due to any action on the part of the United Mine Workers, but to the members of the I. W. W., who have caused similar disturbances in the past.

While they talk about the preservation of peace and their coöperation with authorities, they have not only created disturbances but have defied authority.

The *Scrantonian* does not like that! Continuing, it prints the resolutions adopted by the I. W. W. strikers at their mass meeting. One resolution practically identical with that again and again adopted in times past by striking federated labor bodies particularly arouses the *Scrantonian's* wrath, in that it demands of the civil authorities that no State Police with their "over-riding, over-bearing, un-American methods" be brought into the borough, "as the striking miners will guarantee that no disturbance shall take place to affect the peace and quiet of the residents."

Says the *Scrantonian:*

That resolution, simply means "Let us have our own way and we won't make any trouble" and can only be construed as a covered defiance of the properly constituted authorities. Yesterday one of the strikers, who was probably at the meeting when the above resolution was

framed, attacked a State Constable and got his head pretty well battered for his folly. The fellow is now in the county jail with two of his fellow-strikers who will not let peaceable men work.

The whole argument of the *Scrantonian*, fierce enemy of the Force that it has hitherto been, presents so perfect an example, in every least detail, of the complete reversal of the old union labor position—a reversal logically bound to come whenever union labor should have found itself not the assailant but the assailed—that, despite its length, it must be given here.

The vile conditions in the saloons, brothels, and other dens in Old Forge are largely responsible for existing conditions. There is no regard for law, and little attempt made to enforce it if the workers of iniquity stand in with the powers that be. . . . Meanwhile the members of the I. W. W. are being permitted to do pretty much as they please as far as the local authorities are concerned and outside interference is absolutely necessary, while it is pretty safe to say that the State Constabulary will take a hand in cleaning up things.

The Force is maintained by the Commonwealth for just such service, and as the I. W. W. is openly opposed to the laws of the land, to property and business rights, etc., ringleaders in the Old Forge disturbances will do well to stop and think for a little while before they carry their nonsense any farther. . . .

The State Constabulary is made up, for the most part, of as fine a class of men as ever wore uniforms. They will interfere with no law-abiding citizens, but when it comes to the performance of duty the only law known to them is obedience. It is their high quality that the I. W. W. fears, hence the fake argument for their being kept away from Old Forge and the open threat that their presence will lead

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

DAY BEGINS

to violence. If the time has come when State officers of the law may not go where their services are required, then there is something radically wrong. . . .

The law gives men the right to organize for peaceful purposes and even for self-protection. . . . But the law does not permit any body of men to flaunt defiance at legally constituted authority, and that is what is done in the resolutions printed above.

Examination of the daily reports of "B" Troop at this period develops the fact not only that almost the whole time of the Troop is devoted to the protection of United Mine Workers, but that the troopers are crowding two and a half union working days into one to cover the duty.

Taking the day of September 6th as an example, it appears that at five o'clock in the morning details were already on duty in the vicinity of five different groups of collieries to protect union men going to their work. But, because fifty men were too few to cover the whole field at once, some disorder nevertheless took place. For example, a savage outbreak led by a band of maniacal women occurred at Browntown, an unprotected point, and the beleaguered miners, in peril of their lives, raised a long, loud cheer as a little detail of troopers came galloping to their rescue. Attacks multiplied all through the day and many miners in uncovered situations were cruelly beaten.

That night the United Mine Workers again begged for protection for their own mass-meeting, while union leaders worked desperately to keep their men together. It was, quite literally, a question of the union's life. "If the I. W. W. succeeds here, the unions must go," said board-member Peter O'Donnell.

At this point, it is interesting to recall the bill intro-

duced in the Legislature of 1913 by the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor.[1] Had Mr. Stein's measure become law the State Police would thereby have been forbidden to lift a finger to protect the United Mine Workers of the Wyoming valley from any enormity that their ferocious enemies might have chosen to invent. And it would probably have cost the United Mine Workers' organization its life.

On September 7th, two union men's homes were dynamited, and the burgess of Old Forge, it was stated, despite his alleged connivance at I. W. W. outrages, was frightened into moving his family out of the place. The I. W. W. threatened to destroy his house, with his family in it, unless he secured the withdrawal of the State Police.

At a meeting of United Mine Workers convened near the Heidelberg Colliery that morning, while union leaders were fervently exhorting the miners to remain loyal to their organization, a large force of I. W. W.'s burst in, got many unionists to leave, and then broke up the meeting by wild disorder. The Heidelberg Colliery was lying idle, and the United Mine Workers were being held back from work, solely by I. W. W. terrorization.

It was during September 7th, also, that the I. W. W.'s, who until now had used missiles, knives, clubs, and brass knuckles in their onslaughts, began to attack the union men with guns, firing even at the little breaker-boys, children of union men, on the way to work. But by rushing in automobiles from one colliery to another, the Troop details were able to prevent any outbreak gaining headway. The Troop's mileage that day reached one thousand two hundred and twenty-three miles.

[1] See pp. 209–10 ante.

On the night of the 7th, the president of the United Mine Workers' Local again entreated protection for his people's meeting to be held in Dupont. Here the I. W. W.'s, intruding, were so infuriated by the union men's continued desire to work that they burst forth into a demonstration that would have been murderous but for the presence of a strong State Police detachment.

Some idea of the abnormal and concentrated nature of the service now demanded of "B" Troop may be gathered from the regular report of the commanding officer, covering the 11th of September. This report chances to concern the day on which the mayor of Wilkes-Barre decided to call the State's arm to the aid of his long-harried city.

On account of the enforcement of the jitney ordinance on this date Mayor John V. Kozak, through Sheriff George F. Buss, requested the assistance of the State Police to quell any disturbance that might arise in the city of Wilkes-Barre. . . .

In view of the above fact, a detail consisting of Lieutenant Price, First Sergeant Smith, Sergeant Dearolf, Corporal Stevenson, and seventeen privates was stationed at the Wilkes-Barre Court House throughout the day. Of this detail four men were stationed at four different entrances of the city to assist the Wilkes-Barre police. . . . Later, upon request of the Mayor, the total detail was moved from the Court House to the City Hall at 7.30 P.M., as rioting was anticipated at any minute in the Square; hundreds of people had congregated at this point and it was becoming more difficult for the local police to control the crowd.

At 8.00 P.M., Mayor Kozak stated to Lieutenant Price that the situation was beyond the control of his officers, and requested the Lieutenant and his detail to proceed to the Square and disperse the crowd. The detail proceeded to the Square and began moving the crowd, and in five

minutes the Square was cleared and order restored. . . . One arrest was made by our detail. . . . In addition to preserving order in the Square . . . the detail dispersed crowds at Hancock and Market Streets and Scott Street, East End; also order was preserved at a fire which occurred at Northampton and Washington streets. This detail was on duty from 5 A.M. September 11th to 1 A.M. September 12th.

In addition to the above duty the balance of the Troop patrolled at collieries in the upper end of Luzerne County, and Old Forge, Lackawanna County, at which points disorder was quelled, the same being caused by I. W. W. activities. The above details were on duty from 4.30 A.M. to 6.00 P.M., and remained on reserve at barracks until 12.00 midnight, at which time they retired. The entire Troop for the past ten days has been on duty continuously, arising at 3.30 A.M. in order that they may reach the different points by the time the miners start to work. The majority of them remain on duty during the day, doing reserve duty at night. The long hours are absolutely necessary, due to the conditions which exist in Luzerne and Lackawanna counties.

The "disorders" so lightly touched in the final paragraph might have received more extended notice from another pen. In Dupont, during the day of the 11th, a crowd of from twelve to fifteen thousand persons gathered in the streets listening to harangues of I. W. W. agitators from New York, Chicago, and Minnesota, who worked their hearers into frenzy with their outrageous tongues. Sheriff Buss walked into this assembly and warned it that disorder would not be tolerated, whereupon the mob turned upon him. The six State Policemen who formed the sheriff's escort knew themselves too few to handle a mob of that dimension and temper without resort to their revolvers; so, arresting a

ringleader, they backed out of the crowd to the sheriff's car under cover of their own guns.

At Exeter, during this same morning, the two troopers allotted to protect the union men at that point were obliged to call for help from the barracks to save the miners from the ferocity of their enemies.

And thus, while the Carmen's Union mob in Wilkes-Barre was shouting "Scab!" at the detachment of State's officers that had responded to the mayor's call to save the city's peace and people from violence at their hands other detachments of State's officers were arresting men for shouting "Scab!" at United Mine Workers and for seeking United Mine Workers' lives. And but for that strong intervention many miners' lives would undoubtedly have been sacrificed, and many miners' homes reduced to shreds and ashes.

The Wilkes-Barre *Record* of September 12th relates that the I. W. W.'s have begun an effective campaign of terrorization by means of night visits. "The fear that these men have inspired in the union miners is almost unbelievable," it exclaims.

In fulfillment of the threats of their nocturnal emissaries, the I. W. W.'s now began individual attacks. One victim was John Panuskey of Dupont, who, because he would not quit the union, nearly lost his life. The Philadelphia *Record's* despatch said of this incident next day:

> Panuskey is hovering between life and death. He was set upon by a band of four I. W. W.'s at midnight while on his way home from work. He was asked to join the "Reds" and, when he refused, was terribly beaten. One of the assailants drew a knife and hacked his face and body. When he was almost dead he was left in the field and the I. W. W. force departed. . . . John Fabor and Andrew Bruno were

arrested by State troopers to-day, charged with being members of the assaulting band.

Greater, however, than the union men's dread of murder by visible hands was their dread of dynamite at night. The weapon had so often been used on their own behalf against non-union men that they knew its terrors well. Frank Loughney, for the usual offense of having refused to leave the union for the I. W. W.'s, but narrowly escaped death when his house in Cork Lane was shattered by explosives during the black hours of sleep. The floors of the house were blown out and Loughney and his wife dropped from the second story into the cellar. Both were terribly shaken and bruised. And this was but one of the many union families attacked by the coward's messenger. At Duryea a feature was the destruction of the school-house, recently finished at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, by fire.

Sheriff Buss daily issued many temporary deputies' licenses to union men in order that they might lawfully carry revolvers for the defense of their lives, and he promised—and they knew he would keep his word—to protect them to the full extent of his power. But the men were fairly melting with fear. It was at best an open question whether they could bear the strain, whether union officers could prevent their dissolving in panic and, however unwillingly, leaving their own organization for the hated "Reds."

Lackawanna County was keeping well abreast of Luzerne during all this period. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, on September 18th, published an interesting review in the form of a Scranton despatch. After dealing with the long troubles of the summer—

with the life of battles, beatings, bloodshed, and terror by night and by noontide endured by the union men —it took up the situation of the day.

Three weeks ago, the second strike in Old Forge was called by the Industrial Workers, although they made no demands on the mine owners for more wages or shorter hours. They simply struck for the sake of striking, and hundreds of pickets, thronging the streets of the town, prevented Union men from going to work. Town police sympathized with the disturbers, although men were being beaten up every day and murder threats were frequent. Burgess Martin Memolo, himself a former organizer of the United Mine Workers, insisted that conditions were peaceable in the borough! Then Sheriff Phillips tried to settle the strike. Following conferences with the leaders in the beginning of the week of September 11th, he believed he had succeeded. . . . But as soon as the sheriff's men were withdrawn, the strikers called a meeting at which a resolution was passed decreeing that the sheriff and the leader of the State Police should be killed, while pledging themselves to continue to fight.

This touch was too much for Sheriff Phillips. He knew perfectly well that the bloody resolution was no idle bravado, but that it was abundantly certain of going into effect whenever safe opportunity offered. He was reliably informed, also, that the I. W. W. leaders at Old Forge were planning to hold their daily meeting on September 14th, contrary both to their promise and to his own explicit orders; that they intended precipitating a general outbreak on the following day; and that on that same day, September 15th, they meant to fire the fuse for a grand explosion in a distant quarter of the county, so that the sheriff should be unable to cope with the double crisis.

If the meeting called for the noon of the 14th was allowed to take place, the two widely separated outbreaks designed for the next day would follow in due order. Could the sheriff stop it? The sheriff conceived a means with which the incendiaries, blindly enough, were not reckoning. He appealed to the Black Hussars.

Lieutenant Wilson C. Price and sixteen troopers were patrolling about Old Forge on the morning of the 14th, for the protection of the union men. After such of these as dared to appear had been safeguarded on their errands, Lieutenant Price led his detail straight down the main thoroughfare and away, as if homeward bound for Wyoming barracks. Once out of sight, however, the lieutenant changed his course, swung into the cover of a wood, and, making a detour of the town, reached a point about a mile back of the hall in which the I. W. W. meeting was to take place. There the detail waited, out of sight.

By eleven o'clock the strangely named "Industrial Workers" began gathering at the hall. Mrs. Schwartz, wife of the proprietor, refused them entrance and repeated the sheriff's prohibition.

"To hell with the sheriff! We are going to meet here and no sheriff shall stop us," shouted a leader and, dashing the woman aside, the crowd rushed in, confident that no authority would dare to interfere.

Sheriff's deputies Jones and Phillips were stationed near the hall, and when it became evident that the meeting was well under way, these sent word to Lieutenant Price, with the sheriff's formal request for arrests. Every nerve on edge, the troopers sprang into their saddles and the wild dash began. Lieutenant Price, benign streak-lightning that he is, gave no time

for warning and escape by displaying his force on the circuitous highroads. Striking across country at top speed, his detail surrounded the hall before any alarm could herald its rush. Six mounted men barred the front exit, and six the rear, when the conspirators awoke to their case. "Troopers! The troopers!" shrieked some. "Kill the troopers,— — them!" shouted others, flinging themselves at the doors. But at each threshold loomed stern-eyed riders, of what mettle they well knew. At the sight, revolver hands faltered and fell. The crowd shrank back, hushed. "Women and children among them, sir," Sergeant Carlson reported. "We have no quarrel with *them*," said the lieutenant dismounting. Accompanied only by Carlson, he entered the hall. "Women and children may leave," he announced quietly. In five minutes the last woman had disappeared. "There go the guns, Sergeant," sighed the lieutenant as the shawled shapes filed past. But he knew that those women, if searched, would scream wildly, maddening their men, and that he then might be forced to fire—to shed blood. He knew also that the mainsprings of anarchy now lay in his grip, with proof enough to sequester them for a time from a following that would quickly subside, once relieved of their evil pressure. So he chose deliberately, coolly, characteristically—chose to save life and let the guns go.

Thus the incendiaries were held fast cribbed while vehicles were collected for their transportation to the county jail. Trucks, coal-wagons, ice-carts, jitneys, Pierce-Arrows, and Fords—any and every conveyance within reach was commandeered without ceremony, and each driver or owner rushed enchanted to do his

part toward the downfall of the common foe. When enough stood in line before the hall to transport the entire catch, the prisoners were passed out. At the door each man was searched. One hundred knives, stilettos, and razors were found on their persons.

After the last prisoner was entrained for transportation, the troopers searched the hall. Again a large assortment of knives and daggers, hastily cast aside, was gleaned from among the litter on the floor, where I. W. W. buttons, be it remarked, lay like autumn leaves in a hedgerow, not a button being found on any prisoner when the convoy reached the jail.

Then the procession began to move. United Mine Workers, two thousand strong, came to see it pass. "Kill the I.W.W.'s!" "Send them out of the country!" "Hanging is too good for them!" "Good boy, sheriff!" "Nice work, troopers!" shouted the union men along the way.

Two hundred and sixty-one prisoners sat in the motley train. With all that they and theirs had done in shedding of blood, with all that they had resolved to do, they had surrendered, two hundred and sixty-one of them, surrendered without one struggle to seventeen young soldiers of the State who had not struck a blow. And now they rode more quietly than so many chickens riding to market, for the reason that each load of them moved under the eye of a single Black Hussar.

"I can't say too much for the troopers," Sheriff Phillips exclaimed that night. "The way they worked to-day was something marvelous, and it shows the kind of men that are in the organization. We are going to ask the head of the State Troops to locate a substation

A COSSACK COMMANDER

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in Old Forge and Peckville. I believe this is the real solution of the problem."

Lieutenant Price and his detail had breakfasted at half after three that morning. They had been in the saddle from that time until four o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour their prisoners were safely lodged in jail. And in the interval they had not broken fast.

Brought before the magistrates for examination every one of the prisoners proved to be of Italian birth and only seven out of them all could claim American citizenship. Charged with inciting to riot, conspiracy, forcible entry and disorderly conduct, they were committed to jail in default of five thousand dollars bail each, and the authorities of Lackawanna County, like those of Luzerne in parallel case, applied themselves forthwith to the task of securing the deportation of these surely undesirable aliens from the country.

The Philadelphia *North American's* Wilkes-Barre correspondent, summing up the situation and speaking of the nightmare life led by the harried union men, said next day:

> For several weeks the "American Cossacks" have been battling to preserve law and order to protect the miners' organization. While they were out putting down riot and disorder, officials of the mine workers were traveling throughout the district pleading with their members to remain loyal to the organization.
>
> "The Cossacks" have been the men of the hour in Luzerne and Lackawanna counties, and their ability to meet all situations and fight when a fight is necessary has perhaps killed the I. W. W. activities in this region.

The "Cossacks" have proved indeed, and beyond all doubting, that they not only will fight but will freely

lay down their lives for the people's defense whenever that sacrifice is asked of them. But they cannot attain ubiquity, however nearly they approach it. And the activities of the seething underworld are never killed. The outlaw element has but to burst forth with sufficient violence in several different quarters of the State at once, to hold the people of some of those quarters as much at its mercy as were the terrified United Mine Workers of Luzerne and Lackawanna until the "Cossacks" came to their relief. We may choose blindness and the optimisim of the ostrich. We may still shun uncomfortable thoughts. But we shall not be able to shun the fact in the day of its enactment. And the writing is bright on the wall.

Pennsylvania, richer than all the rest of the Union, has two hundred and twenty-eight men who will give their lives for her as knight crusaders died for the Grail; but, however many they take with them, they must go down in the first rush. Increased to a rational strength, their prestige would so multiply their power that they would amply shield the State. But two hundred and twenty-eight men cannot hold back the sea.

As a people we are fond of emergency measures—of crazy risks, of disregarding signs and warnings, and at last of breakneck plunges in the dark. In the spring of 1916, when, as already related, all the squadron was occupied with the woes of the eastern State, troubles broke out in the west. Then it was demanded of Major Groome that he detach troops from the east for western service.

"I cannot do it," said he. "It would be deserting the field. It would be giving criminal encouragement. It would be subversive of public morale."

"Then," he was told, "you must add to your Force to meet this emergency."

"How?"

"Why, hire more men, of course."

Said the Superintendent of the State Police:

"Given the best of material and the hardest of work, it takes over a year to make a State Police officer. Do you think I would trust that uniform to a stranger, with the chance of his disgracing it? If you wanted a larger State Police the time to think of it was in the last Legislature. Now you must abide by your choice."

CHAPTER XVII

CITIES AND WASTE PLACES

THE "Black Hussars" had now indeed fairly settled into place among the fixed forces of the Commonwealth. Their potency was now reckoned upon in the handling of all manner of problems, as the one definite factor that never wavered and never failed.

Scanning through the years, the chain is found not only unbroken but welded ever more stoutly by virtue of service continuously performed. To-day a survey of the several State departments reveals, both in point of recorded work and in point of opinion gladly expressed by departmental heads, a close and vital relationship between the Department of State Police and every other bureau whose interests require the enforcement of law.

The Economy and Efficiency Commission of the Commonwealth consists of the Governor of the State, the Attorney-General, and the Auditor-General. This Commission said in its annual report for 1915:

> The State Police . . . consists of two hundred and thirty men. The annual pay-roll aggregates $234,950.00. Considering the vast amount of territory these minions of the law cover, the moral effect they have on the community in which they operate, and the protection they afford the entire State, the cost in comparison is infinitesimal.
>
> We recommend that the present force be increased by two troops, or one hundred and ten men, and that the De-

partment establish substations of three men each, twenty-five miles apart, throughout the entire State. This would provide patrols from each substation that would be in constant touch with the patrols from other substations, thus providing a network of substations and patrols over the entire State with the exception of the larger cities.

The Governor of the State, the Honorable Martin G. Brumbaugh, writes under date of June 14, 1916:

It is the general judgment of the people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania that the State Constabulary has rendered most valuable and capable service to the Commonwealth and its citizens in safeguarding their lives and protecting their property. The officers and men have always carried themselves with discretion and have maintained the very highest efficiency in the service.

The Auditor-General, the Honorable Archibald W. Powell, testifies:

With regard to the efficiency of the State Police from the peculiar knowledge of the Auditor-General as supervisor of its expenditures, we cannot speak too highly. So far as the Auditor-General personally knows, there has never been a dispute about any requisition of the Department of State Police, either Direct or Accounting. Its expenditures are made with apparent great care, and its accounting is prompt and accurate.

The Attorney-General, the Honorable Francis Shunk Brown, in expressing his admiration for the work of the State Police, assigns the rendering of a detailed opinion to Deputy Attorney-General Horace W. Davis, to whom, during the past year, has specifically fallen the immediate conduct of that part of the Attorney-General's work in which the State Police has coöperated.

Mr. Davis quite frankly premises that he finds difficulty, so great is his enthusiasm for the Force, in putting his views on paper and in confining them to little space. And he takes for his first topic those bucket-shop raids that attracted wide attention in the spring of 1916. Before giving Mr. Davis's words, however, some explanation may be necessary.

On March 10, 1916, the Attorney-General's office issued, in connection with the announcement of the raids, a statement containing the following:

Early last year Governor Brumbaugh determined that Pennsylvania would be cleared of the bucket-shops. To that end the Attorney-General, in connection with the federal authorities, had been working for months in preparation.

Since the passage of the act of 1907, prohibiting bucket-shops in this State, all such shops have affiliated, either directly or as correspondents, with the so-called exchange in Pittsburgh, for the purpose of giving a semblance of regularity and legality to their operation.

This exchange originally was organized in 1901 for legitimate purposes, but shortly after the passage of the act, its control was taken over for the purposes it has since been used for. This is the exchange with which bucket-shops in Ohio, Kansas, New York, and many other States are affiliated.

The Attorney-General is proceeding with a writ of quo warranto to have its charter annulled. . . .

In that the matter has been State-wide in its extent, it was deemed advisable to have all investigations and arrests under the control of the Attorney-General's department and the State Police. The local officials, and particularly the district attorneys in the counties in which the raids are made, will have charge of the prosecutions under direction of the Attorney-General. The State will also coöperate

with the federal authorities in such action as they may take.

In accordance with arrangements made by Mr. Davis, based on investigations conducted with the aid of the Force, at exactly twelve o'clock, noon, on Friday, March 10th, bucket-shops in ten different counties were raided by the State Police. Each raid was completely effective. There were no leakages and no escapes.

Mr. Davis's own statement, given under date of October 18, 1916, runs as follows:

Upon the completion of our investigation as to the bucket-shops being operated in this State, I requested Major Groome to detail a sufficient number of State Police to make the arrests in connection with the many points to be raided.

Our reasons for using the State Police were many. Foremost was the fact that the bucket-shops are in constant communication with each other by wire, so that effective work required simultaneous action in all of the ten counties in which raids were instituted. To have depended on the local authorities would have involved not only a great deal of additional trouble but would have presented the possibility of our plans miscarrying by a premature raid in any one of the shops.

Another reason for resorting to the State Police was that with them there would be no division of responsibility. A third reason lay in the fact that most operators of bucket-shops are local men, whose personality is such as to attract many friends and to create connections which might possibly prove a matter of embarrassment were local authorities called in. Whereas the State Police are so constituted, both in organization and in personnel, that this element could not exist.

Finally, it was necessary that we act with a strong hand,

and it is my personal impression that no body, local or otherwise, is as efficient in intelligently carrying out orders as these officers.

Several days before March 10th, the date fixed for the raid, I had a conference with the two State Police captains who were to have charge of the work. At that time I delivered to Captain Weichard of Troop "D," to whom were entrusted the raids outside of Allegheny County, copies of informations to be sworn to, as well as the other papers necessary to be taken out.

The raids in Allegheny County, which involved the Consolidated Stock and Produce Exchange of Pittsburgh and several other concerns, were to be under the direction of Captain Adams of Troop "A." The papers in connection with these Allegheny County raids not being earlier completed, I was to arrive in Pittsburgh at eight o'clock on the morning of the 10th and deliver them to Captain Adams personally, the hour set for the raids being twelve o'clock noon.

With the papers in my possession, I left Harrisburg the night before, but because of a wreck on the railroad I did not arrive in Pittsburgh until one and one half hours after the raids were scheduled to take place. And as I had been unable to get in communication with Captain Adams, I was fearful lest our entire plans had miscarried and that the Pittsburgh raids had not been made for want of the proper warrants.

Under the laws of the Commonwealth, however, a place of the character of a bucket-shop may be raided and arrests made without warrants, and when I arrived in Pittsburgh I found that Captain Adams, sensing the situation as to the cause of my delay, had proceeded without warrants, though in due conformity with law. Each place had been raided at the precise moment fixed. The prisoners had been brought before the magistrate by the officers raiding each particular place. And these several officers had at the same time seized all papers and other evidence, placed

them in bags, sealed the contents, and impressed on the seal the badge of the officer making that particular raid.

I was astonished by the thoroughness and intelligence with which the matter was handled.

Upon my arrival at the Alderman's office I also found reports from all of the outlying counties, stating that every raid had been successfully accomplished.

Pennsylvania is now free from bucket-shops and the results obtained in that raid *would have been impossible by any other means than those employed.*

Since that time I have frequently had State Police officers detailed on Secret Service work, and on no occasion have I had any but the most satisfactory results.

One matter involved the alleged negligence of a railroad company in permitting its engines to operate without adequate spark arresters. To get the information required, the State Police officer detailed to the case had to follow two engines practically across the State, and, by compelling an examination to be made, found that one of the engines was in the condition which we had suspected. This railroad company has since been indicted for having caused a very destructive forest fire.

The present State Police organization includes within its membership some splendidly trained Secret Service men, and in pursuit of the duties placed upon many of the Departments of this State, these men are being effectively used in various investigations. The State's activities involve many matters, such as the banking laws, which require trained and capable investigators. This is properly a function of the State Police, and their only reason for not fully and ably discharging that function is their lack of men. This particular branch of the service should therefore be enlarged, together with the body as a whole, as in the administration of the affairs of a State of the size of Pennsylvania, the need for Secret Service operators is as imperative as it is in the administration of the affairs of the Federal Government.

The idea of permitting county or other local divisions to supply such aid through their police officers is as fallacious as attempting to depend on the independent State Militia for furnishing an adequate national defense.

In the present organization of the Pennsylvania State Police there is centralization of authority with the consequent fixing of responsibility. This authority permits these officers to coöperate with local officials, and in that connection the number of local crimes that are detected and their perpetrators brought to trial by this body is unbelievable.

Summarizing, I would say that my experience and observation is to the effect that the Pennsylvania State Police, from its Superintendent down, is composed of honest, energetic, and intelligent men, and that not only is such an organization an effective means for carrying into execution the authority of a State Government, but, when kept out of politics as this State Police has been, it is of highly material assistance to local authorities in the suppression and detection of crime.

That local authorities of the active type appreciate the truth expressed by Mr. Davis's words, was shown at the annual meeting of the State Association of Police Chiefs, held at Williamsport on the 2d of May, 1916, when the president of the Association, Chief J. N. Tillard of Altoona, said in his report:

Apropos to the tendency of the time to hamper the work of enforcing law and order, I call attention to the opposition in some quarters to the State Police. I hold no brief for this splendid organization of picked men, as their able officers are abundantly qualified to defend themselves, but desire to say a word as to the invaluable service they have performed for municipal departments.

It seems to be the current opinion that the members of the body are utilized in handling striking workmen or

suppressing riots, but we municipal policemen happen to know that paramount to any service of that kind is their work in bringing criminals to justice. They patrol the waste places between towns and cities, and if we are looking for a fugitive who has taken cover in the "bushes," they are the boys who will locate him. In sending out alarms for fleeing criminals, we flood their barracks with descriptions, knowing full well that they will receive the most prompt and intelligent attention.

Police Commissioner Arthur Woods, of New York City, acknowledged the same need unsatisfied when he said:

I know that the work of the New York City Police Department would be helped if there were a State body of police covering the rural part of the State with which we could work in close coöperation. We are often hampered now in the effort to arrest men who flee the city. Unless they go to one of the cities, so that we can coöperate directly with an organized police force, we are under a great handicap. A State police force would go a long way toward overcoming this.

But even while New York City suffers from the isolation of her position as an islet in the midst of that sea of danger, an unpoliced State, she nevertheless profits by her neighborhood to the superior civilization of Pennsylvania. Inspector J. A. Faurot, commanding the Detective Bureau of the Police Department of the City of New York, writes under date of September 28, 1916:

I receive glowing accounts from the members of this Bureau of the great assistance which the State Police of Pennsylvania have rendered us, and of the quick and thorough work by which they show their desire to help this Department.

Mr. William J. Burns, President of the International Detective Agency, wrote on October 7, 1916:

> I have always considered the constabulary of the State of Pennsylvania to be the most efficient, most useful of its kind anywhere. Their work is invaluable. They have done more to maintain the peace and uphold the law than any body of officers I have ever known. . . . Every State in the country ought to have a similar organization, especially the Eastern, New England, and Middle Western States.

And yet there was actually left a man to rise from his seat in the last Pennsylvania Legislature and decry the existence of the State Police as "a relic of medieval days," while he bitterly bemoaned the passing of that halcyon period previous to their intrusion when the State had no police, and when a police officer of one county who should presume to arrest a criminal in flight through another county without previously having stopped to secure a warrant from the court of that particular county "could be convicted of assault and battery," as indeed remains the case today.

The member did not say whether he had been retained by the Association of Automobile Burglars or by the Gunmen's Union.

The Department of Health is unstinting in appreciation. Commissioner Dixon himself closes a detailed and unqualified testimony to the great, varied, and unfailing services of the Force through ten years of coöperation with this sweeping phrase:

"I know of no body of men on the continent that can be compared with the Pennsylvania State Police, unless it be the North-Western Mounted Police of Canada."

Every thinking man in Pennsylvania feels that the State Police should be enlarged [says a prominent member of Dr. Dixon's staff]. Its coöperation with this Department is of very great importance, but the salient point is that the men are perfectly competent to coöperate with the most complete efficiency with any State department, in the execution of any sort of work in which that department may engage. Major Groome is of that rare human type that does coöperate. And his inspiration has shaped his entire command.

Not only in emergencies but in our everyday work we profit constantly by the assistance of the Force, as, for example, in guarding streams and waterways from pollution, and, in summer, in supervising campers. This State, through the Forestry Department, issues permits to camp on State Forestry reservations. When this is done, the Forestry Department notifies the Department of Health, which at once notifies the State Police. The latter, then, either by the regular mounted patrols, or by special patrols detailed for the purpose, at one and the same time serves us in preventing nuisances by the campers, serves the Forestry Department in preventing fires, unlawful cutting of timber, and any violation of Forestry laws, serves the Game and Fisheries Departments in looking after their diverse interests, and serves the people at large by meeting any needs that turn up.

This statement by implication calls attention to the usefulness of the Force in filling gaps—in doing as a matter of course those thousand and one odd jobs that in other States remain forever vexatiously undone simply because they are no department's or no official's definite business—because they chanced to be left uncovered by the charges laid upon the several bureaus, or because they arise outside the realm of any active official's service. The duties of the State's Police

know no such limits. Its duties are to do anything whatever that the State's needs indicate. The realm of the State's Police, even as its name implies, can be co-terminous only with the State's sovereignty. And, as the work of the State's Police is wholly impersonal—as its service is rendered wholly without charge or any manner of profit either to the Force or to individual members thereof—as all fees or fines that may be collected through its work go exactly where they should have gone if collected without its agency, its operations, as has already been pointed out, cannot arouse the jealousy of any honest warden, constable, or other State or county officer.

Returning to the Force's interplay with the Department of Health, it is fair to say that a representative citation of instances would fill a volume—and that the volume, moreover, would not be dull reading. Arrests of persons guilty of the pollution of streams, arrests of persons using vacant fields for the dumping of offensive refuse, arrests of persons maintaining nuisances, the punishment of the offenders and the stopping of the nuisance, will not, of course, sound notable to every reader, but in those neutral regions where no city or borough police operates, and whose denizens had fretted helplessly under troubles of this sort, the advent of the State Police to their complete relief was no small matter. And there are episodes enough of hues less drab.

Once upon a time a patient came to a certain hospital in the eastern part of the State suffering from he knew not what. "You have smallpox," said the house surgeon. "We can't take care of you here. Report to the Health Officer."

A day or two later, meeting the local Health Officer

on the street, the surgeon was reminded to ask after the smallpox patient. The smallpox patient, it now appeared, had never reported; and the surgeon had omitted to take the sick man's name and address. Therefore, as the facts stood, a deadly pest spreader was at large in the community, to whose identity no clue existed except the careless doctor's hazy recollection of his looks.

For nearly two weeks the frightened officials hunted hard for that man. Then, no longer daring to conceal the fact, they notified the Department of Health in Harrisburg, which instantly notified the Department of State Police, which, again, telephoned the commanding officer of the Troop nearest the town in question.

On the same morning a trooper, appearing at the hospital, took from the surgeon the description of the sufferer and the date of his appearance. Within four hours that trooper had found the man.

By its intelligent and trained vigilance exerted over regions otherwise unguarded, enforcing the health laws everywhere, the effectiveness of the Force in wiping out pest-spots in their incipiency and in arresting the spread of trouble is beyond all computing. Among almost daily instances in point, here is one taken verbatim from the pages of the monthly official report of the commanding officer of Troop "A":

On Dec. 20th, a call was received by Sergeant Stout of the Robertsdale substation from Dr. Black, State Health Officer, stating that an epidemic of typhoid fever had broken out amongst the Italian residents of Woodvale, Huntingdon County; and that these people had absolutely refused to abide by the quarantine regulations or the sanitary precautions required by the Health Department; and requesting that patrols be maintained through the town

to assist the officers of the Health Department. On responding, Sergeant Stout found Woodvale to be a hamlet near the junction of Huntingdon, Bedford, and Fulton counties, and four miles from the terminus of the H. & B. T. R. R., the inhabitants being Italians, the greater number of whom were unable to speak or understand the English language. The place was found to be in a very unsanitary condition, the only water being that which was taken from a hydrant in the middle of the street. There was no drainage of any description and the cesspools were overflowing. Patrols visited Woodvale two and three times daily but found that no results could be obtained in this manner. It was then decided to keep a man permanently stationed at this place.

Dr. Black received the necessary permission from the Department of State Police.

Private Doddridge was detailed to perform this duty; on his arrival Dr. Black secured a six-room house for use as a quarantine station. A private nurse was employed to take charge, and with the assistance of the State Police eight of the typhoid patients were placed in this house. During this operation it was necessary for the detachment to disperse a large crowd of Italians who had gathered about the house, uttering threats of violence against the doctor and nurse because of their belief that the object was to do away with the patients.

Under the strain of the work the private nurse who had been employed broke down and resigned, and a nurse was detailed from the State Health Department.

This nurse instructed Private Doddridge in the sanitary precautions necessary in typhoid cases, it being necessary for him to assist her, especially when, owing to their delirium, the patients became unruly, refusing to take medicine or to stay in bed; and to relieve her while she secured necessary rest during the night. Private Doddridge remained on duty at the quarantine station for one month, assisting the nurse during the day in carrying and boiling water,

administering medicine, and washing bed linen. During the night he made hourly visits to the patients, administering medicine and taking temperatures. During the time the quarantine station was maintained twelve patients were admitted, two of whom died. On these occasions it was necessary for Private Doddridge to protect the nurse from violence at the hands of the relatives of the dead person, they holding her personally responsible for the death. On the last patient being discharged, Private Doddridge fumigated the building and its contents and forbade its being used for any purpose—this in accordance with the rules of the Health Department.

Reading between the lines of the bare statement and arriving at the extraordinary picture involved, one is driven to ask how Dr. Black could have coped with that situation—how he could have saved his public—without the help of the trooper. In earlier days the incredulous question had often been put: "What good could two or three State Policemen be to a whole county?" Answers like this have long silenced such doubts.

It may be remarked, also, that the little Robertsdale substation lay distant half the State's width from the home barracks, and that the allotment of Private Doddridge to this task could therefore involve no choice or special fitness. Private Doddridge knew no more about nursing than did every other young soldier on the Force; he merely happened to be the individual at hand, of a body whose every member is a man of high ability and keen intelligence, ready to serve any need of the people.

CHAPTER XVIII

EVERY MAN'S FRIEND

Not behind the Health Department in its esteem of the Force is that closely allied bureau, the State Livestock Sanitary Board. Dr. Clarence J. Marshall, State Veterinarian, and for the last six years active head of the Board, says:

We could not enforce our sanitary laws peacefully, or in any degree thoroughly without the help of our State Police. They are of inestimable benefit in saving human and animal life from disease, in detecting centres of infection, in trailing contagions, and in thoroughly and quietly enforcing the Law. My work has necessarily brought me in contact with many breeders and livestock men in the State. They would strongly favor increasing the Force. I cannot commend it too highly, and I believe that this is the honest opinion of all native-born, law-abiding citizens of the State. All farmers regard it as their best friend.

In sections where aliens and Socialists predominate we can do absolutely nothing effective without support from the Force. In cases of malignant contagion fatal to man and beast, we can get no truth, coöperation, or obedience out of this class. They have no respect for the Law itself. They must see the evidence of power. Otherwise there is defiance, bloodshed, waste of priceless time during which disease is spread beyond all stopping, and in the end only partial enforcement at best.

These people have an open contempt for the interests of the farmers and of our country people in general; they laugh at the agricultural element, holding that the only

interest of moment is the sort of question that is involved in their own "strikes." But I do not hesitate to say that the State Police, which again and again, in instances that I could easily detail, has saved our farmers from the imposition of terrible scourges of cattle disease, has thereby rendered to the State of Pennsylvania service far outweighing the issues involved in strikes.

Passing over large examples, like that of the saving of the State, in 1914, from a wholesale introduction of the foot-and-mouth disease from the West, I will cite a small and common instance, as exemplifying the advantages that this Bureau daily derives from the coöperation of the State Police:

During the month of December, 1914, Dr. C. V. Lutz, a veterinarian of Fayette City, reported that a Mr. R. A. Layman had died at the McKeesport Hospital of glanders. At the time of his death, Mr. Layman kept a livery stable at Smithtown, Pennsylvania. The occurrence in such public premises of a disease so virulent was of course of the gravest danger to the community at large. Sent at once to the spot, our agents found nine horses in the Layman barn, of which two already showed physical symptoms of the contagion. These were appraised and destroyed. Of the remaining seven, the test of ophthalmic mallein revealed that five were affected. We then found that at least thirty horses from the outside country had been stabled, fed, and watered on the Layman premises during the existence of glanders there.

And at that point the people of the neighborhood who could have given our agent reliable information absolutely refused to talk. They naturally shrank from incurring the ill-will of the owners of the endangered animals, and even the dread of a general epidemic did not open their lips. We could get not one inch farther. The problem transcended our powers. Moreover, other stables that we considered it necessary to quarantine persistently evaded our orders.

I then asked for the never-failing help of the State Police.

Captain Adams of Troop "A" assigned two of his men, one in uniform, the other to do plain-clothes work, to enforce the quarantine and to locate the animals. The latter, particularly, was no small task; the horses, as it proved, were scattered all over the section, many of them far outside the county and in various directions. But in less than a week every one of those horses had been traced and found. It would certainly have been impossible to accomplish this work but for the assistance of the State Police. And if the horses had not been located, half the stock in Western Pennsylvania might have died of glanders.

One of the great strengths of the State Police is the absolute respect that all classes have for them. The people all know that they never use force unless compelled to do so, and that then they never flinch. This knowledge prevents even the beginnings of disobedience where the State Police are concerned. Then, again, they are absolutely impartial and without respect of persons in doing their work.

Of that I may cite a rather amusing instance. We used always to have much rowdyism and many rows and fights at our county fairs. Now, we ask for a pair of State Policemen on such occasions, and all disorder is a thing of the past. At the Bradford County Fair, not long since, this characteristic incident occurred: The Fair Association had made a ruling that no person should cross the Fair Ground track. Early on the first day of the Fair, the President of the Association, in a hurry to get about, started to cross the ring. Instantly his way was barred by one of the two State Policemen. The official was outraged. "Do you know who I am?" roared he. "I am the President of the Association!"

"In that case," replied the trooper, very politely, "you are in a position to have the Association change any rules that you may not like. Meantime it is my duty to enforce every one of them."

The President was hot over it, but soon cooled down

and saw the humor of the situation. And the circumstance, occurring as it did in the presence of a great crowd, was of most wholesome effect.

Turning to a companion interest, that of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., we find the operative manager, Mr. Frank B. Rutherford, who is also president of the Federated Humane Societies of Pennsylvania, thus forcibly expressing his view:

I beg to state that the value of the State Police cannot be adequately measured in words. As a whole they are lovers of animals, and materially assist the S. P. C. A. in preventing cruelty to the dumb creation. Especially in the interior counties they are of the utmost service to our officers, enabling them to secure obedience to the law where otherwise the task would be hopeless. In stopping cock-fights, dog-fights, badger-fights, and in raiding for any of our purposes, they are our best weapon; and in daily sorely needed enforcement of the laws against cruelty to animals in otherwise unpoliced places and on the country roads at large, their vigilant patrols are the only real agency that exists.

The Commissioner of Fisheries, Mr. N. R. Buller, has held that office for five years, and has been engaged since 1871 in the State's work of fish culture.

Mr. Buller, in his several annual reports, makes it clear that he considers the work of the Department of Fisheries to be twofold—the propagation of fish and the education of the citizens of the State concerning fish propagation. The former he holds to be wholly dependent on the latter, the two together completing a sphere of proper activity. When the task of enforcing the fish laws is laid upon the Department of Fisheries, that

Department's two real objects are thereby hampered or defeated.

As long as the people at large remain unenlightened as to the economic intelligence of the fish laws, they will continue not only to evade them but to regard with resentment and hatred officers sent among them to enforce what they consider impudent, tyrannical, and silly regulations. Those who instruct the people, and those who enforce the laws, should therefore come from distinctly separate sources if good and speedy results are to be accomplished. The people must be taught; but unless, while that process is going forward, active officers are enforcing the laws, the waters of the State will be denuded.

Who, then, shall enforce the laws? Constables, Mr. Buller finds, are absolutely useless. "Charged with the duty of enforcing the fish laws [they] are required to report all cases to court, yet not one constable in a thousand . . . will do so to-day. He looks to neighbors for votes, and in many cases is also a violator." Despite the law commanding sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables, special officers, and other peace officers, on pain of fine or imprisonment, to proceed with force to destroy illegal fishing devices used within their jurisdiction, upon written notification by the Commissioner, Mr. Buller is able to point to wide-spread, brazen, and wholesale violations of this law, and knows of no single instance, anywhere, in which county officers have therein fulfilled their duty.

Commissioner Buller, however, has his resource. The State Police, he records with enthusiasm, although frequently called, have never once failed him. When special need has risen to control illegal fishing in given sections, Major Groome has, says Mr. Buller,

responded most heartily and furnished a number of details . . . and the results attained merely went to prove how efficient a force Pennsylvania has in the State Police. In every instance where they appeared in a neighborhood they gathered in some violators of the law and by the swiftness of their action and the celerity of their movements they brought about such a feeling among would-be violators that for the time being, at least, no farther complaints were heard from those sections.

Mr. Buller testifies that his own wardens have done good work, but says that except where they catch law-breakers red-handed it is next to impossible for them to secure convictions.

The scent grows cold in two or three days [he explains], and neighbors are loath to testify against neighbors, or are deterred by fear that the violator of the law will take his revenge by burning their buildings. In scarcely a dynamite case has the Department been able to secure conviction on information. So far as prosecutions of the pollution cases go, prosecutions on information fail absolutely, because the witnesses have not sufficient technical information or knowledge of the circumstances to furnish exact evidence, which the court requires.

As for the flagrant offense of using wing-walls and nets, no arrests have been effected save through the State Police, but here again these have proved of sure effectiveness.

The outcome of all this is sufficiently striking for those who hold that no clean thing can come out of Harrisburg. The outcome is, the spectacle of a Commissioner whose zeal and ability challenge question, trying his level best to strip himself of his own patronage! Commissioner Buller desires that all his wardens

save four, for whom he conceives a special use, be taken from him, and that an equivalent number of officers be added to the State Police Force. Not only, says he, would the range of the State Police be increased thereby, but, from its larger membership, it could the more surely select for specific errands officers whose faces would be strange to the people among whom they operate.

The Department of Police is organized for the detection of criminals and their arrest and conviction. Every man is thoroughly trained . . . before he is put to work, and this Police Force is now acknowledged everywhere to be the most efficient body in this country [urges the Commissioner]. If the enforcement of the fish laws were given to this Department and they had the added force of men now authorized for the Department of Fisheries, the State could be more efficiently patrolled, and in case of necessity as many men could be concentrated at a given point as would be required to do the work. With the knowledge that the State Police were constantly looking after violators of the fish laws, our Department is thoroughly convinced that violators would be very scarce.

There is no question that if the warden service were detached from the Department of Fisheries there would be less friction between this Department and the public and better feeling could then be created. The Department could then devote all its energies . . . to the propagation of fish and to the dissemination of knowledge of fish and their habitats among the people.

For the State Highway Department the testimony of its head, Commissioner Robert J. Cunningham, is as follows:

We have been compelled to call upon the State Constabulary for assistance many times . . . and we have had

the most efficient assistance possible. We have found the Constabulary thorough in all their work, and that politics and factionalism never enter into it. My personal opinion is that Pennsylvania should be proud of its State Constabulary.

The ways in which this assistance is rendered are very varied. At need the Force protects the Department's supervisors and men in the performance of necessary work in remoter places where interference or hostility is encountered. It is called upon to keep traffic off important pieces of freshly constructed roads that cannot yet support travel without injury. It is continually useful in reporting weakened bridges, dangerous holes, or accidental obstructions discovered by the patrols. It is always on the watch for that frequent source of disaster—horse vehicles traveling at night without lanterns.

With the great increase of automobile traffic, all conditions involved in the Highway Department's work have become more difficult, just as all highway laws have become at once more important and harder to enforce. *And the Highway Department itself has no means of collecting evidence or of prosecuting offenders.* Early in September, 1915, Commissioner Cunningham conferred with Major Groome regarding the possibility of a special crusade to recall the existence of highway ordinances to certain classes of citizens who seemed to have forgotten it. At that moment all troopers who could be spared from imperative work elsewhere were on duty at county fairs, Old Home Weeks and camp meetings, but Major Groome readily promised the full coöperation of his men as soon as such stress should be over.

Early in October, therefore, an article appeared in all the county papers to this effect:

Hearty coöperation on the part of the State Police Department has met the request of State Highway Commissioner Cunningham that the State Police aid in breaking up the frequent violations of the automobile act.

In a statement from the Highway Department it is said that the State Police have heartily taken up the matter and have already caused the arrest of numerous violators.

"The most persistent violators," says the statement, "have been those who have been operating their automobiles on the public highways recklessly or while intoxicated, and those who have operated with only one license tag or with license tags improperly displayed or with counterfeit and fraudulent license tags.

"In these cases the State Police are arresting without warning and will prosecute to the fullest extent of the law.

"The State Police have also been instructed to keep off of the highways any vehicle or instrument which would tend to destroy or damage them, and while this brings up a phase of the traction engine law, Superintendent Groome is confident that his men will have the necessary forbearance with those who use the highways without abusing them. Where the persistent and continuous use of a vehicle damages the highways, the offender will first be warned to mitigate the nuisance, and then they will proceed against him if he neglects to do so."

In every quarter of the State, echoes now arose from the county papers. Says the Harrisburg *Independent:*

Major Groome has sent instructions to the Captain of each troop. Commissioner Cunningham feels that with this powerful assistance it will be possible to compel obedience to the law on the part of automobilists who at present are violating its terms with impunity.

THE STOLEN CAR

Am. Press Ass'n.

The Middletown *Journal* exults:

The State Police, it is well known, know neither friend nor foe in enforcing the laws and making arrests . . . and will always be on the lookout.

The Towanda *Review* observes with peculiar joy that twelve owners were arrested by the State Police in one day, near Scranton, the majority of them for running cars on licenses belonging to other machines, and the list including several merchants, with one prominent banker.

The Uniontown *Herald* sees the same phenomenon presented under its own eyes, and adds:

Cars running at night without tail-lights have been the cause of embarrassment to more than one owner, and the troopers have notified many to clean their license plates so their numbers may be read at a distance.

The Wilkes-Barre *Evening News* speaks at length and wisely:

Auto speeding on the rural highways is as dangerous . . . to the safety of the public as speeding in city streets. The once deserted country road . . . has become converted into a popular thoroughfare for the automobile tourist. The majority of the most disastrous automobile accidents occur in the rural sections.

The average tourist, it finds, pays scant attention to any road law, once he reaches open country, and the results of his careless inhumanity grow more flagrant daily.

But the assignment of the State Police to the duties of "speed cops," along with their multitude of other patrol

duties, may awaken the motorists to greater caution when touring the rural sections. If they doubt the efficiency of the State Police, they will do well to test them by defiance. The functions of the Constabulary are principally rural, and their patrols include the most remote sections of the country within their jurisdiction. The motorist can no longer afford to take chances unless he is utterly indifferent to the consequences. The general public will feel much relieved, as the speed maniac is a menace to society wherever he is encountered.

Some devoted infringers of the law did see fit to test the State Police by defiance, as is shown by the fact that in that one month of October, 1915, "B" Troop alone made ninety-nine arrests for violation of automobile laws, practically all of which resulted in convictions.

Nowhere, however, at any time was there complaint of an oppressive insistence on the letter of the law where the letter meant needless hardship or restriction. The patrols were expected, as ever, to use sound common sense, and to apply the law according to its spirit and purpose, for the equal benefit of all who "used the highways without abusing them."

This expectation they have always fulfilled. They have never checked the harmless pleasure of anyone. To the truth of the statement no better evidence could be adduced than that offered by Mr. S. Boyer Davis, secretary, treasurer, and counsel of the Automobile Club of Philadelphia. Himself an automobilist, and personally representing every aspect of the club's interests, he says:

I heartily believe in a State Police such as we have in Pennsylvania. In relation to motorists, I believe the

State Police, by reason of their activity, are a source of protection in preventing holdups on lonely roads, in patrolling the highways, in apprehending criminals after the perpetration of crimes; also in recovering stolen cars. I therefore sincerely hope that the favorable experience of Pennsylvania with a State Constabulary will lead to the adoption of the system in all the other States of the Union.

The operations of automobile thieves, always diligent, had been steadily increasing in system and in scope. The Force now discovered in an eastern county a regular depot for cars stolen by a certain gang operating in the State of New York and by this gang run over into Pennsylvania for disguise and sale. This and other similar instances, as well as the general spread of car thefts by individual enterprise, led the Department of State Police to issue on January 16, 1915, the following notice:

AUTOMOBILE THIEVES

The operations of organized bands of automobile thieves throughout the State of Pennsylvania have become so extensive that it is necessary to bring the attention of automobile owners to the importance of *immediately* notifying the State Police upon the loss of a car.

This information should be transmitted by *Telephone* or *Telegraph* to the Department of State Police, Harrisburg, Penna., or to the Commanding Officer of any of the four Troops.

. . . When giving the information the State Police should be notified:

When and where the car was lost,
Name of Owner,
License Number,
Manufacturer's Model,

Year of Model,
Color of Car,
Style of Car,
and any further information that might be of use in making search for the lost car.

Prompt and intelligent coöperation on the part of automobile owners will result in the recovery of stolen cars and the prevention of such crimes in the future. . . .

Speedy notice of the commission of crime is so abiding an essential to the best police results that it is scarcely exact to call it of special moment in cases of automobile thefts. Yet a stolen car can very quickly be whirled beyond the confines of a State and the best time to stop it is at least before it has accomplished that transit. The moment that a telephone message reaches Troop barracks to the effect that a given car is missing, all the facts in the case, without an instant's loss of time, are communicated to every officer and telephoned to every substation. By a system later to be described, each substation immediately notifies every trooper out on patrol. Through this means, within less than half an hour from the moment that the loss of the car is originally communicated to the Force, some one hundred and seventy-five men all over the State, on highways and byways, are fully informed of it. Whatever these men's special concern may be or in whatever very different duty they may be primarily engaged, each one of them has also in his mind, from now on, the picture of that particular car. Once his eyes rest upon it, it will not escape him. Experience has shown that the stolen car whose loss is promptly reported is practically sure to be picked up somewhere by one of the Force, within twenty-four hours' time.

The daily official reports of the four Troops show a large amount of this sort of service, in shapes as varied as the skill of the thieves can occasion. The following entry, taken from "A" Troop's last annual report, shows a fair ordinary instance:

October 28, 1915. At 11.15 A.M., this date, a call was received from E. C. Thompson of Pittsburgh, Pa., stating that a car had been stolen from his garage. A description of the automobile was taken. At about 12.10 P.M. Sergeant Price noticed a car answering this description, standing on Main Street, Greensburg, Pa., and upon investigation found it to be the auto in question. Being in uniform, he detailed Corporal Moore and Private Hershey, who were in plain clothes, to watch the machine. At about 12:30 P.M., two men entered the car and were placed under arrest by Corporal Moore and Private Hershey. On being questioned they gave their names as O. W. Cobb and [—— ——]. Mr. Thompson of Pittsburgh was notified and he, in company with Captain Marshall of the Pittsburgh police, came to Greensburg and claimed the car. It was learned from them that the car was not stolen but that Mr. Cobb secured the same by purchase, giving in payment a bogus check. Both men were turned over to Captain Marshall and taken to Pittsburgh, where they were tried before the November term of court, Cobb being convicted and sentenced to serve two and one half years in the Allegheny County Jail. The other man was discharged.

Highway or byway, no one who has watched the State Police at work can have failed to remark their steady good humor and the cheerful turn that they give to everything they do. There is a way of striking a blow that wins the point and leaves no sting behind.

Once upon a time there was a churlish huckster. And the huckster was driving his cart slowly down a

country lane, meandering from side to side without sense or regularity, so that no one could pass him from behind except at the risk of lives and goods.

While this man was so engaged, up on his rear came rushing an automobile carrying State Policemen on an errand of haste. The Policemen blew their horn—blew it again and again, very long and loud, close at the huckster's tailboard. But the churlish huckster feigned deafness and continued to move as nearly as might be in all directions at once.

So the State Policemen, having no time just then to deal with the matter, crowded their car down into the gutter, and edged past as best they could. As they rounded up on the level again, one of them, leaning from under the hood, peered solicitously into the huckster's face, inquiring in tones of unprejudiced interest:

"You take your half of the road out of the middle, do you?"

At the glimpse of the uniform the huckster's jaw had dropped its full length. But a half hour later, when he recovered, he would smile. And the next time he heard a Klaxton at his tailboard he would take good care to cut the halves even.

The Wilkes-Barre mob that filled the town square on the night of September 11, 1916, menacing lives and property and defying the half-hearted city police, was fulfilling its steady practice of the past year by howling the most unclean invectives that primitive minds could emit when the little detail of State troopers trotted into the scene.

"Move on, please. Move on, please," urged the officers, calmly.

Most of the mob did move on, and with exceeding speed. But one man, establishing himself firmly with

his legs wide apart, offered the original observation that an American citizen could stand where he pleased. The trooper addressed replied in tones of grieved surprise:

"Do I have to talk Wilkes-Barre to you?"

Without more ado the "citizen" took to his heels.

One day in the preceding June, before the I. W. W. villainies had gained full headway and while yet the car strike was the chief local concern, an outsider walking the streets of a disaffected suburb of Wilkes-Barre in company with a State trooper expressed astonishment at the uniform friendly greeting that the officer received from every laborer that he met.

"Why, yes, of course," said Sergeant Chambers, scarred veteran of many a battle on sea and land. "I'm every man's friend till I have to check him."

"And after that?"

"Oh, bygones are bygones."

CHAPTER XIX

PLOWSHARE AND SWORD

REVERTING to the survey of the Departments, and turning to the Department of Agriculture, we find the Honorable Charles E. Patton, Secretary of Agriculture, speaking in no mincing terms:

I wish to say that I consider our State Police the best institution that we have in the State. Opposition to it no longer exists except among the disorderly element that is interested in making trouble. Every farmer, every law-abiding citizen, knows they are his best protection and is proud that they exist. No instrumentality can be of greater benefit to any State, and to the people, especially the rural people, living within its borders.

The State Board of Agriculture, advisory to the Department of Agriculture and comprising representatives elected by the agricultural societies of every county, at its annual meeting for 1915 passed a strong resolution requesting the Legislature not only to increase the State Police Force but also to increase the appropriation for its work, in order "to provide more adequate protection for life and property in rural sections."

The resolution continued:

We respectfully urge the legislative committee to be appointed at this session to aid in any proper way possible the passage of any such measure that may emanate from the police department and in case no such measure shall be

officially presented to have a proper bill framed and if possible secure its passage.

Resolutions such as these are commonly passed only in legislative years, and the Pennsylvania Legislature convenes biennially. The winter of 1916, therefore, was an off period for action of this nature. During this season, however, a statement was circulated by the element opposed to the Force to the effect that the farmers of Pennsylvania were not benefited by the State Police and had now withdrawn from it their support and favor. This allegation being brought to the attention of the officers of the State Board of Agriculture at the Board's last annual meeting in Harrisburg, they determined on the extraordinary step of offering a resolution in a non-legislative year, to underscore their rejection of the falsehood. They therefore presented a detailed statement as follows:

Whereas, we, the members of the State Board of Agriculture of Pennsylvania, feel that the work of our State Police has been of incalculable benefit and help to the people of our State, especially in the rural districts where of necessity our homes are exposed to trespass and to other lawless acts, and where they have given us protection and assistance in time of need: and

Whereas, the great work they have done in preserving the natural resources of our State, such as the forests and game, and in enforcing the laws affording protection to our workers, our industries and commercial interests; and their skill and service in times of misfortune, floods, fire, and pestilence, in the control of which they have coöperated with the local and State officials, have been of untold value;

Be it Resolved,

That we urge the continuance of the State Police in their present form; and that their membership be increased, as the needs of the State require.

Offered on January 27, 1916, the resolution was passed unanimously.

The State Horticultural Association, the Fruit Growers, the County Agricultural Societies, the local Granges, every sort of body, in short, whose interest lies in the rural peace of the fields, continued to multiply such voices.

The centre of scientific agriculture in the Commonwealth, from which emanates through a very large student body a broad and important influence, is the Pennsylvania State College. The president of that institution, Dr. Edwin E. Sparks, closes a warm tribute to the general value of the State Police in the following specific terms:

The Pennsylvania State College is located in the country, with no police protection from a city. One of the posts of the State Constabulary is located only three miles from the college, and we frequently call upon the troopers for service. . . . The troopers render us splendid service in giving general protection. The men are well-disciplined, well-mannered, and in fact gentlemen in the highest sense of that word. In my experience the system is worthy and efficient, neither oppressive nor tyrannical to persons desirous of obeying the laws.

It is not possible to leave the beneficent influences that brood over the crops and herds, the little villages and the scattered farms of beautiful Pennsylvania without consulting that sage and friendly oracle, the dean of them all. For fifty years, dating from the

time in which he entered the public educational field through which he gained an unparalleled acquaintance with the people at large, Dr. Henry Houck has filled a succession of honorable offices. Elected in 1906 to the Secretaryship of Internal Affairs, he has ever since retained that charge, whose duties are thus officially defined in part:

"He [the Secretary] inquires into the relations of capital and labor in their bearing upon the social, educational, and industrial welfare of all classes of working people."

For over half a century Dr. Houck has loved and worked for and understood and defended the interests of all the people. And here is what he says of the Black Hussars:

Our Pennsylvania State Police have only one fault—There are not enough of them. They save the State yearly many, many thousands of dollars. They are serious, wise, good men, clean and fearless and honorable. They give peace to our country roads and to our farms and little villages. Bad people are kept in order by the mere possibility of their appearance. Two of them riding into a fair grounds or great public gathering impose perfect safety and decorum by their very presence. No drunkenness, disorder, gambling, or picking of pockets occur when they are there. They have no alliances, no favorites, no enemies. They are the true friends of all. There is no Head of Department who is not warmly for them in our State Government, and *I know of no man of weight in public life who is not their admirer and ally.* All good people who have had any experience of them delight in them. They are a blessing to the land.

Major-General Charles Bowman Dougherty for five years commanded the Division of the National Guard

of Pennsylvania, until his retirement in 1916 after a continuous service of thirty-four years from private to the ultimate rank. General Dougherty is rated by military critics as one of the very best of our militia officers, and his opinion on professional structural matters such as the relation of the State's Police to the State's National Guard carries peculiar weight. It is expressed as follows, under date of October 5, 1916:

If we are ever going to build up the National Guard to make it a national force, it must be kept free from being pushed into the maelstrom of disputes between capital and labor; and a State Police such as ours is the one and only means to achieve this end. During the twenty-five years preceding the formation of the State Police, the National Guard of this State was frequently called upon to suppress riotous disturbances in different parts of the State. Since the organization of the State Police this has been entirely avoided excepting upon one recent occasion.

The National Guard's interests are therefore greatly furthered by the existence and efficiency of the State Police Force, and from that as from all other points of view involving the welfare and safety of the people, a like force should exist in every State in the Union.

But such a force can be organized in one way only,—as ours is organized,—absolutely free from politics and with a fearless and uncompromising soldier at its head, who will allow no interference from any source whatever in the enforcement of the law. It is my opinion that the whole success of our Force is due to the administration and training of Major Groome.

Attacks have often been made upon the State Police, and many allegations of wrong-doing and oppression brought forward against it. It is not too much to say that practically every word of these has been a tissue of falsehood,

deliberately manufactured to serve the venal purposes of demagogues.

Every citizen of Pennsylvania, whatever his place or calling, who sincerely has the welfare of the State at heart, is unquestionably strongly in favor not only of the maintenance but also of the increase of this splendid body of men.

As early as November, 1910, Colonel E. M. Weaver, U. S. A., Chief of the Federal Division of Militia Affairs recommended in his annual report to the Chief-of-Staff, that the State Police of Pennsylvania be copied by every State. He continued:

This force of highly trained soldiers of the highest standard of discipline, maintained constantly in the most efficient state of drill and equipment, has been introduced in Pennsylvania . . . to supplement the work of the city police or county constabulary in any part of the State in case of an emergency which overtaxes the capacity of the local police or constabulary. It operates practically to relieve the organized militia from all strike or other duty that would bring them into antagonism with representatives of the labor unions, and reserves the militia forces of the State particularly for national defense.

Colonel Weaver's report was variously remarked upon by the Pennsylvania press. The Philadelphia *Bulletin's* Washington correspondent wrote:

The attitude of the labor unions toward the organized militia has created a very pessimistic feeling among officers of the Army and National Guard. . . . The officers say it is almost hopeless to expect any relief from the present conditions by the enactment of State laws or through any national law that would restrain the unions from their unfriendly attitude. The preachings of patriotism are of no effect, even where it is shown that the sole purpose

of the militia is the maintenance of law and order; and in Colonel Weaver's opinion the only real, practical solution of the problem lies in the creation by the other States of a State Police on the lines of the highly trained and disciplined State Police of Pennsylvania. . . . It is believed that the labor unions would then come to look upon the militia as a force for national defense rather than as a State police, and in the course of time their opposition would disappear.

The *Public Ledger* devoted a long editorial to another point of view. On November 25, 1910, it said:

Colonel Weaver's reference to "strike duty" or to the "labor unions" is merely incidental. . . . It is not necessary to assume "antagonisms" of any kind among members of the National Guard to recognize that to hold them subject to call upon every riotous disturbance with which the local police may be unable to cope is not only to make the service unattractive, but to hinder its proper military development. The organized militia is the necessary and proper reliance of the military power of the State in the last resort, but it ought to be reserved for extraordinary emergency. Yet the authority of the State must have an adequate representation in an organized force ready at all times to suppress disorder and maintain the law.

The State Police, though organized under military discipline, is purely a civil institution. It represents the civil authority of the Commonwealth as truly as does the city policeman or the country constable. The difference is that it represents it efficiently and in an impersonal way, detached from local interests and prejudices. . . . Such an arm of the Commonwealth can have no "antagonisms" and any antagonism to it can exist only among those in revolt against all lawful authority. . . .

Colonel Weaver's view of the relation of the State Police principle to the health of the organized militia

is the view of the ranking officers of the regular army to-day. Says Major-General Leonard Wood:

I believe thoroughly in the State Police idea as represented by that admirable organization, the State Police Force of Pennsylvania. I have advocated the adoption of the Pennsylvania system in every part of this country, and would welcome it not only for the good of the militia but for the good of the whole people.

To consult other eminent and experienced army officers is to receive, steadily, the same unqualified opinion.

Meantime the bearing of Pennsylvania's brilliant experiment upon problems vexing the whole Union has been considered in many quarters. In the month of June, 1915, Governor Walsh of Massachusetts appointed a Special Commission on Military Education and Reserve, to investigate and recommend. The Commission consisted of Messrs. Robert L. Raymond, lawyer, and Walton A. Green, editor and publisher of the Boston *Journal*, the Reverend Charles W. Lyons, S. J., President of Boston College, Alexander Meiklejohn, President of Amherst College, J. Frank O'Hare of the Boston Printing Pressmen's Union, Major-Generals William A. Pew and William Stopford, and Brigadier-General John J. Sullivan, M.V.M., retired, and Harold E. Sweet, manufacturer, and mayor of Attleboro.

The report of this liberally representative committee, rendered in December, 1915, contains the following passages:

Fully realizing the obvious fact that the present interest in questions of military defense . . . [is] due to the proof furnished by the terrible conflict in Europe that war is not

yet obsolete and must still be reckoned with, we have nevertheless endeavored to treat the subjects assigned to us from a broad point of view and to submit a report which shall stand the test of normal times. We have kept in mind the inutility as well as the danger of schemes so elaborate or radical as to be certain to fall to pieces when the present intense interest in military affairs passes. Our recommendations are offered, not as emergency measures but as representing a fair and prudent policy in the march of ordinary and usual events. . . .

Our right to make suggestions for positive action is limited to what may be done by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. . . . Nevertheless, early in our deliberations it became evident that any adequate consideration of the topics assigned to us required some consideration of the whole question of national defense. . . .

Broad principles are involved and now is the proper time to face the issue and deal with it frankly and resolutely. What, to-day, is the reason for the existence of the State Militia? Why is money expended on it? Why do men enter its service?

The plain answer is, as an arm of the national defense. That, with one exception, is the only use to which it would or could be put; that, *with no exception*, is the justification of its existence.

The exception just referred to is, of course, the use of the State Militia to put down riots accompanying strikes, or otherwise, and to quell other civil disorders.

There must always be a sufficient force to maintain peace at all times, but the militia is not a body fitted to perform police duty. The situation at time of civil riots, especially accompanying strikes, is so tense that it can be handled only by highly efficient and thoroughly disciplined men who are professionals in their duties. The militia is not a body either armed or trained to handle such situations well. Moreover, the fact that the militia may be called upon to perform police duty is one of the reasons for

FOUR NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

the difficulty it has in securing enlistments. Police duty of this sort should be performed by a trained and efficient State mounted police, and if such are not sufficient the regular army should be called upon before any militia or similar force. It has been proved again and again that the former bodies are able to perform strike and riot duty with a maximum of efficiency and with a minimum of friction and cost. They are far superior for this purpose to any body of occasional soldiers. *The Commission recommends the organization of a State force of mounted police.*

And it should be observed that the finding headed the list denominated by the Commission "definite recommendations . . . where it is not only proper but necessary for the State Legislature to act."

No fewer than nine times in the last decade the National Guard of Pennsylvania must assuredly have been mobilized for riot service but for the little handful of State Police.

But the State Police is, after all, only a handful, and, marvelously as its superb efficiency multiplies its power, it cannot be everywhere at once. It was always on the cards, therefore, that some fine day while imperative need was concentrating the whole of the little Force in a given locality, a serious demand for police service would arise elsewhere. It was always on the cards. Yet in Pennsylvania as in all our easy-going country, men cannot be moved to action by the menace of trouble, however black; the trouble must have been actually fastened upon us before we will look it in the face. Like the Assemblies of 1907 and 1909, that of 1915 defeated the bill to increase the size of the Force; and although every Governor since Governor Pennypacker's day has supported the State Police, not one has been found with the initiative and the courage of

the farmer-judge—not one has been found who had the mettle to put, for once, his duty to the Commonwealth above a fear of risk to his own political fortunes through the noisy bogey of the "Labor Vote." So many men who, on general principles, have steered this cautious course have gone down from the polls to defeat and oblivion for their pains that there would seem to be a certain dreary dullness in continuing to be afraid. The people, all the people, so dearly love a brave man that, if they could really see such a phenomenon, who knows that they would not, in their excitement, thrust office upon him merely because he had scorned to play for it?

In the spring of 1915–16, while the disgraceful conditions in Wilkes-Barre were holding in that vicinity all four Troops of the State Police, trouble broke out near Pittsburgh, at the extreme opposite end of the State. No part of the Force could be withdrawn from the eastern service to meet this latter need; the result would have been intolerable. Therefore, for the first time in over ten years, it became necessary to call upon the National Guard for police duty.

The following statement, furnished by the Adjutant-General's office under date of October 19, 1916, covers this event:

> Unfortunately the four Troops of the State Police were all busily employed in protecting the interests of the public in Wyoming Valley during the street car strike last spring, when the emergency arose in the Allegheny County [Pittsburgh] district. Therefore no State Police were available for service.
>
> The Governor then decided that it was necessary to call out a portion of the National Guard of the State for the purpose of protecting the citizens of the towns of Wilmerd-

ing, Turtle Creek, Braddock, and East Pittsburgh, who were being intimidated by irresponsible mobs, largely composed of foreigners.

For this purpose the Governor directed the Adjutant-General to call out and place on active duty in the field of disturbance four troops of cavalry and one regiment of infantry. A second regiment of infantry was mobilized, six companies of it at their home station and six companies of it at regimental headquarters, which was on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Greensburg, within an hour's run of the affected district. These troops were kept on duty from May 2d until May 19th.

All the bills for this tour of duty have not as yet been audited, but the approximate cost to the State for transportation, subsistence, and pay will amount to about $57,000.00 while the cost of material and stores rendered unserviceable by this tour of duty will approximate $20,000.00 additional.

Therefore, the cash cost to the State for those seventeen days of Guard Service was about seventy-seven thousand dollars, or over a quarter of the entire sum required to maintain the whole State Police Squadron for a year. A detail of twenty troopers, had such been available at the time, would assuredly have handled the situation with ease. This no one disputes. And the cost to the State would then have been represented by the draft on the regular annual appropriation of the State Police Department for the expense of stabling the mounts away from home.

This extreme contrast constitutes no reflection whatever upon the Guard, but merely underscores the extravagance and folly of using weapons unfit for the work to be done. Major Groome, whose loyalty to the Guard no one could question, has himself said:

In the maintenance of law and order in time of riot, the great advantage of the State Police over the National Guard lies in its experience and special training. For sixteen years I had the honor to command the First City Troop of Philadelphia. That organization is composed of men who are absolutely free, fearless, and willing. I think I had their confidence, and I am convinced that, in case of trouble, they would have gone with me anywhere. I have been out on active duty with these troops, and I know that men of that sort, no matter how able they are physically, mentally, and morally, do not know what to do when faced with a lawless mob eight or ten thousand strong. Nor can the National Guard officer so placed be sure of his right course, either.

It takes a certain amount of experience to know just how many bricks to let a man throw before you attempt to defend yourself, just how many shots to fire, and just how much abuse you will stand before you make a move; to know that you need not lose your head because four or five men out of one or two thousand are stoning you; and to know that one man can ride into such a crowd, arrest three or four rioters and bring them out again, as my State Police troopers have repeatedly done. Experience and steady training are essential to all this.

In the early summer of 1916 came that other long-heralded event, the call of the Guard to the border. And then, indeed, was it evident that the National Guard and the State Police are not in truth rival bodies. When the Guards of the States marched off to the front, Pennsylvania alone of all the Union possessed a competent organized Force at home to watch over and protect her own home people.

The Auditor-General, Mr. A. W. Powell, who is also a member of the State Military Board and a Spanish War veteran of fighting record, says:

Since its release by the State Police from the burden of police duty the National Guard of Pennsylvania has enjoyed a resultant increase in the number of enlistments and a raising of the standards of both officers and men. The personnel has improved from 25% to 50% since the creation of the State Police. Both officers and men have become careful students of military problems, both tactical and administrative, and many of the companies and regiments have waiting lists composed of clean, active young men who desire the benefit of such study.

A single scene from actual life will suffice to point the thought underlying Mr. Powell's opinion. It occurred in a certain infantry armory, one night late in June, 1916. The place was a beehive for business. Rows of officials sat at long tables confronted by stacks of documents. Orderlies ran hither and yon with lists, letters, and messages. Faces were drawn and tense with the stress of hurry and detail. No one spoke above the least of his voice. And through it all beat the "thud-thud" of marching feet. Down on the armory floor full ranks of lads in khaki were going through the drill. Around the doors they clustered thick, waiting their turn—a fine and fresh and sturdy lot—the sort that made the good old Pennsylvania regiments over half a century ago.

"Has it come?" one would say to another. And again: "Have you heard? Oh, I hope it comes to-night!"

In the gallery sat a few old men, watching their grandsons with tender eyes. In '62 it had been their day. Now their hearts were full. They did not speak. Each sat apart.

The colonel stood in his office door looking down on the scene—a good colonel, a real colonel, but with an anxious mien.

"Good boys they are," said he, "good boys that will make good soldiers. But if we are not ordered to the front within two days' time I shall lose half of them. They will slide off and join some marching regiment. *They are riddled with fear that the Governor means to hold us here to handle a railway strike!* If only that last precious Legislature of ours could have forgotten its vicious little pocket politics for fifteen minutes and doubled our State Police—Great Heavens! What wouldn't it have meant to us now!"

CHAPTER XX

FOUNDATIONS OF ROCK

It will have been remarked in the preceding chapters that a considerable vagueness exists, in popular usage, as to the name of Major Groome's command. The Act of May 2, 1905, created the Department of State Police. The arm operating under that Act is entitled the *State Police Force of Pennsylvania*. In the early days of its existence, the press began calling it "the Constabulary," as an easy if loose method of differentiation from other police bodies; and the word "Constabulary" has from that time been much in common use. It has, however, not the slightest color of authority. This is here repeated for emphasis.

A particular description of the working conditions of the State Police has been left until now, in order that it might be given as evolved by experience and of present date.

The Superintendent is the executive head of the Department. The official headquarters of the Department, like those of other branches of State Government, is in the Capitol at Harrisburg. This head office is under immediate charge of the deputy superintendent, and is the bureau of records and the clearing house of the four Troops. Here, each day, comes the detailed report of each Troop captain, giving the condition, whereabouts, and occupation of every several man and horse in his command, with a complete statement of all operations of the previous day, and with the full

and signed report of any trooper who may have returned from special duty. All these reports from the four Troops are daily consolidated and submitted in orderly form to the Superintendent. Here, also, come the full monthly reports of each Troop commander, and here are prepared the monthly pay-roll, the monthly deduction sheets, and the vouchers covering the expenditures of the Troops. These last also go to the Superintendent, for examination and signature; and it is the Superintendent who draws all checks for disbursement of funds.

When a man asks for appointment to the Force, he is directed to make out an application showing his past experience and recommendations. This application is then added to the waiting list, and at the proper time a very careful inquiry is instituted into the record of the aspirant. If it proves in any way unsatisfactory, his name is considered no further. If his past record of experience and character is sufficiently good, the man is then summoned to Harrisburg or to Philadelphia and put through an exceedingly rigorous physical examination. This and the succeeding mental test being successfully passed, the applicant is enlisted, and sent to "C" Troop barracks at Pottsville, where he spends four months as a probationer, unless weeded out before that period is completed.

In Pottsville, the probationer is given daily schooling in the criminal, forestry, and game laws of the State, with daily mounted and dismounted drill, is taught the care of horses, and of arms and equipment, and is instructed in general in the duties of the Police. The work of these probationary months is made extremely stiff, and when men drop out under it their going is welcomed, as having saved further waste of time and

opportunity. During this period, also, great care is taken, of a volunteer nature, to impress on the probationer the arduous character of the service to which he aspires.

"Maybe you think that all you have to do is to keep your buttons bright and look pretty on a horse," says one real trooper. "You'll see!"

"Maybe you fancy yourself doing twelve-hour days, and going to bed at night like other people," says another. "How will you like it when they turn you out at two in the morning to ride twenty miles in a blizzard for the pleasure of getting your head blown off by a drunken lunatic that's molesting a vacant lot?"

And among them all, if the probationer has a white feather anywhere in his heart's plumage, their sharp eyes are like to find it out.

But if he survives the four months' probation, and seems withal of likely stuff to the officer commanding, he is assigned to one of the four Troops and goes on regular duty. It will be a long time yet, however, before he will be permitted to go out alone on any sort of service. The name of the Force is too precious a thing to be trusted to the imperfect judgment of a new man.

From this it will be seen that the Force is to-day recruited with much more care than was possible in the day of its origin. In the beginning the entire body was assembled at once and at short notice. There was no time to go far below the surface of a man's recommendations. Now, with a waiting list of at least one hundred promising candidates, it is possible to make very thorough investigation before accepting a man as a probationer.

Promotions in the Force are invariably made from

the ranks and after rigorous examination. "I have not a captain or lieutenant to-day who held that position when the Force was formed," says Major Groome. "At that time it was necessary to select what I considered the best-trained men who came before me. Some of those men, in the course of time, did not prove all that I wanted of them. They were not fitted to handle the position and were therefore dropped out. After the original formation, I have never started a man on the Force otherwise than as a private."

Of the two hundred and thirty officers and men composing the Force to-day, two hundred and twenty-five are honorably discharged soldiers of the regular army. Many of these were non-commissioned officers. Many of them had served two or three terms of enlistment, and their discharge papers were of the sort that constitute the most thorough recommendation that a man can show. How important it is to the service of the State that the recruits should be of this stock, is shown by the fact that, even with the best mental equipment and the best previous experience and training, no man is considered thoroughly qualified as a State Police Trooper until he has been put through eighteen months of the special training that Troop schooling and Troop experience provide.

Punishment for misconduct is governed entirely by court-martial. No man, since the day the Force was organized, has been punished in the slightest degree without a fair trial before such a court, where he might produce witnesses and evidence in his own behalf, and which was conducted by his commanding officer. If the accused proves that the charge against him is incorrect, no record is made of it; if he is found guilty, the evidence, with the sentence of the court, is sub-

mitted to the Superintendent and by him confirmed or modified. And it is deserving of note that no convicted man has ever challenged the justice of the finding.

"The men all know," says Major Groome, "that if they behave properly they can remain on the Force; that if they do not behave properly they will be fined or dismissed; that once they are dismissed *no power on earth can get them back* again, and that if they conduct themselves as they should and fulfill their whole duty no power on earth can procure their dismissal."

In the records of the earlier years, a vigorous and continued weeding-out is evident. Twenty-seven men, thirty-two men, forty men, were then discarded annually "for the good of the service." Even to-day, the annual Troop reports show a persistent although shorter series of dismissals for the same reason.

"Having Intoxicating Liquor in Quarters," "Drinking Intoxicating Liquor while on Duty," "Asleep on Duty," "Abusing a Horse" (this man switched a horse over the head), "Conduct Disgraceful to the Service of the Pennsylvania State Police Force," "Conduct Unbecoming a State Policeman and a Gentleman"—such entries as these, especially to one knowing the circumstances behind them, provoke speculation as to how many organizations, secular or religious, would retain any considerable percentage of their personnel if every member chargeable in such degree were summarily dismissed. But it is worthy of special remark that almost without exception the men so dismissed from the State Police Force are new recruits, and that their failure occurs in fact in the working out of the original test and represents the general crumpling up of the insufficient stuff that is in them.

The annual report of "A" Troop for 1915 shows that its captain, its lieutenant, and five of its non-commissioned officers are now serving in their sixth continuous term of enlistment; that two non-commissioned officers and one private are serving in their fourth continuous enlistment; that three non-commissioned officers and sixteen privates are serving in their third continuous term; and that ten privates are serving in their second continuous term. From men seasoned, proved, and made, like these, the State gets her full meed of service. Among men such as these a lapse of conduct is exceedingly rare.

Many times in this book mention has been made of allegations of misconduct brought against the Force—allegations of brutalities, of acts of oppression and of violence. All of these charges have emanated from sources whose delight would be to prove them to be facts. Practically all of them concern acts alleged to have been committed before many witnesses.

Now, the State of Pennsylvania possesses a grand jury system, by virtue of which the citizen who believes that a wrong of any magnitude has been done in his community has recourse to three remedies: He can make information personally and have the accused arrested on warrant; he can go to the district attorney and lodge complaint; or he can appear before the grand jury, occasion a presentment to be made, and have the accused indicted before the grand jury.

All of these means have always been open to those who charge wrongful acts against the State Police. All of these means are easy to employ. Yet only once in the whole period of the existence of the Force has any charge of misconduct of any kind been sustained in any court in the State against a State Police officer.

And that solitary exception is not one that an enemy can profitably investigate.

For the government of the Force there is no printed manual. Experimental as was its beginning, Major Groome considered it unwise to frame a code at that time, preferring to depend on regular military discipline, supplemented by general orders issued as developments should suggest. General Order Number 6, 1908, Paragraph IV, reads as follows:

> Any member of this Force known to have used outside influence for the furtherance of his interests will be considered as acknowledging his incompetence and will be dropped from the service.

If any man at that time in the service dreamed that the Superintendent might not mean just what he said, his illusion soon took wing. The first victim of General Order Number 6 was a lieutenant who occasioned a senator and certain other influential men to urge his name for appointment to an existing vacancy in the rank of captain. On receipt of the letters of the lieutenant's influential friends, the Superintendent promptly sat down and made out a dismissal from the service. Thereafter, if any member of the Force found his wayward thoughts straying toward a "pull," he had only to remember General Order Number 6 and the Foolish Lieutenant to save the Superintendent a perfectly useless annoyance.

General Order Number 27, 1909, reads:

> Any member of the Force who is found guilty of having taken an active interest in Politics, or who has endeavored to influence the vote of any other person, either a member

of the Force or a private citizen, will be Dishonorably Discharged and fined two weeks' pay.

This mandate, also, like every other in the files, means exactly what it says, and is observed to the letter. From the Superintendent down, no officer on the Force takes cognizance of the political tenets of any member of the Force in any way whatsoever. Politics are taboo, utterly, to the Pennsylvania State Police.

In the beginning there was no regulation concerning marriage. Some married men were originally enlisted and among the unwed presently sprang up a true matrimonial epidemic, such as commonly attacks second lieutenants of the regular army in remote posts. Just as every good regimental commander would surely stop that epidemic, if he could, so Major Groome felt the necessity, "for the good of the service," of arresting its spread in his command. The difference was, that the major possessed—as he still possesses—power to ordain that which should be ordained, while the regular army colonel can only make himself disliked by repeating his candid and futile opinion. Therefore, it was early decreed that no more married men be added to the Force.

Next, in March, 1907, General Order Number 3 was issued. It runs:

To maintain the efficiency of the Force, and owing to the fact that married men sleep out of barracks and are not immediately available at all times for service, hereafter any member of the Force getting married will be honorably discharged.

"I know it seems rather severe," said the Superintendent, at the time, "but marriage will not do for our

troopers. In this work minutes count. Our men must be ready to swing into the saddle at briefest notice, day or night; and that means barracks life. We do not enlist married men now, and it is unjust that a man may enlist as single, then shortly marry and still remain in the ranks."

The same regulation is still operative, but with one modification: After having served two terms of enlistment, or four years, a man may marry, if his officer, knowing all the circumstances, approves. It is considered that after four years' service a trooper will fully realize how much time he is likely to have for his family and what the risks mean; also, that the slight increase of pay accumulated by the third term of enlistment will help him in his heavier expenses.

The schooling of the trooper by no means ends with his four months of probation. On the contrary, recruits' schools, troop schools, and non-commissioned officers' schools are held in every barracks four times weekly. In these various classes are studied criminal law, criminal procedure, the laws of evidence, detective work and psychology, the Game, Fish, Forestry, and Automobile laws, police duties, including conduct of patrols, the manner of making arrests and preferring charges, etc., detailed sectional geography of the State, discipline, deportment, the preparation of reports, vouchers, and official communications, care of equipment, stable hygiene, diseases of the horse, and horsemanship. And the man in his sixth term of service is as strictly kept to his own grade of class-work as is the newest novice.

Regular mounted and dismounted drill, and frequent target practice are also obligatory. Marksmanship fifty per cent. perfect is exacted of every trooper, and

the average member of the Force can show a considerably better record. The squadron revolver team holds the United States Revolver Association's Medal for 1915. It holds also the Winans Trophy, which means that, as a team, the four troopers composing it, Sergeant H. G. Moore and Privates C. B. Nicholson and J. P. Strobel of "A" Troop and Private R. D. Watts of Troop "B," are the best recorded revolver shots in the world.

The following excerpt from an "A" Troop report suggests that the Force's marksmanship may fill a checkered variety of needs:

Jan. 10, 1914. Coroner H. A. McMurray this night complained that an insane man had assaulted him and attempted to kill him with a knife, and that he had since barricaded himself in a house, in Youngstown, and was defying the local authorities. Sergeant Graham and Private Snyder, detailed, proceeded to Youngstown and found the insane man barricaded in a small dark room, furious, and armed with a large butcher's knife. Owing to the position he had taken, it was impossible to overcome him by direct methods. So, while Sergeant Graham held the ray of his pocket flash-light on the man Private Snyder shot the knife from his hand with his service revolver. It was then possible to close with him without any particular injury to officers or prisoner.

In studying detective work, one method often pursued is to take up some remarkable case worked out by a famous detective, to state the situation and circumstances step by step, and to put to the class this question: "What would you do under these conditions?" —then to study the course actually pursued and the reasons of its successes or failures. In the same way,

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interesting cases of to-day, of all descriptions, are followed, discussed, and analyzed, through the course of their enactment. There is no special Secret Service department, but every man on the Force is called upon from time to time to do detective work; and, given his native intelligence, his careful training, and his constant and enlivening experience, it is not surprising that every trooper by his second term of enlistment can do that work fairly well. Some, however, have developed peculiar gifts in the line, and rank among the best detectives in the country.

The importance of legal training to the Force cannot be overestimated. The strength of the Force is the strength of being always right. The man who again and again finds himself, in critical junctures, alone and remote from the possibility of advice or help, with the honor of the State resting in his hands—resting on the justice of his instant act in her behalf—must not only know the State's laws but must perceive in a flash and with absolute certainty the true legal aspect of each situation as it comes.

An illustration by opposites is detailed in the Chief Game Protector's Annual Report for 1911. In this year, in Armstrong County, two special wardens set out under official direction to seize a number of shotguns in the possession of aliens. In Pennsylvania, it may be recalled, aliens are forbidden by law to have such weapons. The guns were properly seized, without violence, and duly forwarded to the office of the Game Commission; so also were the fines collected therewith. The wardens then had fulfilled their simple duty and no wrong had been done to anyone. Nevertheless those wardens, promptly arrested for burglary, robbery, extortion, and several other charges, spent some weeks

in jail and were personally mulcted in considerable sums.

The manner of it was this: The justice of the peace to whom they originally applied for a search warrant had an ordinary justice's acquaintance with the law. He conceived that he might issue one warrant to cover the search of the several houses of which search was desired. This, it appears, may not be done. Acting on the warrant, therefore, the wardens were guilty, under a technicality, and the jury so found. The Court refused to consider the conditions of the case—that the men were under commission and bond from the Game Commission, that they were enforcing established laws by appointed means, and that the only real fault lay in the defective knowledge of the justice of the peace. Unmoved by these things the Court sentenced the accused to pay fines, with the alternative of one hundred days' imprisonment in the workhouse.

Then followed a sequel. Although six or more indictments had been found against the wardens, they were convicted under but one. So to them in prison came the cunning attorneys for the aliens. "Pay back," said they, "to our clients all the monies you took from them; also the full value of the guns; also all costs; also our fees as attorneys. Then we will see that the remaining indictments are quashed. Otherwise no sooner are these hundred days done than you shall be imprisoned again, and yet again, till you forget the face of the sun."

And in very truth the terrorized wardens did pay down several hundreds of dollars to these slippery gentry, as may be read in full in the Commission's report.

It needs little imagination to conceive the effect

upon the grinning aliens, as upon all the lawless element within news of the event, of so flagrant a defeat of the State. And it is not hard to see that if such a judgment could possibly be meted out upon the work of the State Police, its prestige would be utterly gone and the whole body would amount to nothing more than a body of common constables carrying water in sieves.

Says the Fisheries Commissioner, in his Report of 1912: "In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the docket of an ordinary justice falls completely when taken before a court of record on *certiorari*."

The ordinary justice of the peace has no legal knowledge worth the name. But the State Trooper who comes before him is completely familiar with the law governing his case; therefore between them no mistakes occur.

Says Major Groome: "We have not one man on the Force who has been on for two years who cannot present a case before a justice of the peace and present the proper evidence. For that reason our total number of convictions in proportion to our total of arrests is very large. We have averaged from eighty to ninety per cent. of convictions to the arrests made. This is only rendered possible by the fact that the men know when they have the right to make arrests, when a crime has been committed, what constitutes proper evidence, and how to present that evidence in bringing the case before the justice."

When the district attorney tries a case prepared by the State Police, he receives a criminal docket so carefully worked out as greatly to simplify his own labor. Such a docket will show, for example, that Peter Jones died from a bullet wound, at such a place and hour, and that John Doe and Richard Roe, arrested at such

a place and hour, are held on charge of murder. Then follow the names of those conducting the post-mortem; the name of the official who conducted the hearing; the habeas corpus record; the list and description of exhibits; the name of the State Police officer who operated the case and who compiled the evidence, and that of the captain under whose direction he acted; the names of the witnesses; and finally, the stenographic report of the statement of each witness implicated.

In this docket only facts admissible as evidence are presented as evidence, and these facts are skillfully tabulated. Only persons competent to testify are listed as witnesses, and these witnesses are duly on hand as wanted. When, therefore, the district attorney begins to try the case, he simply goes over the docket and calls the witnesses as listed. He already knows what they are going to say, and if they omit anything, or alter their statements, he can refresh his memory—or theirs, if he likes—by the paper before him. And many are the district attorneys of the State who proclaim with fervor the lightening of their labors and the extension of the powers of their own office by the able assistance of the Force.[1]

The State Police would prefer to have a case "nolle-prossed" rather than to bring it into court without

[1] A recent request for an opinion on the value of the State Police as coöperative with county officers and as related to the general welfare of the people, addressed to the district attorneys of the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania has elicited the following response:

Forty-nine district attorneys enthusiastically endorse the Force and record themselves as emphatically desirous of seeing its size at least doubled in the immediate future. Four district attorneys either disapprove of the Force or profess ignorance of its workings. In eight counties whose district attorneys have not replied to the enquiry, sheriff, county controllers or county commissioners warmly endorse the Force. Six counties remain unheard from at this writing.

sufficient evidence; for cases tried without securing conviction bring costs upon the county without effecting any good result. The cleverer of the criminal class are themselves familiar with the law and fight points very closely. If such men win their cases, they feel themselves covered with glory, and they and all their sort are further encouraged to crime. Conversely, the knowledge to-day current among these people, that, if the case against a man has been prepared by the State Police, no loophole remains for escape, is of immense value to the State because of the moral effect upon the underworld at large.

In the Troop school, with the general teaching of the law, the Force is taught how to present all the essentials of a case as a continuous story. With this, the men are trained never, under any circumstances, to bolster up a case, and never, whatever the circumstances, either to show or to be inwardly influenced by personal hostility toward the prisoner. This attitude, also, contributes greatly to the Nemesis-like effect of their name. And how unwaveringly the attitude is maintained may be learned with final authority from the judges of the county courts most frequently considering State Police cases.[1]

Among the men who have left the Force for private life, some are now barristers by profession; and one—a former regular army sergeant-major who joined the Force in 1905—has become a member of the bar while still remaining an officer of the State Police.

[1] See Appendix D.

CHAPTER XXI

SUBSTATION AND PATROL

EXCEPTING on some unusual occasion of stress, a certain number of men—twenty or so—are held at all times in each Troop barracks as a reserve to meet such extra needs as may arise. The remainder of the troopers are out on special duty or on substations.

The barracks reserve, in the little time that remains free from calls, patrol-riding, and class-work, does anything and everything about the place that needs doing. Grading, plumbing, white washing stables, odd jobs of construction or repair, to all alike the troopers turn their hands. And those things are few that some member of the Troop cannot manage.

Every man but the captain and the lieutenant takes care of his own horse and equipment. Every man has his stable suit and does his turn at stable duty. Even though a trooper has ridden fifty miles to barracks and drops off his saddle frozen and starved, he must groom his horse before he looks after his own necessities. "Must," it is said; yet not a member of the Force could comfort himself while he knew that his horse lacked comfort. And the horses show it,—show it not only in their silky coats and their clean, smooth legs, but in their wise and gentle, their lovely and speaking eyes.

The substation system, inaugurated early in the Force's history, underwent some development through

experiment and experience before settling into permanent form. When substations are to be freshly assigned from any Troop, there are always many more applications from needy localities than the size of the Troop can supply. The possible territorial range is therefore carefully considered, with the relative needs of the various sections thereof, and at those points most suffering from disorder substations are fixed.

Wherever it is possible, the substation is established in a good private house, rather than in a hotel, as in this way the men are at once brought into contact with the more responsible citizens. Sometimes the village doctor has room for three men, with space in his stable for their mounts. Sometimes it is the postmaster who offers the necessary accommodation. And it is a pleasure to think of one comely old house that has sat for a hundred years on the banks of a western river. On the walls of the high-panelled parlor hang the portraits of the New England poets, side by side with two Civil War commissions signed by Mr. Lincoln in behalf of the now aged and invalid master of the house. That charming and vivacious old lady, the mistress, talking of books old and new, of politics and modern issues, chanced to remark in passing, without a sigh, that of late years it had been necessary for her to eke out a slender income by renting two of her rooms to lodgers.

"But now," said she, "I have the substation of the State Police."

"And how do you like it?"

Strange to relate, her bright brown eyes suddenly filled with tears. "If you only knew!" she said softly—"if you only knew the difference! I have always been fortunate in having nice men, but these—these are so

quiet, so mannerly, so considerate, so good to my husband and to me—why, *these are Christian gentlemen!*"

Rather quaint? But a very serious matter to two simple country gentlefolk in the evening of their days, and a very eloquent matter as to the inner mind of three strapping young soldiers whose life, coming and going, day and night, is the hardest life there is.

A substation detail commonly consists of a non-commissioned officer, responsible for the station, and two enlisted men. A glance into the mathematically orderly room that houses it will show, besides the three army cots whose bedding lies as square as if sawed out of marble, and the few other articles of furniture, a telephone and a desk. In attendance upon the telephone one man always waits. The other two patrol the roads, according to a plan carefully mapped out at the beginning.

Radiating regularly from the home centre just as the petals of a daisy radiate from the daisy's heart, regular loops of patrol route are laid out on the map. Each loop measures about twenty-five miles, from start to finish. Taken in conjunction with its opposite loop, it therefore shows the patrol system from this centre as covering a circle twenty-five miles in diameter. Each loop, as drawn on the map, is marked with the name, number, and position of each telephone subscriber living along that route. And it is arranged with each subscriber that on receipt of a request from the substation he will instantly hang out a signal at his house.

By this means, when the man sitting at the telephone receives from Farmer Brown a call to arrest trespassers on his land, or from Mrs. Barnes the word that her little girl is lost, he immediately looks at his watch to determine where the trooper nearest to the point of need is

at that moment riding, and at the map to see what telephone he should next pass. He then calls up that telephone, and asks that the signal be displayed. The trooper, riding by, sees the signal, runs in, calls up the substation, gets his orders, and is forthwith off cross-country to the rescue of the man that needs him.

The patrols seldom ride the same route or the same way, two days in succession. Therefore no one can count on their being absent at any given hour. But the officer at the telephone knows always where the patrolmen are and can therefore divert their courses with speed whenever necessary. Each substation coöperates with the substation adjoining, if such there be, and each is in constant communication with its Troop commander.

For ordinary observation patrol, the men ride singly, but in case of special emergency two men, when possible, are sent together, not only to support each other, but in order that, in case of the later arising of a question of veracity, the trooper may have a witness to produce.

Between forty and fifty substations are established each normal year and are maintained as long as the year's appropriation permits. But a given detail, as a rule, is not kept on any one station for more than three months at a time. This is partly as a measure of fairness, in that some substations are pleasanter than others, partly lest the men should contract local sympathies or prejudices that might insensibly color their attitude. If, therefore, it is deemed necessary to maintain a substation for longer than the three-month period, the personnel is changed.

When the policy of periodic change of substation personnel was at first noticed, some public question was raised as to the possibility of men so frequently new

to their locality acquiring a sufficient working knowledge of the topography of the place.

"Take the good old local constable," these questioners babbled on; "*he* knows every little path and thicket, because he went fishing that way when he was a boy. *He* knows all the ne'er-do-wells and their habits, where they go and what they do, who their friends are, and how to find them. He knew them when they were boys. They are all his cousins or his wife's relations. *He's* your man for the job. *He's* your real sleuth."

Now, apart from the involuntarily comic side of this view—for, incredible as it seems, the idea was seriously advanced—one defect of perception was here involved that a thinking man might briefly suffer. This was the failure to take into account the peculiar character and antecedents of the men composing the State Police Force. Had they been recruited from among city-dwellers, from among any class other than that from which they came, the objection indeed might have held. But almost every member of the State Police Force has behind him years of experience in forest, plain, and jungle, in strange countries and remote fastnesses, where his life and perhaps the lives of his comrades have rested on his own skill as a scout.

Such a man, trained of eye and brain until he possesses a veritable sixth sense of orientation and topography, needs but the briefest experience to grasp his terrain more completely than the average parishioner would grasp it in a lifetime's residence. Here, again, shines forth the Superintendent's wisdom and economy in choosing the personnel of the Police from that picked

company that the Federal War Department has already trained and tried under many skies and formally stamped with its high guarantee.

The network of patrol over country districts has a strong preventive effect, visible in countless ways. For example, the patrols very quickly learn the regular denizens of their radius. If, then, they meet a dubious-looking stranger on the road, they rein up and question him.

"Where do you come from?" "Where do you work?" "Where are you going?" And if the stranger has meant any harm to anyone, it is most unlikely that, marked and considered as he now knows himself to be, he will pursue his purpose still.

The trained intelligence of the trooper, his trained eye skilled to grasp the stigmata of wayward minds and lives, detect signs of warning where the ordinary observer would see nothing of note. Frequently, when occupied on very different errands, he will see and arrest a criminal who has been "wanted," perhaps in another State, for years.

"How did you happen to notice the fellow? Was he doing anything suspicious?" someone asks.

"Oh, no, but he didn't look good to me and I thought I remembered the face, so I kept him in mind till I could get another glance into our Rogues' Gallery. Then I knew."

The Greensburg *Tribune* gives in its daily news a characteristic story that was enacted on September 25, 1915.

Advices just received from Burgettstown, Washington County, it relates, tell of the arrest of two yeggmen by Troopers McPherson and Conrad of the Burgettstown Substation.

Fred Tara, white, and Christ Henderson, colored, both of whom have penitentiary and rogue's gallery records, are now in jail, under $5000 bail each. The men are two of the most disgusted prisoners ever placed in the Washington County jail. Troopers Conrad and McPherson, as well as other members of the Troop, are jubilant over the capture.

The two State Policemen on Saturday rode out from Burgettstown, making their patrol to Langloth [in pair because conditions promised need in that direction]. In making their rounds the troopers noticed a strange white man and a negro whom they considered suspicious. The troopers returned to Burgettstown, got into civilian clothes, and returned to Langloth. There they shadowed the two strangers all afternoon until late in the evening, when they followed them to the store of Nick Capozzala. There the white man and the negro hid in the long grass under an apple tree, where they had a good view of the front of the store.

The troopers also concealed themselves in the grass nearby, watching the strangers as well as the store. Finally the negro and his companion left their places under the tree and entered the store. The negro asked for a pie. While the clerk was wrapping it up, the white man suddenly drew a huge Belgian revolver and commanded the three persons in the store to throw up their hands. The negro vaulted over the counter and was busy at the money drawer. At that minute the troopers entered the store and trained their guns on the astonished robbers.

At a sharp command the yeggmen threw their hands in the air and were securely handcuffed by Troopers Conrad and McPherson. They were taken to Washington and placed in jail. Both men were armed and large bunches of skeleton keys were found in their clothes. Both men spoke openly of their disgust at being captured with so much ease.

To-day, the farmers themselves, finding the alacritous response that their communications meet, are wide

awake to the advantages of coöperation. When Mrs. Allen, alone in her house, looks up from her bread kneading to see a half-whining, half-threatening tramp standing in her door, who looks about him very sharply while she gives him the food he demands, she no longer trembles helplessly all day long and then gives her husband a nervous night.

Instead she takes down her telephone the moment the tramp is out of hearing, and reports her visitor to the officer at the substation, comfortably sure that the knave's career in that locality will be brought to a sudden close forthwith.

When any stranger appears in a little village or at an isolated home, whose looks or whose errand seem suspicious, the observer no longer waits for confirmation of his doubts but telephones them at once to the substation officer. And the substation, receiving each day many calls of this sort, becomes a centre in which fragments of fact find their mates and build up serviceable units.

Thus, at two o'clock on a certain black night in June, Sergeant Jacobs at Monessen Substation was called up by a farmer living over near Belle Vernon with the news that two negroes had just tried to enter his chicken house, and that he had shot at them and driven them away. Instantly two troopers sprang out of their beds, saddled, and were off. On the road to Belle Vernon, they met a wayfarer, investigated him, found that he was one of the men wanted and that he was hurt. So they took him first to a doctor and then properly disposed of him.

Meantime, Sergeant Jacobs had received another communication. Someone near Webster, six miles or so to the north, reported a strange and suspicious

negro, suffering from some wound, seen on the railway track.

"Chickens?" mused the sergeant, as he reached for his hat.

Then he, too, rode out, picked up what proved indeed to be the second thief, and took him to hospital. Both men pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny and were duly punished by law.

Shenandoah is a mining town, largely foreign in population, situated in "C" Troop's territory. The Pottsville *Republican* prints the following news item of an incident of the daily patrol work in that locality:

State Policeman Grant Humer to-day saved the lives of the three children of John G. Gouyla, of Colorado, near Shenandoah, from cremation when the Gouyla home caught fire during the mother's absence.

When the woman discovered the State Policeman who was patrolling nearby, after telling him of the children's peril, she collapsed.

Humer groped his way upstairs in blinding smoke and intense heat and rescued the children at the risk of his own life.

The house and its contents were totally destroyed. Loss $2000. No insurance.

The very next day after the occurrence of this rescue, another "C" Troop patrol fought for other lives against another element. The Philadelphia *North American* thus reported the incident:

Laura E. Shartt, 19 years old, and her sister Florence, 16, are alive to-night only because Private W. K. Keely, of Troop "C," State Police, chanced to pass along the shore of the Conodoguinet creek, just as the girls' canoe capsized.

Keely first rescued the elder girl and took her to shore.

Then he went back for Florence, who had disappeared. She had sunk twice when he grabbed her as she made her second appearance. Florence was unconscious and the policeman carried her a mile to West Fairview, where medical attendance was obtained.

The creek is very deep at that point and many drownings have occurred there in the past.

Again, as an example out of many thousand, an "A" Troop patrol, riding by the village of Hannistown, one June day, learned that a little Polish lad had been wandering around that place apparently lost. The trooper at once hunted out the child and found him in the hands of women who had picked him up and were caring for him. Questioning the stray, the officer was able to arrive at the conclusion that he probably came from Greenwald. On the way to Greenwald, he learned that men were dragging a certain reservoir in that vicinity for a boy supposed to be drowned. Connecting the two, and finding the connection just, the trooper was able without further delay to restore little Tony Sloma to his parents.

A trained man riding the country roads with his eyes wide open and anxious to see all that there is to be seen, can and will find a host of odds and ends by the wayside, whose sum means much to the community by the end of the day. Again and again have the Force's patrols discovered fires in farmers' homes and put them out, while all the farmers' people were off in the fields. Again and again has the knowledge of first aid and of physiology that every trooper possesses stood between death and some sufferer by the roadside or some inmate of an isolated house upon his route.

"The cows are in the corn!" is a panic cry to the

man whose cornfield means half his livelihood. When a State Police patrol sees the corn stirring when it should not stir, he finds out why it stirs. If the cows are responsible, he first drives them out and then tells the farmer about his fence. If, as sometimes happens, the swaying stalks mean the presence of some rascal biding his time in hiding, those rascally plans are upset on the spot.

"What kind of police do they have around here?" casually enquires the yeggman just dropped off the train at a country village.

If the answer is: "State Troopers," he scarcely risks leaving the station, but moves on again to safer fields by the next freight.

CHAPTER XXII

LITTLE STORIES OF THE FIELD

In the hunting season, a great amount of injury is inflicted upon the Pennsylvania farmer through the carelessness or the arrogance of "sportsmen" little deserving the name. Dogs harry the sheep, men tramp over posted land as freely as if the posters were invisible, and stray bullets kill or wound a great number of cattle annually. To control such conditions through the local constables is of course impossible; neither have game officers been able to handle the grievance. But with the coming of the State Police into any locality all this is changed.

A typical incident which must have surprised its victims as thoroughly as it pleased the farmer who saw his former helplessness ended by the fixing of a substation within his telephone's reach, occurred as follows:

W. J. Munce, Jr., a farmer of Manifold, Washington County, entertained very strong objections to persons hunting on his farm. He had thoroughly posted his property with warning and trespass signs, and for years he was merely laughed at for his pains. One late October morning he discovered two men digging out and hunting rabbits in his woods. As usual, they jeered at his orders to leave, and well he knew that even though he should scare them off they would be back again and at it the next day.

"Let me see, now," said Mr. Munce to himself, "what the boys at that new substation will do."

So he telephoned.

Presently the poachers heard the light thud of hoofs on turf, and, looking up, saw two troopers trotting toward them over the fields. Says the Washington *Observer's* report:

> Figuring that the officers on their horses would be seriously hampered by the character of the land, the two fugitives led the chase through deep ravines and over many fences. The horses of the State Police, however, were equal to the emergency, lightly vaulted the fences and picked their way through the scrubby ravines with unerring steps. After a chase which extended for about three miles, the two were rounded up on the Quail farm.

The result, needless to say, was most beneficial to the manners of the local poaching talent.

In the hunting season a very large part of the substations' attention is specifically devoted to the farmers' protection along these lines. The following reply to a direct personal inquiry as to how far this service is really effective may be taken as representing the class. It is signed by Mr. W. E. Crawford, secretary of the Citizens' Protective Association of Rostraver township, Westmoreland County, and is dated Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania, January 13, 1916:

> The Citizens' Protective Association of Rostraver township was organized to protect the lands of its members from trespass during the hunting season, and has twenty-five members, all farmers, whose farms comprise a tract of about four thousand acres. In the first year of the Association's existence, we endeavored to patrol this territory with our own game wardens, which we found to be very expensive

and unsatisfactory. During the past five seasons, we have had the State Police do the patrolling, for which the State makes no charge, and their work has been so efficient that we have forgotten our hunting season trouble.

So in answer to the question, "Do the State Police protect the farmers from trespass during the hunting season?" we, the members of this Association, unanimously and emphatically answer "Yes." . . .

A State Police such as we of Pennsylvania have, not only protects the farmer and his property from trespass during the hunting season but also gives him protection from lawless characters at all times and all seasons.

As has been said, a trooper riding on one errand keeps always an open mind for the additional chance. Thus Corporal Dearolf, of "B" Troop, Kulpmont Substation, set out on September 14, 1915, with a warrant for one Paul Kelleher, wanted for burglary committed in the other end of the State. Kelleher's whereabouts were only vaguely indicated, but Corporal Dearolf succeeded in finding the man in the course of the day in a place called Trevorton.

As the State trooper was leaving Trevorton with his prisoner, the constable of that town casually informed him that he, the constable, had arrested a man a week before on the charge of larceny, but that the thief had escaped from his hands.

Corporal Dearolf at once took a description of the fugitive, and on the way to jail with his own prisoner, saw the constable's man, recognized him from the description, picked him up, and presently returned him to the constable.

Private Alvis of "A" Troop made a fuller record on the day when he started out to arrest a burglar, effected the arrest, and then, like Corporal Dearolf, while still

on the road to jail with his first capture recognized and picked up another criminal wanted elsewhere in the State. Passing with his two prisoners through a hamlet near his journey's end, he heard that an assault had just been committed upon a little girl in the country near that place. Therefore, as soon as he could lodge his present charges in safe keeping, he turned face, and rode back in haste on the trail of the third miscreant. Before nightfall, that man also was Private Alvis's prisoner, and three important and unconnected arrests stood credited as one day's work to the State trooper.

In "B" Troop's record for October 30, 1915, it is shown that on that morning Farmer D. R. McDonald of Hughesville, Lycoming County, telephoned to the substation at Muncy, seven or eight miles away, to report that two horses, a black and a roan, had been stolen from his barn during the previous night. Privates Robert Ammon and Blaine G. Walters of the Muncy detail went at once to Mr. McDonald's farm. From there they began a hunt, which soon developed the fact that two horses answering the farmer's description had already been shipped from Muncy to persons in Olean, New York, and were now *en route*.

Interviewing the Muncy railway agent, the two troopers were informed that the shipment could not be stopped. They then called on Inspector Bathurst of the Pennsylvania Railroad, explained the situation fully, and asked for the detention of the horses. Here again they were refused, with the reiterated statement that it was absolutely impossible to stop the shipment until it had reached its interstate destination.

Private Ammon, nothing daunted, merely continued to strike higher and higher up in the official roster of

the Pennsylvania Railroad, until at last he succeeded in getting an order that stopped the car containing the stolen freight as it reached Larabee's, McKean County, close to the boundary of the State.

Private Ammon then proceeded with Mr. McDonald to Larabee's, where the farmer identified his property. The horses were thereupon turned over to their owner, and reshipped to their home. Their recovery was thus effected in the same day in which the substation was informed of their loss.

The speedy action of the State Police in this matter, with its great saving of effort, costs, time, and risk of failure, is characteristic of all the work of the Force. But another feature will also suggest itself to those who have suffered under comparable conditions without such aid to their rescue—At how many junctures would the ordinary county or borough official, conducting Farmer McDonald's chase, have turned upon him with a blank face and the infuriating phrase:

"You see, we can do no more; it is impossible!"

A different service was rendered to Lycoming County when District Attorney Hoagland sent in a request for help in handling the illegal liquor traffic about the town of Masten. Three troopers reported to the district attorney on March 27th. Having heard the circumstances of the case, the troopers forthwith formed their own plan. They secured a surveying outfit, went to Masten, and arranged to board there while pursuing supposed work on a pipe-line. They made acquaintances in the town, and noted several drunken men and one eighteen-year-old boy with a pail of beer. They then made inquiries as to where beer could be purchased, and secured sufficient information to cause the arrests of five men charged with violation of liquor

laws, selling without a license on Sunday, and kindred offenses.

This they accomplished in three days' time, reporting back to their station on March 30th. Of the five prisoners, one was discharged, one pleaded guilty and paid a fine of five hundred dollars, and the others were sentenced to nine months in the penitentiary.

A General Order absolutely forbids any members of the Force to taste intoxicating liquor while on duty, and no exception is made in favor of men seeking evidence of violation of the liquor laws. This regulation compels officers detailed on such work to find other than the easiest means of making their observations. But in these, as in all cases of special duty, the fact that only tried, experienced, and trustworthy men are sent out enables the Troop commanders to leave to their men's judgment, guided by the circumstances that they meet, the choice of means to effect their ends.

The early objections of borough officials such as Constable Sunday to the coming of the State Police into their latitudes has given place to a realization of solid benefits accruing to themselves from that friendly vicinage. Thus, we have Constable James Rue, of Monongahela City, appealing to the nearby substation for essential help. Constable Rue had attempted to arrest three foreigners, in an outlying settlement, who had promptly cast him out of their house for his pains and had promised to blow his head off if he showed his face again. When, however, they saw Sergeant McLaughlin and Private Check escorting the constable on a new visit, they decided to submit in peace. So the constable got his prisoners, saved his head, pocketed his fees in full, and was triumphantly vindicated in the eyes of black sheep and white.

Again, on March 28, 1915, at one o'clock in the morning, a member of the Borough Council of West Newton, Westmoreland County, telephoned "A" Troop Headquarters that the borough police officer, while attempting to make an arrest, had been assaulted and brutally beaten by a gang of rowdies. After instructing the non-commissioned officer in charge of the Monessen Substation, over beyond, to send two mounted men to cover the roads of escape on that farther side, Captain Adams at once despatched Sergeant Price and three troopers of the Headquarters reserve to West Newton by automobile.

On arrival the detail interviewed the police officer, an infirm old man, and found that his assailants, eight lusty young fellows, were the sons of the principal inhabitants of the place. In spite of the determined efforts of their friends, all but one of the eight were found guilty of aggravated assault and battery, and sent to the workhouse for four months.

A less usual occurrence was the request of the Police Committee of the Borough Council of the borough of Connellsville, Fayette County, for a detail to patrol and afford necessary police protection within that borough, pending the appointment of a permanent police force to take the place of men dismissed for neglect of duty. The detail was granted, and, greatly to the relief of the citizens, policed the exposed district for two weeks until the new local force could be formed.

Great care, however, is at all times exercised to discourage local officials from "lying down" on their own proper work by getting the State Police to do it for them. This is done both as a matter of principle and because the little Force is actually in daily receipt of an average of eighty per cent. more calls than it is

physically possible for it to fill. The following appeal was addressed to Major Groome by the district attorney of a northern county, on August 19, 1916:

For some time I have endeavored to secure the establishment of a substation of troopers here. The need of such a substation becomes more pressing and more apparent each day. During the past year we have had some twelve murders. In most cases no one was apprehended. Within the past week we have had two murders and no arrests. These were preceded by a murder some ten days ago. It seems that there can scarcely be a county where your coöperation is more imperatively necessary. We feel grateful for past coöperation and realize that your full quota of men may not be available. But we trust that you may be able to arrange the matter as desired.

With calls such as these constantly coming in from many directions, and with the present necessity of refusing a considerable proportion of them because of lack of men, it will readily be seen that there is small chance of indulgence for the applicant who is merely trying to shirk his own work.

An intelligent idea of the ramifications of the Force's services through all classes of the community may be gathered from an analysis of the list of telephoned appeals received by any one of the four Troops in the course of a year. In the year 1915, "B" Troop, for example, received twelve hundred and twenty-eight telephoned calls for help. Of these, a certain percentage came from borough and county officers, as aldermen, burgesses, the village constable, the district attorney, the sheriff, justices of the peace, the police. Very large numbers came from housekeepers, farmers,

laborers, miners, merchants; and for the rest, it is scarcely possible to name a profession or a common trade that is not represented. Clergy, physicians, grocers, butchers, bakers, engineers, brakemen, blacksmiths, plumbers, electricians, steamfitters, teamsters, carpenters—ninety-six callings in all, aside from those of public officials, are represented by the applicants for emergency help from "B" Troop, State Police, within the year 1915.

When "C" Troop's telephone rings, the chances are even that some member of a miner's family is calling. Someone has robbed the house, or has held up the man, a child is lost, there is a fight or a fire or an accident in the place, and the first thought that comes to the family mind is to shriek for the State Police. Fully fifty per cent. of "C" Troop's emergency calls come from miners and their households.

Even the little children are steeped in the idea. The Pottsville *Chronicle*, on May 11, 1915, records a common occurrence in this respect, among the news items of the day:

> A detail of State Troopers was rushed to Mount Carbon today when the frantic children of Anthony Chioba screamed over the 'phone that their father was being stabbed to death. He had been attacked by Samuel Bofino, who gashed his face, head, and neck with a long knife and then threatened to kill the entire family. Bofino was taken into custody by the troopers shortly after three o'clock . . . a quarter of an hour after they had been called.

Monsignor Francis J. McGovern, rector of the Church of St. Patrick, Pottsville, and whose territory is that in which "C" Troop centres, affirms with the

authority of one who has presided over his people for more than twenty-three years:

> Serious crimes have been committed here since the advent of the State Police, but I do not know of a single case in which the malefactor has escaped punishment. . . . It is impossible to describe how invaluable is their presence to the country districts. . . . They have subdued a great many crimes formerly frequent here and which would undoubtedly prevail again were the Police withdrawn from us. . . . Crimes against women and children have scarcely been heard of since the State Police came. The most conclusive testimony, however, is that of their neighbors—neighbors around the barracks. These people all like the State Police and know them as unfailing friends. If a doctor is wanted they go for a doctor; if a priest is wanted they go for a priest; if anyone is lost they find him; if anyone is hurt, they help, with good-will, wisdom, and skill.

Professor B. S. Simonds, probation and parole officer of this same county of Schuylkill, narrates with relish a picturesque little scene enacted under his own eyes.

It was on the outskirts of a large mining settlement in the county. A fight had started among the foreigners in the valley, which had quickly attracted a swarm of interested spectators, so that presently fully five hundred men and women were in the field lustily beating each other with whatever weapons came handiest. Bones were breaking, blood was flowing, shrieks and brickbats filled the air.

Suddenly, high on the head of the hill, one solitary State Police patrol appeared. He reined in his horse and sat for a second looking down, as still as Colleoni carved against the sky. Then, drawing his riot-stick, he started quietly to descend.

At that moment some one of the mob chanced to look up, saw the trooper, and raised a shout: "State Police!"

The word worked like an enchantment. Clubs and stones dropped, and, like naughty children caught by their nurse, every creature fled from the field as fast as his or her legs could twinkle. The riot vanished, and the rioters.

Then the trooper put up his stick and went calmly on about his business. He had not even been obliged to speak, to lift his hand, or to descend the hill.

I tell you [says Professor Simonds, with contagious enthusiasm] that you can't find one reputable man, woman, or child in this county who will say a derogatory word of the Force. I never heard a criticism of it worth a snap of the finger. In my work I couldn't do without them. The Police will defend the home of the poorest in this county just as quickly and with just as much vigor as they will the homes of the rich. They will act more promptly, use less violence, and bring a man into arrest more easily than any other force known. They won't club a man because he is drunk. A man is to be tried in this term of court [June, 1916] whom they followed thirty-five hundred miles. And they *got him! And it did not cost the county a cent!*

There is no tax I pay that I pay as willingly as I do the few pennies that go toward the maintenance of this splendid body of men.

One "criticism" is occasionally advanced concerning the State Police which, although it comes easily within Professor Simonds's category of values, may still deserve a word of notice. It is, that in the Force's organization the number of non-commissioned officers is disproportionately large as related to the number of privates in

the Troop. It will be recalled that each Troop is assigned one first sergeant, four sergeants, four corporals, and one blacksmith with rank of corporal, and that the present law gives each Troop forty-five privates.

Now, the fact is that the percentage of non-commissioned officers to privates is almost exactly that found in the cavalry troop of the regular army on war footing. When the regular army troop is on peace footing, its percentage of non-commissioned officers is much larger than is that of the present State Police Troop, for the reason that the numerical difference between army war and peace footings lies almost exclusively in the number of privates.

Furthermore, the peculiar nature of the State Police work demands fully this percentage, for the good of the service. It needs no argument to show that with the establishment of numerous substations at points considerably distant from Troop headquarters, and with the constant despatching of details on special service, it is imperative that each substation or detail shall be under the charge of a ranking man responsible to his captain for that detachment.

The blacksmiths of the four Troops are highly skilled men, specialists, picked and experienced graduates of the farriery branch of the Army Mounted Service school at Fort Riley. The condition of the horses' feet is far too vital a matter to entrust to outside smiths' hands except when necessary by reason of distance from home. Also it is essential to have in each Troop a member who can school the Troop in all that concerns such matters. Thus every trooper is taught what proper care of his mount's feet means; but when he is in barracks it is imperative that his

horse be handled by a real master in the art, who will correct any faults that may have begun, and who will restore the hoofs to perfect condition. In order to save any disputes of authority on points involved Major Groome has found it essential to enable the farrier to impose obedience. For this reason the farrier is given the grade of corporal.

The question is sometimes asked, whether it is really desirable that all State Police be mounted. The answer admits no debate:

The Force must always be a mounted force, for character. The prestige of "the man on horseback" is psychological, rooted in the depths of the human mind. To disregard this fundamental fact would be an extravagant folly. For riot duty experience has proved the mount to be indispensable; the theory that a mounted man cannot make an arrest to advantage is amateur's nonsense. Again, for observation patrol, among a variety of definite uses, no other means of locomotion equals the horse. But for certain emergencies, the possession of one or two high-powered automobiles and a few motorcycles would undoubtedly increase the efficiency of each Troop.

The State, however, has never as yet seen its way to incurring these expenses of equipment. Some of the Force, therefore, have provided themselves with motorcycles, out of their own pockets, from their lavish pay. But until November, 1916, "A" Troop was the only one of the four divisions of the squadron that possessed a car.

A Western Pennsylvania newspaper once offered a Studebaker touring car as a prize to be voted to the most popular organization in the region. "A" Troop won that prize, handsomely, over all comers, and

greatly to the region's subsequent advantage. As the Force moves, not one minute is ever wasted. That which aids its movements saves life and goods and peace.

CONCLUSION

"WHAT is the difference between the Pennsylvania State Police and the North-West Mounted Police of Canada?" was recently asked of two State Police captains.

Said one, wistfully: "I read the other day that the Dominion Government had spent eighteen thousand dollars on the pursuit and capture of a single criminal by the North-West Mounted, who chased the man all over the world, and that the money was thought well invested in upholding the authority of the State. What could we not do with backing relatively as fine as that!"

Said the other, proudly: "The difference is, that *the Canadians have a guardhouse, and we have none.* With us, the best man goes, on his first lapse of conduct. *We know no such thing as a second offense.*"

And the fine, stiff words are true.

"The best discipline," Major Groome repeats, "is that which is never in evidence. It must be so thorough and lie so deep that it has no need to show."

"Major Groome," said a sergeant ten years on the Force,—and, although no one heard him but one outsider, he straightened up as he spoke as though the colors were marching past,—"Major Groome is a prince among men. And my Captain—*my Captain is like him!*"

"The bond between man and man, man and officer, seems very close," observed the same outsider to the

captain, apart. The captain turned slowly white, even to his lips:

"I don't think I could speak about that," said he, almost unsteadily—nor were words needed.

If you hear a calumny, a charge, an imputation against one trooper, and tell it to another, officer or man, you will see in the look on his face, before the grave, reserved speech leaves his lips, that the thing is as deeply personal to himself as his own soul. Whatever touches the honor of the Force touches him, and to the very quick; for the honor of the Force is the honor of every man in it.

It is ingrained in each seasoned trooper's consciousness that there are certain things that every trooper must always do; certain things that no trooper may ever do; certain lines that must be followed, others that must be avoided. If a new man simply offends the old ones, that is nothing; they leave time to deal with him. But if he transgresses the tradition of the Force, his comrades say, "You must not do that again."

If he persist, having warned him that they will bring the matter to the captain's attention, they proceed to act accordingly. It is not a question of tale-bearing. It is a question of the precious, untarnished honor of the uniform they wear. "Each man is a command in himself," as one captain puts it, and each man holds himself personally responsible for this priceless trust.

Says another Troop commander: "There is a certain spirit among the men that compels them, once they tackle a job, to see it finished in the right way. They are all proud of the results they achieve. If I send a man out, and he has to come back without accomplishing all that he went for, I know that he is disappointed—that he is not satisfied with merely

having done all that could be expected of him. Once the men are on a trail they will keep going just as long as there is work to do. They never count hours in the day nor days in the week."

Says a second captain, with a pride that glows through his gravity:

"My men are right up on their toes, every instant, ready for something to happen."

And they know each other, this little close-knit brotherhood, so passing well! "We all depend on the other fellow, every minute, and go right up to the limit, because we know he is there. When we get into a tight place, the other man is with us,—so—well—a sort of free-masonry springs up between us, you see," a trooper explains.

A certain officer, he, too, ten years on the Force, one day observed with almost tearful sympathy to a village constable who had just committed an act of more than common dullness:

"Why, you dear soul, if all your brains were nitroglycerine there wouldn't be enough inside your head to blow your hat off!"

One who picked up this speech carried it two hundred miles and more and repeated it to another State Police officer. "Did Price say that?" asked he. "I thought so. Price does say things like that. I served with him in Manchuria."

Now if you should try to extract from either one of those men, personally, something of what happened in Manchuria, you would not get a word in a week, either as to himself or as to his comrade, for they of the Force will not betray each other's secrets to the public gaze. But the War Office is less chary of its knowledge. This is what its records furnish as to Wilson C. Price,

in addition to the usual details of enlistments, assignments, and honorable discharge—"character excellent."

Awarded certificate of merit "for most distinguished gallantry in action against the Chinese at City of Tien Tsin, July 13, 1900, digging a pit and constructing a traverse for a wounded officer of his regiment under a withering point blank range fire from the enemy. The traverse during and after completing was struck at least fifty times." He was recommended for a medal of honor.

In the United States Army certificates of merit are never awarded for general meritorious conduct, but solely for special acts of superlative distinction, and are conferred only by the President of the United States.

Lieutenant Price is hereby begged to pardon this unveiling of the War Office record. He will not like it, and it will be news to his fellow troopers. But he should at least have their sympathy, for it happens that they all stand in imminent danger of similar revelations as to themselves.

Meantime one man is sacrificed, to show by one more light of what stuff the Force is made.

"The dangers that they face together, the great risks they run, the odds they take, all bind our men closer than brothers," one old Troop commander observes, "and the strongest bond comes from the severest test of courage,—that of enduring abuse without personal feeling. To go into a mob, and take all the vilification that the hysterical masses can heap upon their heads, knowing all the while that a deliberate propaganda of slanderous falsehood is always active against them both by word of mouth and in public print; to listen to the blackest accusations and invectives, and still to remain unmoved, free from all prejudice or hostility,

keeping all color of personal resentment or retaliation from their acts and bearing—this is the greatest test of courage that the troopers of the State Police have to meet. But they must meet it or leave the Force."

Seeing them meet this test and every other test of splendid manhood, daily, yearly, year in and year out, observers from the world at large are continually approaching the men with most flattering offers of advancement, until it is safe to say that not one seasoned man on the Force has been without several opportunities almost to double his present income while quitting the risks and rigors of the trooper's life for a life of bourgeois ease.

"I know you have had such offers. Why have you not accepted them?" was lately asked of a corporal with the prettiest little wife in the world to think of.

"Well—I guess it's the men, and the horses," said he.

Said she, speaking fast, her eyes suddenly wet and beaming over the curly-head asleep in her arms, "And *I* guess it's because the Force is the finest thing in the world and baby and I are too proud of it!"

"The State's pay is so very small—so many men are killed and maimed in the service—and she throws them aside like rags for their reward—why do any of you stay in such ungrateful employ when you might better yourselves by hundred folds?" This time it was a captain who was asked the question.

"It is true," said he, "that many men have given their lives in the service, that more have been crippled beyond recovery, that we can lay up little or nothing from our pay, and that our widows, our orphans, and our maimed have no pension. And some men do leave the service to advance themselves. But

most of our offers come from corporations to head and form their police service. A corporation officer has to serve the corporation, right or wrong, and the corporation is quite likely to ask its men to do some things that are not strictly right. The State Police is always right, because it upholds the pure law, without fear or favor. And the habit of being right is a habit hard to sacrifice."

. . . . . .

This book was undertaken in a spirit of inquiry. It ends in a spirit of the deepest gratitude and of the deepest respect.

What greater gift can men bring to this Nation smothering in a fog of compromise, barter, and timorous selfishness, than the living proof that, under the hardest conditions, under the strongest temptations, heaped with calumny and abuse, at every personal sacrifice and risk, without profit, without encouragement, without reward, men yet exist among us to serve the State with a high and cheerful heart for honor's sake alone?

There are those on every hand who say that we are a degenerate people, that our good days are gone, that a man who should try to conduct his public work cleanly would be trampled out of sight in the first attack of the herd.

If that were true, the time were indeed come when the keepers of the house should tremble and those that look out of the windows be darkened. But, thanks be to God, it is not true. The proof incarnate walks before our eyes, and in the Keystone State of the Union.

There, one single-purposed, fearless man, fighting the good fight, keeping the faith, has not been trampled under foot, desperate and cunning and prolonged as

the attacks have been. Neither has he stood alone. Instead, by the sheer, bare beauty of an austere and selfless ideal, he has drawn the very flower of the young men to him, eager to live, or to die if need be, for simple love of The Finest Thing in the World.

They have planted the standard on the ultimate height. They have held it there with their hearts' blood, before all the world that has eyes to see. And they have put it forever beyond the power of any State, confronting the example of Pennsylvania, either to withhold from its people this vital blessing except at its own grave risk, or to offer to its people any sort of compromise, any less noble and perfect gift except to its own most meanly confessed, most glaring, most inexcusable shame.

APPENDIX A

THE CREATIVE ACT OF 1905

AN ACT

Creating the Department of State Police; providing for the appointment of a Superintendent thereof, together with the officers and men who shall constitute the force;—defining their powers and duties, and making an appropriation for the expenses connected therewith.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, &c., That there is hereby created and established the Department of State Police; the head of which shall be the Superintendent of State Police, to be appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to serve for a term of four years from the date of his appointment, and who shall receive a salary of three thousand dollars per annum, to be paid quarterly upon warrant of the Auditor-General drawn on the State Treasurer.

SECTION 2. The Superintendent of State Police shall be provided by the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings with suitable offices at the Capitol, in Harrisburg, and shall give a bond to the Commonwealth, in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, for the faithful performance of his duties. He is authorized to appoint a deputy, at a salary of two thousand dollars per annum; one clerk, who shall be a competent bookkeeper, at a salary of fourteen hundred dollars per annum, and a competent stenographer, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum.

SECTION 3. He is also authorized to appoint the State Police Force, which shall consist of four companies, or platoons, each consisting of a captain, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, a lieutenant, at a salary of

twelve hundred dollars per annum; five sergeants, at a salary of one thousand dollars per annum, and fifty men, at a salary of seven hundred and twenty dollars per annum. No applicant shall be appointed to the State Police until he has satisfactorily passed a physical and mental examination, based upon the standard provided by the rules and regulations of the police force of the cities of the first class, in addition to which each applicant must be a citizen of the United States, of sound constitution, able to ride, of good moral character, and between the ages of twenty-one and forty years.

Section 4. It shall be the duty of the Superintendent of State Police to provide for the members of the Police Force suitable uniforms, arms, equipments, and, where it is deemed necessary, horses; and to make such rules and regulations, subject to the approval of the Governor, as are deemed necessary for the control and regulation of the Police Force. It shall also be the duty of the Superintendent to establish local headquarters in various places. For that purpose he is hereby authorized to do so, by lease or otherwise, so as best to distribute the force throughout the various sections of the Commonwealth, where they will be most efficient in carrying out the purposes of this act to preserve the peace and to prevent crime.

Section 5. The various members of the Police Force are hereby authorized and empowered to make arrests, without warrant, for all violations of the law which they may witness, and to serve and execute warrants issued by the proper local authorities. They are also authorized and empowered to act as forest, fire, game, and fish wardens; and, in general, to have the powers and prerogatives conferred by law upon members of the police force of cities of the first class, or upon constables of the Commonwealth; and are intended, as far as possible, to take the place of the police now appointed at the request of the various corporations.

The State Police Force shall, wherever possible, coöperate with the local authorities in detecting crime, and apprehend-

ing criminals, and preserving the law and order throughout the State.

SECTION 6. That the sum of four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby specifically appropriated to pay the salaries and expenses necessary to carry this bill into effect; the same to be paid on warrant drawn by the Auditor-General upon the State Treasurer, out of moneys in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

SECTION 7. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith be and they are hereby repealed.

APPROVED—The 2d day of May, A.D. 1905.

SAML. W. PENNYPACKER.

The foregoing is a true and correct copy of the Act of the General Assembly No. 227.

FRANK M. FULLER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

APPENDIX B

THE AMENDING ACT OF 1911

AN ACT

To amend sections two and three of an act, entitled "An act creating the Department of State Police; providing for the appointment of a Superintendent thereof, together with officers and men who shall constitute the force; defining their powers and duties, and making an appropriation for the expenses connected therewith," approved the second day of May, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and five, by fixing the salaries of the employees of the Department of State Police, also the salaries of the officers and men of the State Police.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, &c., That section two of an act, entitled "An act creating the Department of State Police; providing for the appointment of a Superintendent thereof, together with the officers and men who shall constitute the force; defining their powers and duties, and making an appropriation for the expenses connected therewith," approved the second day of May, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and five, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. The Superintendent of State Police shall be provided by the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings with suitable offices at the Capitol, in Harrisburg, and shall give a bond to the Commonwealth in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, for the faithful performance of his duties. He is authorized to appoint a deputy, at a salary of two thousand dollars per annum; *one clerk, who shall be a competent* bookkeeper, at a salary of *fourteen hundred* dollars per annum, and a competent stenographer, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum," be and the same is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 2. The Superintendent of State Police shall be provided by the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings

with suitable offices at the Capitol, in Harrisburg, and shall give a bond to the Commonwealth in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, for the faithful performance of his duties. He is authorized to appoint a deputy *superintendent*, at a salary of *two thousand five hundred* dollars per annum; one bookkeeper, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, and one stenographer, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum.

SECTION 2. That section three of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 3. He is also authorized to appoint the State Police Force, which shall consist of four *companies or platoons*, each consisting of a captain, at a salary of *fifteen* hundred dollars per annum; a lieutenant, at a salary of *twelve* hundred dollars per annum; *five sergeants, at a salary of one thousand dollars per annum; and fifty men, at a salary of seven hundred and twenty dollars per annum.* No applicant shall be appointed to the State Police until he has satisfactorily passed a physical and mental examination, based upon the standard provided by the rules and regulations of the police force of the cities of the first class, in addition to which each applicant must be a citizen of the United States, of sound constitution, able to ride, of good moral character, and between the ages of twenty-one and forty years," be and the same is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 3. He is also authorized to appoint the State Police Force, which shall consist of four *troops*, each consisting of a captain, at a salary of *eighteen hundred dollars per annum; a lieutenant, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum; a first sergeant, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum; four sergeants, each at a salary of eleven hundred dollars per annum; four corporals, each at a salary of nine hundred and fifty dollars per annum; one blacksmith with rank of corporal, at a salary of nine hundred and fifty dollars per annum; and forty-five privates, each at a salary of nine hundred dollars per annum.*

The members of the State Police Force shall be enlisted for a period of two years; and each member of said State Police Force shall receive an increase in pay of five dollars per month during a second continuous enlistment, and an additional increase in pay of five dollars per month during a third continuous enlistment.

No applicant shall be appointed to the State Police Force until he has satisfactorily passed a physical and mental examination, based upon the standard provided by the rules and regulations of the police force of the cities of the first class; in addition to which each applicant must be a citizen of the United States, and of sound constitution, able to ride, of good moral character, and between the ages of twenty-one and forty years.

SECTION 3. The foregoing amendments shall become effective and go into operation on the first day of June, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

APPROVED—The 1st day of June, A.D. 1911.

JOHN K. TENER.

The foregoing is a true and correct copy of the Act of the General Assembly No. 217.

ROBERT MCAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

APPENDIX C

ARRESTS, WITH DISPOSITIONS, MADE BY THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE FORCE FROM DECEMBER 15, 1905, TO DECEMBER 31, 1915

CHARGES	*Arrests*	*Convictions*	*Discharges*
Abduction	10	7	3
Abortion	5	4	1
Absconding witness	48	12	36
Accessory to the crime	92	46	46
Adultery	82	50	32
Aggravated assault and battery	641	447	194
Arson	89	50	39
Assault and battery	3,991	3,220	771
Attempt to kill	249	163	86
Bigamy	4	3	1
Blackmail	52	34	18
Breach of the peace	63	60	3
Breaking jail	16	12	4
Bribery	2	2	—
Burglary	521	376	145
Carrying concealed deadly weapons	622	534	88
Cockfighting	38	36	2
Concealing death of bastard child	4	1	3
Conspiracy	213	91	122
Contempt of court	11	10	1
Counterfeiting	14	10	4
Cruelty to animals	162	133	29
Cruelty to children	11	9	2
Deserter, U. S. Service	3	3	—
Desertion and non-support	256	218	38
Discharging firearms	70	66	4
Disorderly conduct	3,927	3,680	247
Disorderly house	105	88	17
Disturbing public assembly	6	5	1
Disturbing religious assembly	3	3	—
Drunk and disorderly	2,234	2,112	122
Dynamiting	32	18	14
Embezzlement	35	27	8
Enticing female	5	3	2
Escaped prisoner	6	6	—
Extortion	6	3	3
Carried forward	13,628	11,542	2,086

Charges	*Arrests*	*Convictions*	*Discharges*
Brought forward	13,628	11,542	2,086
Felonious assault and battery	272	217	55
Felonious poisoning	1	1	—
Felonious shooting	89	66	23
Felonious use of dynamite	9	3	6
Felonious wounding	298	189	109
Forcible detainer	5	1	4
Forcible entry	14	7	7
Forgery	47	38	9
Fornication and bastardy	218	189	29
Fortune telling	1	1	—
Fraud and false pretense	542	453	89
Fraudulent use of the mails	4	2	2
Frequenting disorderly house	25	20	5
Fugitive from justice	9	9	—
Gambling	561	520	41
Highway robbery	139	79	60
Horse stealing	93	55	38
House breaking	173	136	37
Illegal car riding	133	122	11
Illegal traffic in drugs	3	3	—
Impersonating an officer	23	20	3
Incest	6	1	5
Incorrigibility	52	45	7
Indecent exposure	80	71	9
Inmate disorderly house	237	204	33
Insanity	102	100	2
Interfering with an officer	167	130	37
Keeping bawdy house	19	19	—
Keeping gambling house	1	1	—
Kidnapping	7	3	4
Larceny	2,210	1,656	554
Larceny by bailee	7	7	—
Larceny from person	—	—	—
Lewdness	13	10	3
Malicious mischief	552	459	93
Mayhem	12	7	5
Miscellaneous	167	139	28
Misdemeanor	47	45	2
Murder	396	203	193
Nuisance	61	51	10
Pandering	9	7	2
Pauper	7	7	—
Perjury	45	15	30
Pickpocket	12	7	5
Pointing firearms	51	40	11
Poisoning	3	1	2
Rape	225	139	86
Receiving stolen goods	161	110	51
Carried forward	20,936	17,150	3,786

Charges	Arrests	Convictions	Discharges
Brought forward	20,936	17,150	3,786
Reckless driving	25	16	9
Resisting arrest	139	115	24
Rioting	563	336	227
Robbery	292	166	126
Runaway	28	26	2
Seduction	6	6	—
Selling goods without license	64	61	3
Sending threatening letters	5	4	1
Slander	28	28	—
Sodomy	8	4	4
Surety of the peace	599	512	87
Suspicious character	241	69	172
Threats	250	181	69
Trespassing	985	874	111
Trover	2	2	—
Unlawful assembly	5	5	—
Unlawful possession of firearms	244	231	13
Unlicensed gypsies	13	13	—
Vagrancy	709	648	61
Violation of auto laws	281	262	19
Violation of bail	21	21	—
Violation of borough ordinance	12	11	1
Violation of election laws	27	—	27
Violation of fish laws	514	461	53
Violation of forestry laws	18	15	3
Violation of game laws	456	422	34
Violation of health laws	14	14	—
Violation of immigration laws	9	9	—
Violation of liquor laws	647	480	167
Violation of livery laws	40	38	2
Violation of medical laws	4	3	1
Violation of mining laws	20	20	—
Violation of parole	10	9	1
Violation of postal laws	2	2	—
Violation of quarantine laws	3	3	—
Violation of revenue laws	1	1	—
Violation of Sabbath laws	295	294	1
Violation of school laws	50	40	10
Violation of shipping laws	2	—	2
Wife beating	2	1	1
Witness	90	56	34
Totals	27,660	22,609	5,051

About eighty-two per cent. of above arrests resulted in convictions.

Following is number of miles traveled each year, March 1, 1906, to December 31, 1915.

Year	*Mileage*
1906	65,000
1907	332,094
1908	423,715
1909	407,916
1910	389,805
1911	531,355
1912	491,398
1913	645,198
1914	592,031
1915	667,882
TOTAL	4,546,394

APPENDIX D

Statements of the Bench, given in response to the author's request for an opinion on the relation of the Pennsylvania State Police Force to the Courts and to the general welfare of the Commonwealth; no divergent opinions were rendered:

HONORABLE WILLIAM P. POTTER,
Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

September 14, 1916.

I can testify to the great value to the people of Pennsylvania of the State Constabulary. They constitute a very efficient police force, and one which is, I think, satisfactory to every one. In this statement I perhaps cannot include the criminal class and the evildoers, but I think that I may say that even to them the State Constabulary are more satisfactory than any ordinary officers of the law could be. They are trained men, who use good judgment, and do not, therefore, make use of any more force in maintaining order than is absolutely necessary. Over and over again the members of the Troops have demonstrated their capacity and value. I wish that we could have a force large enough to permit of at least two members being stationed in every township throughout the rural districts of the State. Such an apportionment would do more to prevent crime, preserve law and order, and insure the safety of women and children throughout the rural districts than any provision of which I know. In my judgment, the membership of our State Constabulary should be increased at least fourfold.

HONORABLE HENRY A. FULLER (Republican),
President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Luzerne County.

June 17, 1916.

In Pennsylvania the State Police are absolutely indispensable. We could not possibly get along without them.

HONORABLE SELIGMAN J. STRAUSS (Democrat),
Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Luzerne County.

July 28, 1916.

There can be no doubt that a good, organized State Police, that has no local relation to the questions that arise from time to time in various parts of the State, is a very excellent means for maintaining order. My observation is that the men who have gotten into our State Police Force are efficient not only in the suppression of general disorder but also in detective work and in bringing to justice certain classes of crime which are difficult to trace and bring to conviction. The local authorities very seldom have either the capacity or the time to give to these matters the attention they require.

My experience is that the State Police do their work well. They prepare their cases intelligently, they get the witnesses, and they work without personal feeling. Generally they do not bring a man into court unless they can prove their case. They earn their salaries, and they are not paid on any fee system, which is an advantage that they have over constables.

They help the District Attorney; he has occasionally called upon them to get evidence.

They help the Sheriff; theoretically, the Sheriff has the right to summon every able-bodied man to help him maintain the peace; practically, that does not work out at all. Such service is no one's specific business. But the Sheriff, calling on the State Police, gets practised and efficient assistance as a matter of course.

I have heard criticism of the system to the effect that it is militaristic; that each little community should depend upon its own constables and that a county should depend upon its own citizens to maintain order. But we know that these means cannot be depended upon at all. Many constables are influenced by local conditions, which prevent them from becoming prosecutors; sometimes their sympathies are with the very men who should be prosecuted. Therefore, a body of men who are without personal feeling in the matter and who simply represent the organized force of the Commonwealth to maintain the law, is a good thing.

HONORABLE PETER A. O'BOYLE (Democrat),
Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Luzerne County.

August 22, 1916.

The State Police are rendering splendid service here.

Whoever may object to them, their work speaks for them. And the original opposition has been worn away by their actual service to the communities in which they exist or into which they have been called—worn away except in those quarters where efficiency in enforcing observance of the law itself constitutes an offense.

In Court they have always presented their testimony in a very able manner. We have never found them connected with anything of a shady character, and that is due to the careful selection of the personnel; they are a remarkably high-class body of men. They are a highly trained body, and their special training is a factor that makes them of great service. They are particularly important in outside localities where proper police or police regulations do not exist. They work very effectively as detectives. Where formerly special professional detectives were employed, the State Police now do the greater part of such work. In murder, arson, burglary, and robbery cases, in fact in all serious cases, we find them very able in such matters.

They are frequently called upon to go out and trace a man, bring him in and prosecute him. They are very careful in their statements, in giving their testimony.

I have never seen in them any bias or endeavor—any over-zeal, to get convictions at the expense of exact justice.

HONORABLE J. B. WOODWARD (Democrat),
Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Luzerne County.

July 26, 1916.

The Pennsylvania State Constabulary is the greatest safeguard to law and order in times of trouble that we have. This has been demonstrated thoroughly many times at various places throughout the State. In quelling riots, in detecting crime, in arresting dangerous criminals; in serving warrants and writs issued by magistrates on dangerous characters where the local constables are afraid or unable to serve them; in enforcing the Game and Fish laws of the State, in protecting the forests against fires, and in affording protection to outlying districts where there are no local police, their services have been invaluable. They have been opposed by the labor unions, but a short time ago in a clash between the United Mine Workers and the Industrial Workers of the World, who attempted in a large body to prevent the Mine Workers from going to their places of work, the United Mine Workers called upon and received the protection of the State Police. In quelling riots, ten of these men are more effective than a whole regiment of National Guard.

I have no criticism to make of the Force. They are the best body of men I know of.

HONORABLE A. M. FREAS (Democrat),
President Judge of the Orphans' Court, Luzerne County.

July 18, 1916.

I owe the State Police a good deal for the feeling of security that they give me by the mere fact that they

are here—by what they have done less than by what it is known they will do if required to do it. They are a fearless body of *gentlemen*, as I have known them, who earn a good deal more money than they get. The only objection to them is that of agitators, whose reasons are too manifest to require statement. They inspire terror in the lawless element here and in the Black Handers and the I. W. W's. who interchange from New York to Pennsylvania and from Pennsylvania to New York.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that constables cannot be depended upon to make arrests in cases where they are disinclined to do so from motives of personal interest or from fear for themselves or for their families, who are more or less imperiled. It is like calling out the militia to fire upon their fellow citizens—it should not be expected of them.

I desire to emphasize this point:—It is a mistake to represent the laboring people, generally speaking, as opposed to the State Police. Laboring men, as a class, are as intelligent as any other; they have their wives and families and their property. And a man with a small property is as conservative as a man with more. This is not a class question at all—it is a simple question of law and order. The growth of understanding of this fact, through experience, has broken down the original strong prejudice of the laboring class in this region. The I. W. W. movement has finally stimulated their realization of the truth that their own only efficient protectors are the State Police.

I favor labor in securing good wages and good working conditions, but my sympathy ends where violence begins. And the best element of labor is secretly, if not openly, for the State Police. Many are intimidated by influences within their own ranks and do not dare to express their thought. But my personal knowledge, here, is that the average working man who tries to raise his family decently stands squarely for law and order and warmly welcomes the State Police. I have it from their own lips.

Finally, I am enthusiastically in favor of our State Police system. I hold, however, that its present size should be five or six times increased.

HONORABLE H. O. BECHTEL (Democrat),
President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Schuylkill County.

June 21, 1916.

I have been on the bench of Schuylkill County for nine years. I am a warm admirer of the State Police and find it, moreover, of extreme usefulness in my public work. In cases where I am to pronounce sentence, for example, and where I desire investigations made, I have only to telephone to the captain of our Troop asking that he investigate and report. No charge is incurred, and the work is promptly and perfectly accomplished. Any needed information may be arrived at by this means. This Court has power to appoint county detectives, but we do not do so, for the reason that we get the best possible service from the State Police. In September, 1916, I tried a man who was traced by Sergeant Harvey J. Smith of the State Police, an excellent detective, for three thousand miles, to Virginia, to Kentucky, and finally to his arrest in Long Island, New York.

The State Police, in Court, present their cases very well indeed. They are exceedingly painstaking, they are not open to prejudice, they never exhibit feeling when testifying, and, no matter how severe the examination may be, they never strike back.

We have never found any of them concerned in anything that could entail criticism of their honesty or integrity. No complaint has ever been brought into this court against them. At no time have they used undue violence. And they are miserably underpaid.

The labor men were at first opposed to the Force because they did not understand it. Now I believe that their

opposition has changed to approval, because of the daily proof before their eyes. The officers and men are a distinctly superior group. Their influence has all been for good, and they are an invaluable asset to every worthy interest in the community.

HONORABLE CHARLES N. BRUMM (Republican),
Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Schuylkill County.

June 21, 1916.

I am deeply interested in this subject, believing it to be one of the most important issues now before the American people.

At first I was opposed to the creation of a State Constabulary, feeling that it was against the genius of Republican institutions, and had the feature of centralization of power. But since I have been on the Bench, and have observed its practical workings, I am assured that it is a wise, humane method to protect the true interests of all the people. Our State constitutions require State Executives to protect life, liberty, and property and to maintain law and order; therefore means must be provided to enable them to perform that function. The best possible means is embodied in the Pennsylvania State Police Force.

As time rolls on, the efficiency and the necessity of our State Police are more and more indisputably demonstrated. Many of the former opponents have become wholly converted to the propriety of enlarging the numbers of the Force and of increasing their pay.

In our rural sections, with our heterogeneous population and with the prevalent violation of the liquor laws, we would be absolutely at the mercy of criminals of all sorts, but for the protection of the State Police. The local civil authority, with its outgrown mechanism, is entirely inadequate to cope with the complex needs of modern conditions. Hardly a homicide or any of the higher felonies committed in this region in latter years has been run

down and the criminals brought to Justice, except by and through the active work of the State Police.

HONORABLE RICHARD HENRY KOCH (Republican),
Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Schuylkill County.

June 19, 1916.

The Pennsylvania State Police is a very good force, a very intelligent instrumentality. It is here more favorably regarded than any body of constables, or even of soldiers, because the men are all well trained for their particular work. Most of them have served in the army; they are alert, careful, exact, and are educated particularly along the line of their own duties; they know what to do and how to do it. No constable can do the work that they do. Whatever they undertake they always do well and they seem to be insensible to fear.

In several criminal cases the defendants could not have been convicted without them. A murder case, in which three Italians were guilty, was tried in our last term; if it had not been for the State Police the Italians could not have been convicted.

The State Police only when informed of a case undertake it. They do the detective work, arrest the parties and bring them before magistrates, and give them a hearing. They work up cases very often, and naturally their operations diminish crime. Their alertness, speed, and persistence are known, therefore their mere presence is a deterrent to criminals in any region in which they are placed.

Their presentation of cases is always just; they do not seem to be personally interested as are detectives. A detective's success depends upon his work and he is looking for a victim; the State Police are moved rather by a sense of duty and of justice. I would trust the State Police much farther than a detective because they are less likely to color the evidence. The one's business depends upon his success in individual cases and the other's does not.

The State Police seem to have a very high appreciation of duty. As men of army training and accustomed to discipline themselves, they know both how to take and how to obey orders; no man can govern well unless he has himself learned to obey well.

The State Police Force has a great many enemies; the lawless are of course against it, and it has other opponents, persons not openly of the lawless class, but who, at best, are not encouragers of law and order.

You will find the bar very much in favor of the State Police, although there are those to oppose them because they think it a means of gaining popularity in some quarters.

When a Troop or a detail is removed from any given locality to serve elsewhere the people dislike very much to see it leave. When the men were transferred from Reading to this county the people in Reading were very much opposed to having the Troop moved from there.

The State Police Force should certainly be doubled in size.

HONORABLE LUCIEN W. DOTY (Democrat),
President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Westmoreland County.

November 8, 1916.

My opinion of our State Police is based on what I know about the members of the Force who for some years have been stationed at Greensburg.

I have tried to observe closely the conduct of these men, and the character of their work, because, at the start, for reasons deemed sufficient but of no interest to anybody else, I was not too favorable to such an organization.

But I confess to a change of mind regarding the State Police. The men are intelligent and thoroughly trained for the work they are expected to do.

In the great strike of 1910 in this county their services

were invaluable. In every way they seemed far more useful and efficient than untrained deputy sheriffs who were called in to protect property and quell disturbance.

They also have been found very skilful in the detection of crime and useful in the gathering of evidence to be used in the trial of cases in court, and, what is still more to their credit, they seem in this work to act with strict impartiality. The effort, with them, is not to secure a victim but to assist in the due execution of the law.

APPENDIX E

A

THE AMENDING ACT OF 1917

AN ACT

Fixing the salaries of the superintendent and deputy superintendent of the Department of State Police, and fixing the number and salaries of the officers and the enlisted men of the State Police Force.

Section 1. Be it enacted, &c., That on and after the approval of this act, the superintendent and deputy superintendent of the Department of State Police, and the officers and enlisted men of the State Police Force, and their salaries, shall be as follows:—

A Superintendent of State Police, at six thousand dollars ($6,000) per annum.

A Deputy Superintendent of State Police, at three thousand five hundred dollars ($3,500) per annum.

Four captains, each at twenty-four hundred dollars ($2,400) per annum.

Four lieutenants, each at eighteen hundred dollars ($1,800) per annum.

Four first sergeants, each at thirteen hundred and fifty dollars ($1,350) per annum.

Sixteen sergeants, each at twelve hundred dollars ($1,200) per annum.

Thirty-two corporals, each at eleven hundred dollars ($1,100) per annum.

Two hundred and seventy privates, each at ten hundred and twenty dollars ($1,020) per annum.

Section 2. That the officers and enlisted men of the State Police Force shall receive an increase of sixty dollars ($60) per annum during continuous service, after two years;

and an additional increase of sixty dollars ($60) per annum during continuous service, after four years: Provided, This section shall not apply to the superintendent and deputy superintendent of the Department of State Police.

APPROVED—The 12th day of April, A.D. 1917.

MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH.

The foregoing is a true and correct copy of the Act of the General Assembly No. 36.

CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

B

Appropriation for two years (June 1, 1917, to May 31, 1919) Department of State Police, as per Amending Act approved April 12, 1917.

For the payment of the salary of the Superintendent of State Police, two years, the sum of twelve thousand dollars,	$ 12,000.00
For the payment of the salary of the Deputy Superintendent of State Police, two years, the sum of seven thousand dollars,	7,000.00
For the payment of the salary of the clerk, two years, the sum of three thousand dollars,	3,000.00
For the payment of the salary of the stenographer, two years, the sum of two thousand four hundred dollars,	2,400.00
For the payment of four Captains (each at twenty-four hundred dollars per annum), two years, the sum of nineteen thousand two hundred dollars,	19,200.00
For the payment of four lieutenants (each eighteen hundred dollars per annum), two years, the sum of fourteen thousand four hundred dollars,	14,400.00
For the payment of four first sergeants (each thirteen hundred and fifty dollars per annum), two years, the sum ten thousand eight hundred dollars,	10,800.00
For the payment of sixteen sergeants (each twelve hundred dollars per annum), two years, the sum of thirty-eight thousand four hundred dollars,	38,400.00
For the payment of thirty-two corporals (each eleven hundred dollars per annum), two years, the sum of seventy thousand four hundred dollars,	70,400.00
Carried forward	$177,600.00

Brought forward	$ 177,600.00
For the payment of two hundred and seventy privates (each ten hundred and twenty dollars per annum), two years, the sum of five hundred fifty thousand eight hundred dollars.	550,800.00
Re-enlistment pay required for two years, the sum of thirty-four thousand two hundred and forty dollars.	34,240.00
For the payment of keep of horses, renewal of uniforms, horse equipment, replacing horses, rent of barracks, maintenance of substations, purchase and maintenance of motor vehicles and other necessary expenses, for two years, the sum of three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.	375,000.00
	$1,137,640.00

[It should be remembered that this appropriation covers the equipment and uniforming of one hundred new men, added to the Force by Act Number 36, preceding. And that no Emergency Fund is appropriated at the disposition of the Superintendent.]

C

SUMMARY OF ARRESTS MADE BY THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE FORCE DURING YEAR OF 1917, JANUARY 1ST TO DECEMBER 31ST, INCLUSIVE

CHARGES	*Arrests*	*Convictions*	*Discharges*	*Awaiting Trial*
Abandoning infant child	1	1	—	—
Abduction	4	1	1	2
Abortion	1	—	—	1
Absconding witness	3	—	2	1
Accessory to the crime	12	4	6	2
Adultery	21	10	10	1
Aggravated assault and battery	85	39	32	14
Alien enemy	2	—	1	1
Arson	16	2	7	7
Assault and battery	332	264	40	28
Attempt to kill	60	32	13	15
Barratry	1	1	—	—
Bigamy	1	1	—	—
Blackmail	6	6	—	—
Breaking and entering	107	71	18	18
Burglary	46	26	11	9
Carried forward	698	458	141	99

Charges	*Arrests*	*Convictions*	*Discharges*	*Awaiting Trial*
Brought forward	698	458	141	99
Carrying concealed deadly weapons	59	41	7	11
Conspiracy	13	—	4	9
Contempt of court	2	2	—	—
Counterfeiting	1	1	—	—
Cruelty to animals	19	17	1	1
Cruelty to children	3	2	1	—
Defrauding boarding-house keeper	4	4	—	—
Desecration of American Flag	11	2	9	—
Desecration of the Sabbath	13	13	—	—
Deserter United States Service	2	2	—	—
Desertion and non-support	45	35	6	4
Discharging firearms	4	3	1	—
Disorderly conduct	738	614	91	33
Drunk and Disorderly	190	184	4	2
Dynamiting	4	—	4	—
Embezzlement	7	5	1	1
Enticing female	1	1	—	—
Escaped prisoner	7	7	—	—
Extortion	5	1	—	4
Felonious assault and battery	15	7	2	6
Felonious shooting	6	3	2	1
Felonious wounding	17	6	10	1
Forcible detainer	1	1	—	—
Forcible entry	2	2	—	—
Forgery	8	4	4	—
Fornication and bastardy	45	28	6	11
Fraud and false pretense	18	14	3	1
Frequenting disorderly house	48	22	26	—
Fugitive from justice	4	3	—	1
Gambling	176	165	7	4
Highway robbery	15	6	5	4
Horse stealing	8	3	—	5
House breaking	4	4	—	—
Illegal car riding	4	4	—	—
Illegal possession of firearms	42	42	—	—
Impersonating an officer	9	5	3	1
Incest	2	1	1	—
Incorrigibility	18	14	3	1
Indecent exposure	3	2	—	1
Inmate bawdy house	29	21	7	1
Inmate disorderly house	7	7	—	—
Insanity	20	20	—	—
Interfering with an officer	18	14	3	1
Keeping a bawdy house	17	13	3	1
Keeping disorderly house	4	4	—	—
Keeping gambling house	2	2	—	—
Carried forward	2,368	1,809	355	204

Charges	*Arrests*	*Convictions*	*Discharges*	*Awaiting Trial*
Brought forward	2,368	1,809	355	204
Larceny	311	223	55	33
Larceny by bailee	7	5	1	1
Lewdness	3	3	—	—
Malicious mischief	138	101	19	18
Mayhem	1	1	—	—
Miscellaneous	1	—	—	1
Misdemeanor	11	11	—	—
Murder	55	18	18	19
Nuisance	3	2	—	1
Pandering	13	8	4	1
Pickpocket	11	4	7	—
Pointing firearms	14	10	2	2
Rape	31	11	16	4
Receiving stolen goods	20	9	5	6
Reckless driving	5	5	—	—
Resisting arrest	3	3	—	—
Rioting	11	2	—	9
Robbery	15	3	7	5
Runaway	3	2	1	—
Seduction	2	—	1	1
Selling cigarettes to minors	1	1	—	—
Selling goods without a license	1	1	—	—
Sending threatening letters	2	2	—	—
Sodomy	4	2	1	1
Surety of the peace	75	57	7	11
Suspicious character	72	6	65	1
Threats	5	5	—	—
Trespassing	88	79	8	1
Unlawful assembly	3	—	3	—
Unlicensed gypsies	9	9	—	—
Vagrancy	35	34	—	1
Violation of auto laws	1,464	1,390	48	26
Violation of election laws	3	—	3	—
Violation of federal draft laws	119	69	26	24
Violation of fish laws	38	34	2	2
Violation of forestry laws	6	6	—	—
Violation of food laws	3	1	2	—
Violation of game laws	120	112	3	5
Violation of liquor laws	129	75	18	36
Violation of livery laws	2	2	—	—
Violation of mining laws	3	3	—	—
Violation of parole	1	1	—	—
Violation of quarantine laws	1	1	—	—
Violation of Sabbath laws	9	9	—	—
Violation of school laws	6	5	—	1
Witness	30	—	16	14
Totals	5,255	4,134	693	428

Miles travelled by patrols during 1917	857,384
Number of counties operated in	67
Number of towns operated in	2,535
Number of substations established	67
Number of counties in which substations were established	39
Number of arrests made by substations	3,864
Number of details furnished for special public occasions	96

D

Number of Requests Received by the Department of State Police from Persons of Various Occupations during the Year 1917

Judges	30
Sheriffs	344
District Attorneys	345
Coroners	23
Agricultural Associations	100
County Commissioners	10
County Solicitors	10
County Detectives	166
Jail Wardens	8
Miscellaneous United States Officials	27
Members of Draft Boards	95
United States Department of Justice	251
United States Military Intelligence	29
Fourth Naval District	47
Postal Authorities	66
Congressmen	15
Governor	41
Lieutenant Governor	1
Attorney General	7
Adjutant General	2
Auditor General	4
Commissioner of Fisheries	25
Department of Agriculture	2
Department of Labor and Industry	1
Fire Marshals	19
Forestry Department	12
Game Commission	67
Health Department, State	23
State Highway Department	58
Commissioner of Banking	1
Public Service Commission	1
Committee on Public Safety	17
Miscellaneous State Officials	16
State Senators	43
Assemblymen	26
Superintendents, Insane Asylums	17
Directors of Public Safety	4
Councilmen	20
Street Commissioners	2
Carried forward	1,975

Brought forward	1,975
Aldermen	95
Mayors and Burgesses	161
Chiefs of Police	361
Policemen	206
Borough Secretaries	2
Borough Solicitors	4
School Authorities	5
Justices of the Peace	585
Constables	301
Attorneys-at-Law	103
Ministers	45
Farmers	503
Miners	235
Citizens of Miscellaneous Callings	2,924
	7,505

E

REQUESTS FOR HELP, CLASSIFIED BY CALLINGS OF APPLICANTS, TELEPHONED TO "B" TROOP, PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE, DURING THE YEAR 1917

Actresses	1
Aldermen	61
Assistant District Attorneys	2
Automobile Dealers	4
Bakers	2
Bank Clerks	1
Barbers	1
Bar Clerks	1
Blacksmiths	1
Boiler Makers	2
Bricklayers	1
Brokers	1
Burgesses	48
Butchers	7
Cabinet Workers	2
Carpenters	6
Car Repairmen	1
Cashiers	3
Chauffeurs	1
Chiefs of Police	92
Children's Aid Society	1
Cigar Makers	1
Coal Dealers	1
Coal and Iron Police	1
Coal Operators	13
Constables	33
Councilmen	1
Contractors	15
County Clerks	11
County Commissioners	3
County Detectives	45

County Treasurers	1
Dairymen	6
Dentists	2
Deputy Sheriffs	1
Detectives	12
District Attorneys	37
District Draft Boards	77
District Fire Marshals	2
District Managers	1
Domestic Servants	3
Druggists	3
Editors	2
Electricians	1
Engineers	7
Farmers	75
Federal Officers	4
Fire Chiefs	3
Firemen	2
Fish Commissioners	1
Fish Wardens	3
Foremen	16
Game Wardens	17
Garage Owners	1
Grocers	1
Highway Engineers	1
Hotel Keepers	27
Householders	7
Housewives	102
Hucksters	3
Inspectors	2
Insurance Agents	1
Jewelers	2
Judges	9
Junk Dealers	3
Justices of the Peace	164
Laborers	47
Lawyers	17
Liquor Dealers	1
Liverymen	3
Lumbermen	3
Machinists	8
Mail Carriers	1
Managers	27
Masons	2
Matrons	7
Mechanics	3
Merchants	192

Messengers	1
Millers	3
Mill Workers	2
Mine Inspectors	2
Miners	38
Ministers	5
Moulders	1
National Guard of Pennsylvania, Lieutenant of	1
Naval District, Fourth	5
News Dealers	2
Notaries Public	1
Nurses	4
Painters	1
Paymasters	60
Photographers	1
Physicians	26
Plumbers	1
Policemen	10
Pool Room Proprietors	3
Poor Directors	1
Postmasters	8
Postmistresses	1
Priests	2
Probation Officers	1
Professors	3
Puddlers	1
Railroaders	5
Railroad Conductors	1
Railroad Police	8
Railroad Signalmen	1
Real Estate Dealers	1
Reporters	2
Representatives	2
School Directors	2
Soldiers	1
Special Agents	10
Special Officers	5
Sportsmen	1
State Fire Marshals	6
State Police, Captains of	7
Station Agents	27
Stewards	3
Students	1
Superintendents of Schools	32
Superintendents of Coal Companies	2
Surgeons	1
Tailors	4
Teachers	4
Teamsters	3
Telephone Operators	2

Ticket Agents	1
Tinsmiths	1
Train Dispatchers	1
Trainmen	1
Transfer Companies	2
Truant Officers	2
Twisters	1
United Mine Workers, President of	1
United States Army, Captains	3
United States Army, Sergeants	3
United States Attorneys	5
United States Department of Justice	57
United States Marshals	5
Undertakers	5
Veterinarians	2
Wardens of Prisons	6
Watchmen	1

APPENDIX F

A

THE AMENDING ACT OF 1919

AN ACT

Reorganizing the Department of State Police; creating therein a Bureau of Fire Protection; providing for a State Police Force, and defining the powers and duties of the same, including the enforcement of laws relating to game, fish, forestry, and water supply, and certain other laws, and including the collection of information useful for the detection of crime, and the apprehension of criminals; providing for the equipment, maintenance, and transportation of such police; providing for barracks and substations therefor; and prescribing penalties.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, &c., That a Department State Police is hereby created, the head of which shall be a superintendent.

SECTION 2. The superintendent shall be appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. He shall receive an annual salary of six thousand dollars, and shall give a bond to the Commonwealth, in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, conditioned for the faithful performance of his duties.

SECTION 3. The superintendent shall appoint, with the approval of the governor, a deputy superintendent, who shall receive an annual salary of four thousand dollars. The deputy shall possess all the powers of the superintendent, and shall act as the head of the department in the absence or incapacity of the superintendent. The deputy shall perform such duties as the superintendent may prescribe. He shall give bond in like amount and condition as the superintendent.

SECTION 4. A Bureau of Fire Protection is hereby created

in the Department of State Police, the head of which shall be a chief. He shall be appointed by the superintendent, and shall have charge of the bureau, subject to the direction, supervision, and control of such superintendent.

The chief shall receive an annual salary of four thousand dollars. He shall perform such duties as the superintendent may prescribe.

SECTION 5. The superintendent may appoint, and fix the compensation of, a statistician, a chief clerk, and such expert and other assistants as the work of the department may require.

SECTION 6. The Superintendent of State Police is authorized to appoint the State Police Force, which shall consist of five troops, each consisting of: a captain, at a salary of twenty-four hundred dollars per annum; a lieutenant, at a salary of eighteen hundred dollars per annum; a first sergeant, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum; five sergeants, each at a salary of thirteen hundred and eighty dollars per annum; ten corporals, each at a salary of thirteen hundred and twenty dollars per annum, one of whom shall be a saddler, and one a blacksmith; and sixty-five privates, each at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum.

SECTION 7. The members of the State Police Force shall be enlisted for a period of two years, and the officers and enlisted men of the State Police Force shall receive an increase of sixty dollars per annum during continuous service after two years, and an additional increase of sixty dollars per annum during continuous service after four years: Providing, That this section shall not apply to the Superintendent and Deputy Superintendent of the Department of State Police.

SECTION 8. No applicant shall be appointed to the State Police Force until he has satisfactorily passed a physical and mental examination, based upon the standard provided by the rules and regulations of the police force of the cities of the first class, in addition to which each applicant must be a citizen of the United States, and of sound constitution,

able to ride, of good moral character, and between the ages of twenty-one and forty years.

SECTION 9. It shall be the duty of the Superintendent of State Police to provide for the members of the police force suitable uniforms, arms, equipments, and, where it is deemed necessary, horses and motor vehicles, and to make such rules and regulations, subject to the approval of the Governor, as are deemed necessary for the control and regulation of the police force. It shall also be the duty of the superintendent to establish local headquarters in various places. For that purpose, he is hereby authorized to do so, by lease or otherwise, so as best to distribute the force throughout the various sections of the Commonwealth where they will be most efficient in carrying out the purposes of this act—to preserve the peace and to prevent and detect crime.

SECTION 10. The various members of the State Police are hereby authorized and empowered to make arrests without warrant for all violations of the law which they may witness, and to serve and execute warrants issued by the proper local authorities. They shall have all the powers and prerogatives conferred by law upon the members of the police force of cities of the first class and upon constables of the Commonwealth.

SECTION 11. It shall be the duty of the Department of State Police to aid in the enforcement of all laws relating to game, fish, forestry, and water supply. Members of the State Police Force are authorized and empowered to act as game-protectors and as forest-, fish-, or fire-wardens.

SECTION 12. For the better performance of the duties imposed by the preceding section, all members of the State Police shall, in addition to the powers hereinbefore conferred, have authority to,

(a) Seize all guns, boats, decoys, traps, dogs, game, fish, shooting paraphernalia, or hunting or fishing appliances or devices, used, taken, or had in possession, contrary to law of this State. Any articles so seized shall be held subject to

such disposition as the Commissioner of Fisheries or the Chief Game Protector, or the Commissioner of Conservation in the event of the creation of a Department of Conservation, may determine.

(b) Seize and take possession of all birds, animals, or fish, which have been taken, caught, or killed, or had in possession or under control, or which have been shipped or are about to be shipped, contrary to any law of this State.

(c) Search without warrant any boat, conveyance, vehicle, or receptacle, when there is good reason to believe that any law has been violated, the enforcement or administration of which is imposed on or vested in the Department of Fisheries or the Board of Game Commissioners or on or in a Department of Conservation.

(d) Serve subpœnas issued for any examination, investigation, or trial, had pursuant to any law as aforesaid.

(e) Purchase game or fish for the purpose of securing evidence.

SECTION 13. The State Police, with the approval of the Governor, may be called upon, by any other department of the State Government, to enforce all laws applicable or pertaining to such department or any regulation thereof.

SECTION 14. The Department of State Police shall, whenever possible, coöperate with counties and municipalities in the detection of crime, the apprehension of criminals, and preservation of law and order throughout the State.

SECTION 15. The Department of State Police shall collect and classify and keep at all times available complete information useful for the detection of crime and the identification and apprehension of criminals. Such information shall be available for all police officers within the Commonwealth, under such regulations as the department may prescribe.

Any person who removes, destroys, or mutilates any such records is guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or committed to the county jail for a term not exceeding one year, or both.

Section 16. The Board of Commissioners of Public Grounds and Buildings shall provide suitable offices and furnish the necessary equipment and supplies.

The necessary printing and binding shall be done by the Department of Public Printing and Binding on requisition of the superintendent.

Section 17. The Department of State Police shall make a biennial report to the Governor. The report shall contain a complete summary of the work of the department and such other matters as the Governor may require.

Section 18. To provide quarters and stables for the additional troop of State Police provided for in this act, the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings shall erect, on the grounds of the State Arsenal or other suitable place in or near the city of Harrisburg, a barracks properly equipped for the quartering of the men, and stables adjacent thereto for the horses.

Section 19. This act shall take effect on the first day of June, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

Section 20. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

Approved — The 3d day of June, A.D. 1919.

Wm. C. Sproul

The foregoing is a true and correct copy of the Act of the General Assembly No. 179.

Cyrus E. Woods
Secretary of the Commonwealth

B

Totals of Arrests made by the Pennsylvania State Police Force during the Year 1918, January 1st to December 31st, inclusive

Arrests	*Convictions*	*Discharges*	*Awaiting Trial*
10,017	8,625	811	581

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The abbreviation "S. P. F.," following names in this Index indicates the bearers as members of the Pennsylvania State Police Force.

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